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I remain, Dear Reading.
Yours very truly
T. Campbell.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES

AND

MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,"
&c. &c.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,
AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND PERSONAL," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE READER.

"PUBLIC men can scarcely be described with impartiality by cotemporaries, they can only add their personal knowledge to that of others," wrote one who had some experience in the literary world. There is much truth in the remark. Time must lessen the tendency to panegyric or censure, before impartiality can be maintained, and the future writer select from the different personal statements which he finds transmitted to his hands, those facts upon which he can deliver to the world that final biography, which shall stand the test of impartial criticism. In regard to autobiography, on which so many place implicit credit, it is best designated in its connexion with impartiality, by the proverb, "it

is a sorry bird that fouls its own nest." For one writer who states the truth of himself, is independent of self-love, and cold upon the subject, in which the indulgence of warmth is most venial, there are ten who conceal, discolour, or favour themselves, results as consequential in human character as the vanity that is more or less a part of the common nature of mankind.

No more is intended in the present volumes than to aid in recording some remembrances of one of our best poets, during an interval of time when he was in the height of his reputation, and when no one except the writer possessed the means of observing his progress, for many consecutive years of uninterrupted and exclusive literary confidence. In this record the writer has endeavoured to be impartial, to detail faults as well as virtues, when no motive for discolouring facts can possibly exist, death having shrouded in impervious darkness all of a

distinguished man of genius but his poetical labours.

It was at the request of several persons numbered among the friends of Campbell, and not of his own accord alone, that the writer collected some of his notes, published before, relative to the poet, and made the additions found in these pages. In the few notes put together by the poet himself, just before his decease, in which memory and judgment seem too often at fault, written many years subsequent to the period to which these pages more directly refer, there is an absence of the characteristics of the better part of his career, and incidents are misrepresented, marking too strongly the inconsistency of our common nature in ripening the genius of one distinguished individual at a period before that of another is matured. In one case maintaining it to the last hour of the longest life; and in another making its intensity disappear before the middle age of humanity.

This work then is contributive to the labour of the future biographer, communicating incidents and characteristics available from no other source. The author only hopes that those whose art, Dr. Johnson tells the world, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense," will consider that his aim has not been to do that which is reserved for some future pen, but to supply what no one else could give in relation to a poet whose works are imperishable, and whose history on that account cannot fail to interest the present time, and will still more interest posterity.

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LITERARY REMINISCENCES AND MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Campbell.—His boyhood.—Conduct at school.—Verses on a parrot.—Lampoons his schoolfellows.—Tedious sermons, "the good old way."—Gains a Leighton Bursary in Glasgow University.—Bears off prizes.—His great progress in the Greek tongue.—Attachment to the University.—His admiration of Dr. Millar.—Trials of Gerald, Muir, and Palmer.—Accepts a tutorship in the Isle of Mull.—Returns to Glasgow.—"The Pleasures of Hope."—Blemishes in that poem.—Tribute to Dr. Anderson.

THE biography of literary men must be sought in their works, "La vie d'un sedentaire est dans ses ecrits." "The life of a student is in his writings," observed Voltaire. These must supply the place of stirring incidents in his

history. In military life, in the perils of adventure, in the toils of the bar, in the triumphs of the senate, or excellence in any other pursuit, by which men attain distinction, actions speak. The mental peculiarities of literary men displayed in their productions, linked with feeling, fix the attention, and interesting the heart, belong to a different order of things. If less exciting at the moment, the effects are more permanent. They increase with time, while the most splendid achievements, as those of the field, continually lessen in memory, because they create only a momentary admiration, while that which affects the heart, felt to be a part of our nature, is for all time. This is more particularly the case with the poet constituted by genius, "that power without which judgment is cold, and knowledge inert; the energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates." Thus having enlisted on its side the better sympathies, the biography of the poet has a strong hold upon the minds of all men. There are times when even matter-of-fact personages are awakened by writers of imagination to that ideal, in which the shows of things are accommodated to the desires of the mind. If this be doubted, it is only to refer to the past, to the continual disquisitions on the works of the poets, on Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Alfieri and their succes-

sors in Italy, or in England, to the great names of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and other eminent men of genius.

Among the works of the later poets of Great Britain, whether we consider their classical beauty or lyrical inspiration, none are more worthy of note than those of Thomas Campbell. Though Scottish born, like his countryman Thomson, he was eminently an English writer. His works are in that tongue unmingled with a dialect of which little can be said in praise, and though spoken between districts in which the English and Gaelic prevail, yet not well recognized by the people who speak either of those languages. His family belonged to the clan of the Campbells, one of the most powerful in the records of barbarian feudality, when lord and serf or villain divided a semi-civilized people throughout these Islands, too many remnants of the customs and laws of which still afflict both countries.

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, in a house no longer in existence, situated in the High Street, on the 27th of July, 1777. His ancestry had long resided in Argyleshire, near Inverary, at a place named Kiernan, or Kirnan. A report prevailed that his birth-place was North Knapdale, in Argyleshire, but he informed the present writer, that he was a native of Glasgow,

"where Scotch mists prevailed half the year." The error probably arose from the statement of an individual who had visited a hamlet at Knapdale, and was there erroneously informed that the poet had been born in a particular hamlet situated in a spot of great beauty, amid wild and romantic scenery, a spot the poet had, it is true, visited, in his numerous youthful excursions, near Loch Awe, in Argyleshire, and on which he afterwards wrote the verses upon the dwelling of the Campbells, beginning:—

"All ruined and wild is their roofless abode."

Campbell too would often joke at the expense of the lowlanders, extolling their brethren of the mountains, and drawing inferences to their disadvantage. In this he alluded most probably to his descent, not to his own particular birth-place. However that may be, his birth at Glasgow is certain, as it was thus comfirmed by himself.

The poet was the son of Alexander Campbell, the latest born of three brothers, sons of Archibald Campbell, of Kiernan, or Kirnan, for it has been spelled both ways. That place descended to Robert, the eldest son of Archibald, who sold it to become a resident in London. The second son was a clergyman in the West Indies, and died in Virginia, leaving his property to his

relatives, of which between four and five thousand pounds came to the poet.*

Before settling as a merchant in Glasgow, Alexander Campbell had been a merchant in the United States. On his return he entered into partnership with an individual of the same name, but unconnected in relationship, whose sister, Margaret, aged twenty, the poet's father married in 1756, being then nearly thirty years older. The business of the partnership seems to have flourished until the disruption of the colonies, with which it principally traded, when the house failed, with others similarly connected. This happened in 1775. The poet told the present writer, that his father was attentive to business, and possessed great good sense, but made no profession of any literary acquirements; that his manners were bland and engaging, and that he was a religious man. Mrs. Campbell, the poet's mother, seemed in the marriage state to have been a woman of much decision of character, and to have ruled her household with great prudence, and a determination of will that was not to be questioned. In her person she was spare, not handsome, but pleasing; dark of complexion,

*On the authority of Thomas Pringle, who collected on the spot all he could ascertain regarding the poet, before he left England for the Cape.

keen, and bore a kindly character among her friends, and those with whom she associated. She died in 1812, aged seventy-six, surviving her husband eleven years, the latter having paid the debt of nature at Edinburgh, in March, 1801, at the age of ninety-one.

The parents of the poet had eleven children; one son, named Daniel, died in a state of infancy. There were seven other sons—Archibald, Alexander, John, Robert, James, Daniel, the second of the name, and Thomas, the poet. The daughters were three, namely, Mary, Isabella, and Elizabeth. Mary, the eldest, died in Edinburgh in 1843, aged eighty-six: Elizabeth and Isabella died in the same city, the first aged sixty-four, in 1829, and Isabella, in 1837, aged seventy-nine. Of the sons, James was drowned in the Clyde while bathing, in 1783; John, a settler in Demerara, died there in 1806; Robert went to America, became a merchant there, married a daughter of Patrick Henry, and died in 1807; Alexander went to Berbice as a settler, and returning from thence to Glasgow, died there in 1826; Daniel became a cotton manufacturer in Glasgow, from whence, owing to ill success, he went to France, and undertook the management of a cotton manufactory at Rouen. An idle resident there in 1816, for five or six months, it is

singular, among the few English in the city at the moment, I did not encounter him. If still alive, he must be now (1859) in his eighty-sixth year. Thomas, the poet, came into the world after him, as one born out of due season, his father being then sixty-seven, and his mother about thirty-seven. He informed the present narrator that his father was born in 1710. Observing a portrait in the poet's study set on edge upon the floor, he said it was that of his father. It carried the resemblance of a venerable man in old-fashioned costume, and wearing a wig. There was not the remotest resemblance in the picture to the poet, though in personal appearance it had been reported like him; which, on remarking, he admitted he could not see himself. On observing that it did not look like a man of ninety years of age, he said he did not know at what period of his father's life it was taken, which might account for the impress of so great an age not being visible in the portrait. It seemed as if there was little he remembered about his family. Of his mother I never heard him speak. The love of the bygone in his life had apparently no charm for him, although now and then a chance anecdote of his college days would come up, and be repeated with a melancholy pleasure. But this was only when recalled by some analogous incident re-

lated by another, as if it had recalled what he had well nigh forgotten. To the remark about his father's age, he said if it were a rule that a long life was inherited, he might expect it with some reason, for that, adding his birthday to his father's, only a year or two were wanting to divide four generations between them, reckoning them at thirty years, and his own age at forty-eight.*

He spoke to the writer regarding his father as being no churl; and once of his grandfather, in connection with the country. He said that he was told by his father they lived a social life in the olden days, and that no wine but claret was consumed in Scotland in his grandfather's time; that the quantity drunk was so great, that they used to fence round their gardens and orchards with the staves of the hogsheads; and that, in the times alluded to, which would be about the close of the seventeenth century, there was great sociality and much convivial living in Scotland.

It is not the least painful of our reflections that time so rapidly places human action beyond the reach of oral testimony. The celebrity of the poet may yet cause a scanty survivor—the companion of his earlier years—to disclose some incident floating in memory regarding this period of his life, to gratify curiosity; but even this is

* In 1825.

a dubious expectation. It is more probable we know, at present, all that can be known regarding a poet, who, if the standard of our poetical literature should again attain the proud superiority of the past, will not be placed out of his proper position among the more eminent, who at present are as "caviar to the general."

Young Campbell was christened by Dr. Reid, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow College, and named Thomas, after the same Professor. A sister, nineteen years his senior, taught him to read. He was the favourite child of his parents, more beloved, perhaps, from being the latest offspring. When he first went to school, his father assisted him in his studies. He was placed under Dr. Alison in 1785, a master celebrated for his assiduity and an improved mode of classical instruction.

At school there is reason to think that, like the majority of those subsequently most distinguished for excelling in other things besides poetry, he could not be brought exactly within that mechanical routine of learning which the pedagogue delights to honour. He is reported to have been, if not an idle boy, which from his progress would hardly be credible, though it is on record—yet one who would only learn by fits and starts, as he felt it congenial to his inclination; in fact, capable of

anything under unfettered application. To one of his temperament, mechanical routine was not congenial, if he might be judged of regarding his youth by his habits of study when a man. To apply, when the mental bias is against application, at the will of a controlling authority, has long deprived of the character of "good boys at school" those who have had the finest capacity for any kind of learning. Genius is a free plant, and will not be forced. Byron was idle, but could make up three days' work in one at any time when he was inclined to do it. Sheridan would not work at all. "He was an enemy to all constraint," it was said of Cowley, "and that his master never could prevail upon him to learn the rules out of book," yet at ten years of age he wrote the "History of Pyramus and Thisbe," and published a volume of poems at fifteen. Campbell's progress was triumphant; but the mode in which he worked it out, with his superior talent, was no doubt a consequence of his being left in a great measure to take his own way in imbibing the elements of learning; the sagacity of Dr. Alison, who had broken away from the old monkish system of teaching, discovered his pupil's peculiar disposition. Campbell was therefore no exception to the rule that has been observed to hold good with so many distinguished names.

Certain verses by Campbell, on a parrot's death—some have said his first attempt at rhyme—will at least bear a comparison with those of Johnson upon his duck; the last, indeed, concludes with a piece of very boyish information; but the lexicographer was, after all, no great poet. The concluding lines of Campbell's juvenile performance have not a much higher claim to poetical merit. They were long extant in the large boyish hand of their author. It is a singular coincidence that Campbell's first, and one of his last compositions, amid bodily decline, and no slight loss of poetical efficiency, should be lines on a parrot. The first were naturally crude, the last showed that, unlike Waller, it could not be said of him, "it was impossible to distinguish between what he wrote at eighteen and what he wrote at eighty"—such are the diversities of genius! Some of these lines upon the parrot, written and circulated in the poet's eleventh year, in 1788, are as follow. They are entitled "An Elegy on Poll, written on the death of a Schoolmaster's favourite parrot:"*

"Melpomene, thou queen of tears,
Attend my dirge of woe,
Nor blush with harmony to deck
My numbers as they flow.

Given the writer, with various other early pieces of

Poor Poll was but an hourly joy,
A gift soon to decay—
Emblem of all our earthly bliss,
That only lasts a day.

The dust of death is poor Poll's heart,
Poor Irvine he doth cry:
'O, may the day of the year be dark
On which my Poll did die!'"

* * *

&c. &c.

What a vast difference in merit between these lines and the "Pleasures of Hope!" yet they serve to show the changes genius and ten years may effect in the day-spring of life. These were not equal to Pope's Ode on Solitude, written under twelve years of age. He was attached to his Greek School translations beyond their merit, perhaps because he excelled in such translations afterwards, at the university.

the poet, by Thomas Pringle, who possessed many others of the poet's childish verses and exercises. Several of his better poems, published in the first edition of his collected works, in 1828, were furnished to me by Pringle, the poet having no copies, and not knowing where they were to be found. The former had treasured them in Scotland in his early days. There seem to have been different versions of this. Several others of his youthful effusions are extant, but none of any mark, to excite surprize, being scarcely worthy of record. Some of them have been recorded by his executor, Dr. Beattie.

Campbell himself once stated that he began his poetic career, correctly speaking, with some Ossianic verses, called "Morven and Fillan," in the year 1791, which were printed at the joint expense of his schoolfellows, when he was thirteen years of age; that at fifteen he wrote a poem on "Marie Antoinette, Queen of France," published in the *Glasgow Courier;* that at eighteen he printed his elegy called "Love and Madness;" and before he had completed his twenty-second year, his "Pleasures of Hope." There is a story current, on the authority of Galt, an authority very dubious, owing to his general inaccuracies, that the boys paid some ridiculous trifle in order to have their schoolfellow's poem in print, and that the "Pleasures of Hope" was first published by subscription, he, Galt, being one of the subscribers. The utter want of truth in the latter part of this statement will presently be made manifest.

At school Campbell was not a little inclined to boyish mischief, upon his own testimony. He lampooned some of his schoolfellows. Talking on one occasion of school days, when he was spending an hour at the house of a mutual friend, Dr. Evans, at Hampstead, he said that at school both himself and his comrades wrote songs, and sometimes lampoons, and used to sing them after

their own fashion to any tune that would apply. This was considered very objectionable in those days, when the Scotch were more "rigidly righteous" than they find it convenient to be in these innovating times. The boys were much tormented by the length of the sermons of a grave divine, who not only bored them into weariness upon points of doctrine of which they could comprehend nothing, but spun his discourses out to an unbearable longitude. At length the whim came into their heads to turn him into ridicule, out of revenge. In his sermons there was no end to the repetition of the phrase, "the good old way," in the manner of recommendation to his hearers "to keep in the good old way," to remember "the good old way." Whatever was the text, the preacher was certain to drag in these words over and over again. This was so prominent a feature in the good minister's delivery, that no one could misunderstand his identity upon repeating the phrase. The poet and his schoolfellows therefore wrote a song—most probably the whole was Campbell's—in which, seizing upon the obnoxious phrase, they made it the burden of their verse, and identified the minister with the ridicule. There was a sort of chorus appended to each stanza :—

"O, there's nothing like the merry, merry good old way."

The parson had married a young wife. The poet had the lines still in memory :—

"We wish him well for old and new,
For good King David, people say,
He only copies to be true,
To the good old way,
To the good old way,
O, there's nothing like the merry, merry good old way!

So, for another Shunamite
He hunts the city day by day,
To warm his chilly veins at night,
In the good old way,
In the good old way,
O, there's nothing like the merry, merry good old way!"

According to the poet's own statement, he ran a little wild at times with his fellow-students, occasionally treating the kirk with no great reverence among themselves, though grave and becoming, as in duty bound, before their superiors. Once or twice, notwithstanding, he did not escape sharp rebukes.

From the boys of the school the lines went over the city, that in those days did not approach, in extent and population, what it is at present. The minister was greeted with exclamations about the "merry good old way" where he little expected the salutation. "But," added the poet, "it did not suffice to turn him out of the 'old way;' he

continued to annoy us as much as ever with his long sermons and wearisome repetitions. A great noise was made about our want of duty towards the godly man, and we were pronounced incorrigible, profane scoundrels altogether, because the authors of the song were not given up. We repaid this censure by an increased impatience at long sermons, and by other boyish revenge of the same nature."

At thirteen Campbell gained a Leighton bursary in Glasgow university, in competition with a candidate far above his own age. Spurred on by a feeling of the necessity for exertion on account of his narrow circumstances, he laboured hard, and the success excited a spirit of emulation to exert himself still more. He annually bore off prizes, while his efforts in the Greek tongue were fully as successful as those in the Latin had been. Yet his efforts appear to have been irregular—at one time strenuous, at another lax. He carried off one prize for a translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. His success here was most probably the reason that induced him to publish subsequently the translations from Tyrtæus, Alcman, and Medea, which appeared in his works following the "Pleasures of Hope," in the earlier editions of that poem. Though as youthful efforts, they are of a character to merit

praise; yet, in comparison with what he gave to the world in English poetry, they cannot be estimated proportionably high. The versions of Polwhele and of Pye are equal to them in merit, and in some parts more literal. When the first collected edition of his poems was published, which took place during the last illness of his wife, it was proposed to place these translations last of all in the two volumes of which that edition was composed, but their author would not agree to it, and they were placed at the end of the first.* When the cheap edition, in 1839, was put together, Campbell brought them back himself still nearer to the "Pleasures of Hope." It was probable that they dwelt agreeably in his memory, and he felt no inclination to treat them slightingly, for he was governed in such cases by sensibility rather than by his reason, however sufficing. The value set by authors upon their literary progeny is no criterion of sterling worth. Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost." Campbell may stand excused for cherishing impressions which had gathered strength by time, and were of an enduring cha-

* The first collected edition, published by Colburn, 1828. The illness of Mrs. Campbell prostrating the poet, as seen in the sequel, they were edited by the present writer.

racter. If not as meritorious as they might have been, they were embalmed in memory as youthful triumphs. This may be judged from his frequent allusions to the Greek lyric poets afterwards both in writing and conversation.

The time he passed at the university the poet always mentioned with affectionate feeling in later life. The season of study depending now more upon his own volition and the moment when the mind is in a proper tune, than upon compulsory efforts, when labour is under the constraint of another will, he made a progress proportionably rapid. His earlier success seems to have given him a predilection for classical learning. When he had acquired the German, he read all the German critics upon the classics of Greece and Rome, and continued to read all that was published new regarding them, to the very last. Except metaphysics and biblical literature, he at one time neglected almost every other topic. The geography of the ancients, for example, he knew more accurately than that of the moderns. A continued attachment to that which in youth was most gratifying to us, is natural to our self-love as well as to our general humanity; besides, our predilections, whether for good or evil, we owe to early impressions. His studies at the university were severe, and at one

time affected his health, for he had to give elementary instruction to the younger class—thus teaching others while learning himself.

It is on record, though not perhaps singular, that the poet kept so close to his favourite studies as to neglect many branches of information, in which it would not be expected he was so little informed. He did not acquire the species and general properties of things, which Imlac says, in "Rasselas," should be in possession of the poet through all their varieties. He was ever more inclined to metaphysical research than could be expected in a writer whose fame reposed upon works of imagination. At the time he was a student at Glasgow university, in 1793, he wrote some lines on the "First of May," not out of the common rate in excellence. There too he attended the lectures of Dr. Millar, a professor of extraordinary merit and of liberal opinions, who had the art of making the driest subjects captivating. That a poet could be enraptured with lectures upon Roman law, seems in itself convincing that the attractive power of the lecturer was considerable. Almost equally attached to Jardine, the Professor of Logic—in which he gained a prize—it is not wonderful that, with all his poetic bias, Campbell should have too often forgotten his muse, lovely and attractive as she

was to others, for speculative studies, to which eloquence in their explanation too much bent his mind. His admiration of Millar he thus left upon record.

"Whether John Millar's doctrines," he said, "were always right, is one question; but that they were generally so, and that right doctrines could not be expounded by a better teacher, I believe is questioned by none who ever listened to him. His writings always seem to me to be imperfect casts of his mind, like those casts of sculpture which want the diaphanous polish of the original marble. I heard him, when I was but sixteen, lecture on Roman law. A dry subject enough it would have been in common hands; but in his hands Heineccius was made a feast to the attention. His eyes, his voice, his figure, were commanding; as if nature had made him for the purpose of giving dignity and fascination to oral instruction. Such was the truth, cheerfulness, and courage, that seemed to give erectness to his shapely bust, he might have stood to the statuary for a Roman orator; but he was too much in earnest with his duty, and too manly, to affect the orator; but keeping close to his subject, he gave it a seriousness that was never tiresome, and a gaiety that never seemed for a moment unillustrative or unnecessary. His cheerfulness appeared

as indispensable as his gravity, and his humour was as light as his seriousness was intense. But he was the contrast of those weak men who suffer either their gaiety or gravity to run away with them—he was master of both. His students were always in the class before him, waiting as for a treat. It was rumoured that he was coming. There was a grave look of pleasure on every face when he began; and I thought—it might be imagination—that there was a murmur of regret when the time was at an end. Once, when he was lecturing in his best style and spirit, an English student, though perfectly sober, and meaning no offence, was so carried away by interest in the subject, that, forgetting himself, he made a remark aloud to the professor. It was as much against etiquette as speaking to a parson in church. A look from John Millar was sufficient to bring any man to his recollection, and the face of the student who had offered the involuntary compliment, was instantly covered with blushes."

Under teachers who thus secured to themselves the love as well as respect of the students, it is not wonderful that Campbell should have made great progress. "Professor Millar has been dead twenty-eight years," Campbell said to me, in 1829, showing one of his works. "This is Millar's 'Historical View of the English Government;'

it is full of information, and well worth reading. How he would have rejoiced, had he been alive, at the triumph of free principles after the war he saw begun to put them down." It was said that his own undeviating liberal principles were imbibed from the zealous Whig politics of Professor Millar, most probably at the time of which mention is now made.

After gaining a prize in Greek for good behaviour, and writing some verses addressed to the Loyal Volunteers of Glasgow, he walked, during a vacation, over to Edinburgh. The trial of Gerald, after Muir, and Palmer, took place while he was there, and filled his mind with honest indignation. For years afterwards, he inveighed against the unfairness of the Scotch judges and their proceedings. It exhibits his sensitiveness of disposition, that it was some time before he recovered the shock he sustained from witnessing that scene of judicial degradation. He was much interested in learning the history of Gerald, as related to myself at Hatton, by Dr. Parr; it was then he stated his witnessing the trial.

While at the university, Campbell had formed several friendships. Among them was that of the Reverend Hamilton Paul, in Broughton; Paul was a poet too, though in a different degree from his friend; and he said to Campbell when the

poet went to Edinburgh, "Thomas, I see from the way poetry is coming upon you, that whatever other profession you try, it will be the one through which you will be most distinguished in the world. I am about to leave verse for another pursuit; yours be the laurel, the kirk mine."

When the poet quitted the university, where his translation from Aristophanes was pronounced the best version ever produced by any student, he was in his seventeenth year. He was now perplexed how to relieve his family by following some profession or business, at least, so as to be independent of his parents. His father's income had become reduced by a lawsuit, his family large, and he on whom it depended for support being in his eighty-fourth year. The poet could decide on nothing, because every day more and more exhibited the pressure upon talent destitute of wealth. Neither of the learned professions could be followed without a pecuniary outlay; besides, his nervous sensibility was a bar to some professional pursuits. It was true the qualification for the church of Scotland involved but little further expense, and he had been educated as a son of the kirk, though not a very strict disciple; but it is probable, judging from his sentiments in years a little farther advanced, that he could not, from doubts of many doctrinal points, have put on

the gown without a full belief in what he professed to inculcate as a duty upon others. He had too honest and elevated a mind for such hypocrisy. In this state of things, and by the advice of friends, he determined to accept the duty of a tutor in the isle of Mull, at Callioch, the residence of a distant relative of Mrs. Campbell. There he was kindly received, wrote several short pieces of poetry, and took an opportunity of visiting the principal Hebrides, remaining there some months of the years 1795-6. From Mull he returned to Glasgow, complaining of the sameness of the country. He had at this time, as he had all through life, a habit of abstraction or thoughtlessness, it is difficult to say which; he would even go out without money, and lose himself in his wanderings. He had continued his Greek studies and translations while in Mull; and on the authority of Pringle, who possessed most of the unpublished youthful poems, he wrote in Mull, besides his verses to "Caroline," parts I. and II., a piece which he denominated an "Elegy," as well, some say, as his beautiful "Dirge of Wallace," which he would not agree should be inserted in the first edition of his collected poems.

Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" had long been published, and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" had preceded that time by nearly six

years, there was, consequently, no novelty in the "Pleasures of Hope," as respects title; but it was there he made the first sketch of the poem. It is now of no moment to examine why he adopted the existing title, since that it was not original must be evident; it is probable, indeed almost certain, that the rough copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," yet existing in manuscript, was all that the poet brought to Edinburgh. In later times, he seemed to fling a veil of mystery over the history of this earlier performance. Hence it is likely arose so many conflicting statements about its origin and publication. When the copyright expired in 1828, the poet mentioned to a friend the circumstance of his parting with it, and said that the booksellers had made two or three hundred a year by the sale of the poem, from the commencement, he had very little doubt; that Messrs. Longman had applied to him for leave to sell off a part of an edition which they had upon hand, but he had refused the request, saying, "it might be managed some other way."

It is creditable to his diligence that on returning from Mull, in 1795, he supported himself some time by private teaching, and numbered among his pupils several men distinguished afterwards in public life. In the following year he quitted

the university, having obtained two prizes more in Greek literature.

He became for a short time tutor to Sir William Napier of Miliken, and resident near Inverary, and wrote there his verses entitled "Love and Madness," in consequence of the murder of her lover by a lady. He was there, too, in the vicinity of his friend Paul, the minister of the Kirk already mentioned. There he seems to have relaxed at times from the severity of his studies, and to have shown by fits and starts considerable elevation of spirits, as if breaking away for a short season from the depression caused by his circumstances, and his desire to be independent. He occasionally joined his friends at convivial repasts, when he gave full rein to his youthful elasticity of spirits over a cheerful glass. How long he remained is not clear, probably about two years. He returned to Glasgow, his mind darkened as to the future, so as to depress him greatly. After much perplexity, he resolved to proceed to the Scottish capital, with little money in his pocket, his head full of schemes for the future, now thinking of an attorney's office, then of writing for the booksellers, or establishing a periodical work; all his designs full of the hope that inexperience too often creates only to meet disappointment. He fancied that some of his

Greek translations might meet favour among the Edinburgh publishers, an idea the last that would have entered the head of any one acquainted with the "ungentle trade." He took with him the first sketch of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Such were the sanguine ideas of the poet when he set out. He began by trying his hand at copying as a law-clerk. Accident introduced him to Dr. Anderson, who was pleased on perusing some verses he had written, and he soon became a favourite with a man of no ordinary talent, and was introduced by him to Mundell, an Edinburgh publisher, who offered him twenty guineas to abridge Bryan Edwards' "West Indies." He at once cast his law-copying to the dogs, a labour which could not but act as a narcotic to high intellect, and sink imaginativeness in the technical monotony of unmeaning verbiage and triviality; in fact, nothing could be more averse to his poetic temperament. He returned to his native town on foot, resolving to complete his task there. To his return home he was more immediately urged by the hope of meeting a brother from America. He proceeded with his task for Mundell; projected various schemes, none of which were brought to pass, and composed "The Wounded Hussar," which was sung as a ballad about the streets of Glasgow. At this period he wrote several of his shorter

pieces, one of which was his "Epistle to the Three Ladies on the banks of the Cart." His "Dirge of Wallace," so beautiful in all eyes but his own, some say was not composed until now.

At this time the poet's appearance and manners were pleasing, his countenance intellectual, and his address good. He went back to Edinburgh, with his abridgment completed. He had turned his twentieth year, and before setting out, urged his father and mother to follow him, which they did, in 1798. Still he was unsettled about his future pursuits. He thought of the law, of physic, of going to the United States, over and over again. This uncertainty became painful, and more particularly to one of his temperament, nervous and sensitive as he was constituted. He had as yet only a scanty employment from the booksellers, and a pupil or two to depend upon for support. At one time he was on the point of emigrating to join a brother abroad. From this he was persuaded by a friend, and he thus remained, with a clouded horizon around him, instructing a few pupils, and completing the "Pleasures of Hope," from the sketch he had previously made in Argyleshire.

It might be thought that, with a mind ever anxious about to-morrow, the composition and high finish of such a poem as the "Pleasures of

Hope," would have been a task impossible of achievement. But in the composition of a poem, the mind becoming wholly absorbed, external things are for a time dismissed. Here the hope of a brilliant result, a dream often woven in sanguine minds even of the more mediocre order, acted as a stimulant to the prosecution of the task up to the completion of the manuscript.

These details in the memoir of one whose life was a continual change of incident or narrative of adventure, might be thought trivial, were they not useful to discriminate more immediately between physical differences and the more refined mental attributes. The rough hand of the ploughman can ill appreciate the delicate touch of the finger that constructs the chronometer. To him the instrument may appear useless, but to the professional and cultivated mind its application is obvious. Shades and nice differences in character are sometimes discriminated through the medium of some symptomatic expression of feeling oftentimes insignificant. Hence there is little performed by the man of genius unworthy of notice, especially when it contributes to the means of forming a true conception of the character of the individual.

I once asked Campbell whether it was true that he got but fifty pounds for the copyright of the poem, and he replied that was the correct sum.

Upon which I remarked that it was an unlucky adventure in publication; but that no bookseller would have given such a sum to a young stranger for the best tragedy of Shakspeare, were the author unknown in the great world. "Oh," replied the poet, "I did not go to mine unrecommended;" alluding, it is probable, to the recommendation of Dr. Anderson, who must have had considerable influence with Mundell and Co., from their being his own publishers.

My supposition was, that the sum of fifty pounds had been paid to the poet in the usual manner; but the following statement of facts, ascertained since his decease, shows that Campbell, as already observed, was not from pride, or some unknown reason, at all inclined to be more communicative than was absolutely necessary, respecting the copyright of his poem. There were some circumstances of novelty attaching to it, which he could hardly have forgotten, especially as he was free enough in his communications upon incidents of an earlier date; in fact, he showed a disingenuousness in regard to this business which it is not easy to explain.

He did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope," but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be re-

ceived of the publishers. This is shown by the following documents belonging to Mundell and Son, in the course of the business transacted between them. It must be observed that the dedication of the first edition bore a date three months antecedent, or April 13, 1799.

Exempt from a letter dated July 13, 1799.

"As the 'Pleasures of Hope' are now published, it is proper that it be expressed in writing what bargain I made with you about the copyright of the work. It was settled that, for two hundred copies of the book in quires, Mundell and Son should have the entire copyright of the poem:

(Addressed) "THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Exempt from letter, dated July 15, 1799.

"I acknowledge having sold you the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope' for two hundred copies in quires.

(Signed) "THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Now, two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding, and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also was presented by his booksellers, of their own free will, with

twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or, if two thousand were printed, fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman and Co., and sometimes paid to his mother. He was most generous and considerate to his relatives, and a truly excellent son and brother. On this score his receipts were one hundred and fifty pounds more. A misunderstanding taking place between the poet and Mundell and Son, these free payments were discontinued. Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or, in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" alone.*

More than half a century ago, such a profit upon a poem of eleven hundred lines was equal to that of Byron in a more vaunted literary era, a poet whose writings had a prodigious run, even, as it is well known, to the utmost of profit that the most popular author could expect to receive who does not retain his copyright. The "Pleasures of Hope" brought its author fifteen shillings and a

* Letter to the writer from Mr. Stirling, once of the house of Mundell and Co., (1844), who was then living in Rose Street, Edinburgh.

fraction a line; and Byron, in receiving two thousand five hundred pounds for "Manfred," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and the third canto of "Childe Harold," got no more per line. It is true that the booksellers, their heirs, executors, assigns, may, to their own advantage, quintuple such sums, but the author can have no ground to complain. The bargain made by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" might have been bad, but the pecuniary worth of the poem could not be known until it was tested. It turned out that the author had no reason to censure the time in which he published, which appreciated his poem more correctly, nearly half a century ago, and with half the present reading population of the British Isles, than it would have done had he written later. Byron then, with his astonishing popularity, and driving the bargain of a well-known author, got no more than Campbell received, merely through a concession of his publishers.

Mundell and Co. therefore behaved with extraordinary generosity, and they were rewarded proportionably. It must be confessed, that when the poet years afterwards, at a public dinner, astounded the company by proposing the health of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, in an assembly where that wonderful man was in those days looked upon as little other than his

Satanic majesty, and being asked how he could give such a toast, replied, "He shot a bookseller." The experience of the past ought to have whispered to him, that in this he showed a lapse of taste, however much other authors might have reason to complain. His misunderstanding with Mundell and Co. lasted several years. This statement, now for the first time given, rests upon competent authority.

The first edition of the "Pleasures of Hope." was dedicated to Dr. Anderson. It is not possible to say what numerous changes and alterations the poem underwent before it reached its last point of refinement. The original copy, it appears, consisted of no more than four hundred lines. In the manuscript, at the end, was appended "The Irish Harper's Lament for his Dog," at present printed in Campbell's poems as "The Harper." This manuscript belongs now to a gentleman who obtained it from Dr. Murray, in his day professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh; and it stands in Campbell's handwriting.

It is probable that Dr. Anderson made so many suggestions in the way of alteration and emendation, that the poet set about the recomposition of the whole poem. Campbell being once asked if such a manuscript copy were not in existence,

is stated to have replied in the negative. This was not unlikely. When I put the question to Campbell separately, about several of his poems that I had obtained in manuscript, in order to add them to his first collected edition, there were some which he could not tell whether he had written or not. His carelessness about papers, too, that were not in immediate use, those who knew his habits can easily imagine. The last copy of "The Pleasures of Hope" completed, any rough draught that preceded, fragments of his composition, or imperfect verses, would have been left to their fate about his study-floor, or flung into the grate. The poet's sincere belief in the non-existence of such a copy is, therefore, not at all to be doubted, although it was really in being in the hands of a friend.

How very different the first poem began, may be judged by comparing the opening lines of "The Pleasures of Hope," as they now exist—commencing

"At summer eve, when heaven's etherial bow,"

with the following opening in the original draught. Those who are enraptured with the emasculated verse of the present hour, and treat the labour of such as polish and condense their poetical compositions with affected scorn, will

prefer the original opening of "The Pleasures of Hope" to that which was finally attached to it:—

"Seven lingering moons have cross'd the starry line
Since Beauty's form, or Nature's face divine,
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn—
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.

The charm dissolves! What genius bade me go
To search the unfathom'd mine of human woe—
The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime—
Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of Time—
The tales of death—since cold on Eden's plain
The beauteous mother clasp'd her Abel slain—
Ambitious guilt—since Carthage wept her doom—
The patriot's fate—since Brutus fell with Rome?

The charm dissolves! My kindling fancy dreams
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes;
Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
And Mirth can please, or Music charm anew;
And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers,
Returns:—Again I lift my trembling gaze,
And bless the smiling guest of other days.

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
Where Hecla's fires the Polar night illume,
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
And, bow'd to earth, his circling suns adores.

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtain'd bed,
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain,

When shapeless fiends inhale his tortur'd breath,
Immure him living in the vaults of death,
Or lead him lonely through the charnell'd aisles,
The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales,
When rock'd by winds he wanders on the deep,
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
Till eastern shoots the harbinger of day,
And night and all her spectres fade away.

If then some wandering huntsman of the morn,
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear;
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye—
And views the lark that carols to the sky."

By a comparison it will be discovered what lines are altered from the original draught, and what are altogether omitted; nor is it an unpleasing task thus to follow the refinement of the cruder expressions of the thoughts up to their highest polish. An idea of the extreme care and laborious finish given by young Campbell to his compositions can only be formed in this mode. The accident of the poet falling thus early into the hands of such an accomplished critic and man of kindly nature as Dr. Anderson, was one of those lucky circumstances that befall the favoured of fortune in early life, and contributed mainly to the poet's success.

It would be interesting to know all that took place between the poet and his acquaintance, who then bore the chief weight of literary authority in Edinburgh. How the labour of the author was taxed by the fastidiousness of the critic; how the poet's efforts, stimulated to exertion, produced the consecutive portions of the poem to his delighted friend; what was said, and still more what was felt; how the poet was at one time elevated at the chances of success, at another depressed, his fear of deficiency in his own view discouraging him, while it was the criterion of merit; how his heart secretly exulted at the prospect of succeeding. I say "secretly," because Campbell ever strove to conceal his emotions—but all this and more is now as a buried and lost treasure. That he must have well employed his residence in Edinburgh, is hardly doubtful. Few anecdotes of him made public relate to that time. It appears, that while there he was much given to solitude. He was often seen wandering alone over the bridge or in the vicinity of the city, perhaps mentally working up the verses of his poem, and nurturing flattering visions of the future. At times he hummed a tune as he went saunteringly along, unobservant of all around him.

When Dr. Anderson died, Campbell enumerated the particulars of his life, and his various

literary labours, and terminated his remarks upon his friend as follows:—

"Dr. Anderson's habits were so regular, and his disposition so cheerful and animated, that his old age stole upon him almost imperceptibly. For the last winter he had been more than usually confined to the house by a succession of bad colds; but the disease which proved fatal, and terminated very speedily, was a dropsy in the chest. Yet to the last he retained the possession of his mind, together with his habitually quiet and social temper. On the close approach of death he displayed affecting and exemplary resignation, and spoke of his dissolution with tender remembrances of lost and surviving friends, as well as with pious hopes of futurity. His remains were taken to his native place, Carnwath, and deposited, as had always been his wish, beside his father and mother. As a literary critic, Dr. Anderson was distinguished by a warm and honest sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and by extreme candour. His character was marked by the most urbane manners, the most honourable probity in his dealings, and by unshaken constancy in friendship. He was an encouraging friend to young writers, and to him the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' who

was long and mutually attached to him, dedicated his first production."

This is, at least, declaratory of the poet's recollection of past obligations, of which he was never unmindful to show his acknowledgment, when they occurred to him, for it is necessary to premise this. From his unlucky habit of abstraction, he continually stood in need of a flapper. No one was more ready to do what was kind, agreeable, or useful to others, than he was, while his omissions in this way at times gave ground to those who did not know his failing, for the supposition that his neglects were wilful, and his heart ungrateful. Nothing can be more erroneous. No man existing had a better heart, or was more ready to perform a friendly action. He spoke in the kindest manner of Dugald Stewart, too, who was one of his first Edinburgh acquaintance. In referring to Stewart's works, and his account of the "Life and Writings of Dr. Reid," who had christened him, he said that the profound character of Stewart's writings on the "Philosophy of the Human Mind," he felt almost too much for him; that it was a continued object of his admiration; that his theory of mind was wonderful; that he was one of the greatest men Scotland ever produced. "He was one of my best and earliest friends, too," said Campbell,

"whom it is not possible for me to forget. He gave me rules for thinking, and much excellent advice."

It is not to be supposed that a metaphysician like Dugald Stewart was of much assistance to Campbell in the composition of a poem. Dr. Anderson, whose acquirements were more directed to judge works of an imaginative character, not to criticise, but to suggest and prompt improvements, must have been his main aid. Campbell used to carry his alterations and additions in manuscript, to receive the judgments which were often to renew corrections and alterations. To the united attention of both author and critic was the poem ultimately indebted for its perfection. It was read and re-read, and the result was proportional to the pains which had been taken. The sale of this lasting monument of taste and poetical excellence also affords a high idea of the public judgment of that day in literature.

"The Pleasures of Hope" appeared in the author's twenty-second year, in the month of May, 1799. The poet had sojourned some months in Edinburgh at the time, and had acquired during his residence the friendship of every distinguished individual in the University.

It was thought that in composing "The Pleasures of Hope" he completed the sections

separately, but not in the order in which they now appear. This was the most facile mode, as there is no continuous story, the poem being didactical. He said that it was composed much in that way. Each attribute or invocation being sometimes continuous in sense, and sometimes not with the paragraph which follows, he could thus compose, and then select and arrange, as his taste or fancy might dictate. When a new idea came into his mind, he could follow it out to completion, and afterwards perfect others that he had begun before and not completed, leaving the work of arrangement to the last. It has been said that the opening lines were intended for the conclusion; and this is probable.

Almost faultless as well as being exquisitely beautiful, the "Pleasures of Hope" has some errors, which on that account appear the more remarkable, and these errors, too, though small, are of a very obvious character. With all the graces of execution and elaborateness of workmanship, that they should have escaped both himself and Dr. Anderson, the last so recognised for his critical acumen, is wonderful. The remark was once ventured to him that the introduction of tigers to the shores of Lake Erie—

"On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,"

was an error that might easily be corrected in future editions. He admitted to me it was an error, but he would not alter it, "because it had gone through so many editions." The truth no doubt really was, that his pride would not permit him to acknowledge the error, and that it would be thought he used it from the opinion that it was a legitimate poetical licence. When he wrote it he had read little, perhaps, of natural history. Indeed, to the last of his life this was a subject of which he knew next to nothing. Nine or ten years afterwards, he committed similar errors. In the same paragraph, unless the word "curfew" be disconnected from its character and used metonymically, he is almost equally unfortunate, as the epithet recals a crime against freedom which the poet could never connect in his mind with the desired advance of Canadian civilisation. In the lines referring to Commodore Byron we find hyænas in South America; equally out of place. But these are only specks on a beautiful disc. What does it matter that in one place, for the sake of a rhyme, he uses the singular for the plural, or borrows a line, with the exception of one word, verbatim, unperceived by himself or his critical guide? The poem is so full of the choicest flowers of poetry—it is such a garland of rich odours, and of "colours

dipt in heaven," exquisitely arranged, that it becomes us to enjoy the sweets rather than set about discovering here and there a faded leaf that may only set off the gorgeousness of the foliage, in a production which it seems difficult to expect will be surpassed, and of the superiority of which there was little doubt of the author's consciousness.

There was a high tone of thinking about Campbell in middle life. He never spoke of his own poetry but on rare occasions. His feeling was of a delicate kind; he experienced that sort of pride which is utterly wanting in a tribe of writers of the present hour acting so differently. We had been visiting a vain author in company one day, who displayed upon his drawing-room table a number of elegantly bound books, two or three volumes among which were his own productions. On coming away and walking towards home, he said to me:—"Did you observe the works of —— just now, displayed upon his own table with so much ostentation? It is beneath a writer of merit. If they had been worth sixpence, they would not have been perked up under our noses in that way." Yet he had much vanity of a different kind. He was delighted to be thought the foremost in every thing in which he engaged, even when he was palpably deficient. He would

present facts at times in letters to his friends to make himself the hero of a tale which belonged to another. He also had much concealed *amour-propre.*

During the last few years of his life a qualified exception may be made to this high tone of thinking, but no one in his better days possessed so much of that just propriety of feeling which can have no existence except in an organisation of great sensibility, conscious of innate power, fearful of the degradation of its renown through its actions, ambitious of fame, and exceedingly solicitous about the preservation of the place it had attained by the productions of its genius.

Telling Campbell on a particular occasion that he had been abused by a party from whom an attack, though of no great importance, was somewhat annoying, he replied, "I don't care what they say of *me.*" He appeared to lay a stress upon the last word, indicating "if they do attack me personally, they cannot injure the reputation of my poetry—that is secured." The apparently unintentional emphasis on a word will sometimes explain what is passing in the mind, as the key unlocks the latent meaning of the cypher.

The various and magnificent range of English poetry presents no example of early excellence

to equal the "Pleasures of Hope." The "Vathek" of Beckford, written at the same age, is, perhaps, the most striking specimen of early prose writing we possess, coupled, too, with the fact of its having been written in a foreign language. Both productions are remarkable for bearing marks of the highest possible mental culture. The laborious polish in the verses of the "Pleasures of Hope" are among the best proofs to what an extent the English is capable of being refined, and how far the capabilites of the language will go in that species of poetical composition which can alone be expected to attain in the eyes of true taste a classical and healthful longevity.

Dr. Anderson introduced young Campbell to the best Edinburgh society, among which were Jeffrey, Brougham, and one of his earliest and best friends, Mr. Thompson of Clithero. There, too, he found an old friend in Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," whom he had known in Glasgow. At this time he seems to have made the acquaintance of Scott. Lockhart states as much, and that Scott was among the foremost to welcome him to Edinburgh. Campbell said, in relation to the MS. of Cadyow—"The verses of Cadyow Castle are perpetually ringing in my imagination :—

'Where, mightiest of beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crushing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

And the arrival of Hamilton, when—

'Reeling from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground!'

I have repeated these lines so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by my tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humour, it must have the appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head which strong, pithy poetry excites."

CHAPTER II.

Campbell leaves Edinburgh for Germany.—Acquaintances at Hamburgh.—Klopstock.—Lines to the Jewess of Altona.—Visits Göttingen.—Introduction to the Schlegels.—Journey to Munich.—The Field of Hohenlinden.—Begins a new poem called "The Queen of the North."—Returns to Scotland.—Seizure of his papers.—Voyage to Liverpool.—Dr. Currie and Mr. Roscoe.—Reaches London with letters of introduction from Dr. Currie.—Anecdote of the Poet.—Quarto edition of his Poems.—Love Verses.—Letter to the Poet from Mr. Roscoe.

A FEW months after he had completed his arrangement with Mandell and Son for the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," Campbell quitted Scotland for Germany, having a strong inclination to visit that country. The Elbe, on account of the war, was then the most facile mode, to an inhabitant of England, of entering Germany by Hamburgh, where he arrived in June, 1800. It was not wholly the desire to acquire a know-

ledge of German literature that induced the poet to take the step, for he had made several acquaintance among the young men sent over to study medicine in Edinburgh, and this was another cause inducing him to bend his steps in that direction.

Campbell could at that moment have derived little pecuniary benefit from his poem beyond what arose from the sale of the copies given by his booksellers as the price of the copyright, about fifty pounds, for he could hardly foresee that his poem would turn out as profitable to him as it ultimately did, nor calculate on the sums presented to him by his publishers, nor on his subsequent quarto edition. What were his pecuniary resources to meet a sojourn of nearly thirteen months on the continent, no inconsiderable portion of the time being spent in travelling, does not readily appear, except it arose from his correspondence with a London paper, the "Morning Chronicle."

His first residence was at Hamburgh, where he remained for some time, and made many friends, besides meeting one or two individuals whom he had before known. Long years afterwards, he continued to retain a grateful remembrance of his acquaintance there by an occasional correspondence. As late as 1832, he gave me a letter

for a particular object, a passage in which bore upon his visit to that city, and afforded full evidence that the case of an Irish exile, at that time in Hamburgh, was the cause of his composing "The Exile of Erin." The writer said:—

"When I quitted Hamburgh, I left all your friends and acquaintance well, with the exception of Dr. S——, whom you may remember to have met at dinner on one or two occasions. He, poor fellow, is dead. You were, I believe, better acquainted with Dr. L——, formerly a student at Edinburgh. He was brother-in-law of Dr. S——. The latter was likewise nephew to the Professor S—— of Göttingen, the celebrated botanist. Not long before I quitted Hamburgh, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. M'Cann at the house of our mutual friend J——, and I am happy to say that, at the period of which I speak, 'The Exile of Erin' was in excellent health and spirits."

That gem in pathetic poetry, "The Exile of Erin," was suggested by the case of this friend of the poet. The severities practised in Ireland by the British government, incredible as they would appear in the present day, cannot be recalled but with indignation by those who yet remember them. A grudge against a neighbour was sufficient, by secret information, to make him a prisoner in a dungeon at home, or drive him a

voluntary exile into any foreign land. Many excellent persons of this class attracted the poet's sympathy at Hamburgh, and most justly and feelingly did he afterwards speak of their situation. Campbell made many efforts to obtain leave for M'Cann to return home, but in vain. Lord Castlereagh was inexorable.

While at Hamburgh, Campbell paid a visit to Klopstock, who resided not far away, two years before the decease of the venerable author of the "Messiah." Klopstock was then very infirm. Campbell described him, at the age of seventy-seven, as a plain man, of unpretending manners, great mildness, and apparent goodness of disposition, and as one of the first great names in the world of letters he ever knew. He presented him with a copy of the "Pleasures of Hope." He said that though Klopstock's works reminded him of Milton, by a scanty image or two, there was no association produced by the German's person or manner that recalled the unbending and lofty ideal of the English bard. There was, he said, an ode of Klopstock to the "Lake of Zurich," which, in the original German, was an excellent specimen of his style in lyric writing, as well as of the temper of the man.

The poet did not remain long enough at Hamburgh to make an acquaintance with more than

the general constitution of the German language. While sojourning there, he paid visits to the country in the vicinity, and was introduced to more than one individual of literary attainments at Altona. It was at that place he composed those sweet lines which have been long ago published, but which he would not allow to appear in his collected works "because they were a *fragment*." They were republished in one of the annuals about twenty years ago.

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA: A FRAGMENT.

Oh, Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past,
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
To Judah's happy clime,—

My song, upon the mountain rocks,
Had echoed of thy rural charms;
And I had fed thy father's flocks;
O Judith of the raven locks!
To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blest with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
The bird of Salem would have sung,
In orange or in almond bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
Like thee, for ever young!

But ah, my Love! thy father's land—
It sheds no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand;
But wide its silent wilds expand,
A desert and a tomb!

Yet, by the good and golden hours
That dawn'd those rosy fields among,—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,—
By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
And long-forgotten song.

* * * * *

The precise road Campbell took on leaving Hamburgh is unknown, unless any of his correspondence, remaining in the surviving family of Dr. Anderson, should bring it to light. There was not, at that period, so great a strictness on the continent as was afterwards shown by the French government in relation to British subjects. It was said that he was in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it

from bombardment; but there were no Austrian and French treaties but those of July and December, 1800, and the poet only reached Munich in the first days of August. About this I am in the dark, and therefore speak vaguely as they concern the poet. The public dates thus given are correct. Augereau, it is true, menaced Ratisbon, and the poet might have gone from thence to Munich, for the treaty was in full force. In Germany he made an intimacy with Augustus William Schlegel. On the visits of Schlegel to this country, he was the constant guest of the poet, who had a very high idea of him as a man; his acquirements, as all the world well knows, were undisputed. Never were there two men more dissimilar. Augustus Schlegel was talkative upon every subject connected with literature, and showed at times no small share of the vanity of successful authorship. His friend, Campbell, was the very reverse of this. There was, too, about Schlegel a sort of *petit-maître* bearing, assumed upon occasions, of which Campbell had not a trace. The poet was unconstrained, patriotic, and free in his political sentiments. Schlegel had mingled too much among the despotic nobles of Germany to talk of politics, or find fault with things that were; notwithstanding he was most learned and agreeable

company, and had a very sincere regard for Campbell, whose friendship seemed to relax in the German's regard some sixteen years after the period when he introduced him to the narrator. On asking him, in the spring of 1836, whether he had heard recently from Bonn, he replied, that Schlegel, he thought, was altered from what he had been, and that there was some coldness in his conduct. This was no more, it is probable, than surmise; as men get older, the expression of that warmth of feeling seen in preceding life too commonly weakens, as if, when mortal friendships draw towards an inevitable end, nature would smooth the way by lessening the strength of the tie to the imagination, to deaden the pain of separation.

The route to be taken by the poet towards Vienna from Ratisbon, lay through a district that had been the seat of war in the existing summer. A suspension of arms had been concluded between Moreau and the Austrians at Parsdorf, in front of Munich, on the 15th of July, 1800. Moreau had fixed his head quarters at Munich, and was then in possession of all the country between the Iser and the Inn. It was thought the suspension of arms would terminate in a peace, and four months had actually passed without active hostilities; so that Campbell began

to imagine he might proceed without personal danger. The suspension of arms stipulated that hostilities might be renewed by either party on giving twelve days' notice.

It was in the month of October, 1800, that he was travelling towards Vienna, when it was announced to him that the hostilities would soon recommence, and he found that the prescribed notice of twelve days had just expired, though the fact was unknown beyond the head quarters of the hostile armies. This caused the traveller considerable perplexity; he had supposed he might proceed with safety in the rear of the French army, and that the Austrians would make but little resistance; he had quartered himself in the Scotch college at Ratisbon, but now he returned from Ratisbon to Altona, out of the way of the scenes of carnage that were expected to take place, after visiting Munich and the Valley of the Inn. While at Ratisbon he had suffered an attack of fever within the convent walls. In one place he crossed a battle-field in a clumsy German carriage, but he did not say exactly where, perhaps near Landshut. On emerging from a pine-wood he came upon open ground, where the ravages of war were horribly visible in the bodies of men and horses strewed on the blood-stained ground. Nothing impeded his

route, yet he perceived the vehicle stop, and missed the postilion, who left him full three-quarters of an hour alone. "I had enough around me to meditate upon," observed Campbell to myself, "that is if the weather had not been unbearably chill. I had lost all patience, when the Bavarian scoundrel came up loaded with horses' tails. He had been cutting off the tails of the horses that lay dead around, then piling up a goodly number of them behind the carriage, he resumed his tardy pace." The poet also saw a skirmish from the walls of the convent, between the outposts of the French and Austrians, when the latter retreated. The account of this affair given by Washington Irving is not correct.

Safe at Altona, he began a new poem, called "The Queen of the North," and cultivated his knowledge of the German tongue very assiduously. There is reason to believe that he was foremost in some merry-makings among his countrymen and the unfortunate exiles whom the government of Ireland had forced to seek a refuge in Hamburgh.

He returned home after an absence of twelve months; he came back to Yarmouth, and so to London, where he was kindly received by Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle;* Perry introduced him,

said Thomas Pringle, to many of the leading characters in London.

He now began a mock-heroic poem, but his attempts at wit in writing were always unsatisfactory. His acquaintance with Sir G. Elliott, afterwards Lord Minto, commenced at this time. He presumed that in the great success of the "Pleasures of Hope" he had a fair ground for soliciting the permission of Mundell and Co. to print a handsome edition in quarto, by subscription. This may be called the seventh, but the booksellers to whom the copyright belonged named the next edition in 16mo. after the subscription quarto, the seventh. The quarto edition, it was agreed, should be printed in London, and the poet himself came to town for the purpose of superintending the printing by Bensley. The spy system of the minister Addington was now fully carried out, and yet further illustrated by the seizure of his papers on his arrival at home, and the arrest of himself, if it might be so called, in Scotland. The treason in his papers was comprized in the draught of "Ye Mariners of England." The affair came to nothing, and was solely owing to some of the wretches, who were then kept in the minister's pay, who instigated men to crime to show something

for their wages; he escaped a personal detention in England by mere accident.

The "Pleasures of Hope," or indeed any other poem of equal merit, could not have obtained the success it did without being sustained for a time, and then proclaimed, as it were by authority, to be worthy of public regard. The work that now issues from the publishers' shelves, unsupported by latent and too often not very honest means of designation, has no chance of success let its merits be what they may. Campbell steered his boat with a flowing sail. The auspicious breeze of critical favour, that in those days was commanding, wafted to him the patronage of what is styled, in most undiscerning, uncomplimentary phrase for the interests of truth, the "discerning public." The success of the poem was what might be expected, and no more than it merited. Scotland had been loud in the praises of the young poet, who had no rival at that time in his native land. A writer in one of the magazines*—the only writer who, amidst a mass of falsehood and disgraceful rubbish put forth respecting the poet after his decease, seems to have known anything about him, said that Campbell, after his return, became for a time the "Lion of Edinburgh."

* Frazer's Magazine.

"The last time I saw you," said a lady of advanced age, to the poet, "was in Edinburgh, when you were swaggering about in a Suwarrow jacket."

"Yes," replied Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy."

"But that was thirty years ago and more," she remarked.

"Whist, whist!" said Campbell, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

The poet reached London at the commencement of the spring of 1802. At Liverpool, on his way, having introduced himself to Dr. Currie with a letter from Dugald Stewart, he was hospitably entertained in the doctor's house, in a mode that might be expected from such a disinterested lover of literature. He did more, for he introduced him to the noble-hearted Roscoe, then resident at Allerton Hall, who was no less kind and attentive to the young poet than Dr. Currie had been. Campbell was in weak health, and nervous; Roscoe, not to the diminution of the poet's nervousness, insisting on mounting him upon a pony for exercise. The poet's timidity on the occasion is well remembered by some of the surviving members of the family. Mr. Thomas Roscoe, a friend of the poet's as well as his father, told me that he had a perfect recollection

of the circumstance, and of being diverted at seeing the poet in his nervous equestrianship at Allerton, when he himself was quite a boy.

How long Campbell remained in Liverpool is not clear, probably not more than two or three weeks. In a letter from Dr. Currie, introducing Campbell to Mackintosh and Scarlet, the date, it appears, is February 26, 1802. The doctor describes the poet as a young man of celebrity, author of the "Pleasures of Hope." He states that his knowledge of him was derived from Dugald Stewart, and that he had been staying some days with him. He remarked that he was a young man of extraordinary learning and acquirements, unusually quick of apprehension and possessing great sensibility, and further, that he was on his way to London to bring out there an edition of his poem, by permission of the bookseller to whom he had parted with the copyright before it was printed. That the profits of the booksellers having been extraordinary, they had only annexed the condition that the edition of the author should be of such a nature as not to interfere with their editions; the work to be a quarto, embellished, and printed by Bensley. Dr. Currie then concludes by requesting his friends to lay out a fee with the poet, thereby

obliging the doctor and serving at the same time a man of genius.

On coming to town it would appear that Campbell commenced writing for the newspapers under the auspices of Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, who introduced him everywhere. Here he found his friend Telford, the engineer; Horner, too, another warm friend; but, except with his poetical pieces inserted in that paper, he was not very successful, nor could it be expected; experience must have been wanting. A knowledge of the political topics of the time, and the art of rapid composition, those essentials in writing for the mass, were not the qualities with which Campbell was endowed. Great knowledge of literature, care in the choice of words, and slowness in composition, were impediments in concocting the articles of a newspaper. In no department of the multifarious literature of the metropolis could the poet have been employed with less effect. He must have been an utter stranger to the tact which, in the newspaper contests at that time, when politics ran high, must have been more than ever demanded; he had none of that positive acquaintance with men and things, connected with political affairs, which can be obtained at the seat of government alone. Political knowledge was not then diffused as

widely as it is at present, and the duties of an adroit writer in a London newspaper were not to be acquired in the country. It suffices that the poet was unsucessful, though Perry retained him for some time to aid in filling up the poet's corner of his paper.

He did not bring out the quarto or seventh edition of his poems until he had been a twelvemonth (or in June, 1803) in London. I have no means now of comparing it with the first, which I had once in my possession for a week or two. This copy belonged to the poet, and he begged its restoration, as he knew not how to obtain another. The quarto is not scarce, and is similar to many other works of that day from the elegant press of Bensley. What the poet's pecuniary means were at this time it is not easy to discover; his receipts from the "Pleasures of Hope," it has been observed, could not have taken him to Germany and supported him during above a twelvemonths' residence and traveling, and, moreover, he had set off immediately after their first publication, and before any receipts could have accrued had they been his own to receive. This year he published too, "Lochiel and Hohenlinden" in Edinburgh, dedicated to Dr. Alison, but without his name. He also married his cousin, Matilda

Sinclair, on the 10th of October the same year. She was a resident in London, in Park Street, Westminster, and they were married at St. Margaret's. She was the daughter of Mr. Sinclair, a merchant in the city, one of seven daughters, several of whom I knew. He had scanty means when he married. It is probable, therefore, that he had other prospects of supporting a wife at the time. After this, he paid a visit to Edinburgh. During his attentions to his cousin he composed the following lines, which do not exhibit very flatteringly his skill in love strains, or the depth of passionate affection, wanting that quick pulse which beats through intensity of amatory feeling. In the list of his pieces in 1828, when he marked off what he wished to be omitted from his collected works, he excluded this, which first appeared in an Edinburgh periodical work.

Air—The Flower of North Wales.

O cherub content! at thy moss-covered shrine,
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part from ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-coloured clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree,
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care,
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my life slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee!

He wrote some lines on the threatened invasion, and was for some time employed in translating for the "Star" newspaper, in 1802. He lodged before his marriage at 61, South Molton Street. In 1803, he returned to London, where rumour stated that he wrote a series of articles in defence of the Grenville administration, which appeared in an evening paper, and that these were the reasons of his receiving a pension of 184*l.* out of the Scotch excise. This was made up to 300*l.* subsequently by Lord Melbourne's ministry. The pension could hardly have been conferred for any such service as that above stated. The knowledge of his pecuniary circumstances, and his being the foremost poet of that day in merit, his Whig principles, and personal knowledge of some of the most distinguished of the party, are sufficient to account for the grant which took place in October, 1806; the intentions of Fox in the matter being carried out by his successors.

He wrote papers in the "Edinburgh Review," but what articles they comprised is uncertain. Jeffrey was known to have complained more than once of the poet's idleness. He also made proposals to Constable and Co., which came to nothing. In August 1804, his son, Thomas Telford, was born, and the same year he projected his specimens of the British poets. His son was named Telford from the eminent engineer, his old friend.

Campbell projected a publication of some work in 1805. This is evident from the following letter of the historian of Leo X. Dr. Currie had died of consumption on the 31st of August in that year, aged fifty. He had gone to Devonshire for the establishment of his health in a milder climate than that of Lancashire. Roscoe, with that consideration and kindness which stamped true nobility upon his character, hearing the rumour that Campbell was about to publish again, and knowing that Dr. Currie's death deprived him of a useful and zealous friend in Liverpool, wrote him the following letter, so worthy of himself, with which I am favoured from Mr. Roscoe's existing correspondence.—

"My Dear Sir,—

"The common sympathy and sorrow which I am sure we both of us feel for the loss of our late

ever-lamented friend Dr. Currie, would be a sufficient apology for this intrusion, even if we were greater strangers to each other than I have the happiness to think we are. On the death of our friend nothing is more soothing to our feelings, and indeed more natural, than to turn towards those whom they have respected and loved, and who have returned the friendship with equal warmth; and that he ever regarded you with affectionate kindness is not less certain than that you now deeply lament his most unfortunate, and I may add, untimely loss. Allow me, then, my dear sir, to say, that amidst these ravages of death and warnings of mortality, I feel myself bound, by an additional tie to those who once partook with me in the society and friendship of him who is no more, and that although the loss of one beloved friend has occasioned a void in the bosom which can never be supplied, yet nothing can afford me more pleasure than an interchange of good offices and of mutual kindness and affection with those whom he esteemed and loved. If in this view I should be fortunate enough to meet your own sentiments, the only proof I shall at present ask of it is, that you will allow me to take that interest in the success of your labours which they so eminently deserve, and to render you the same services, as respecting the volume which our

excellent young friend Mr. Wallace Currie informs me you shortly intend to publish, as his father did respecting your last, and which he would have repeated with so much pleasure had he still survived.

"Favour me, then, with your plan of publication, and such particulars as you may think necessary, and be assured, the deserved celebrity of your name and the actual merit of your writings will render it not only an easy, but a grateful task to me to furnish you with the suffrages of many of my friends, for whom pecuniarily I will be answerable, and whose payments I will with the greatest pleasure anticipate.

"If in this communication I have ventured too far on the presumption, either on the grounds of our personal acquaintance, or on those I have before stated, let me at least hope to stand excused, and it shall be sufficient for me to write with such influence as I may obtain in the general list of your admirers and friends, who, by their public approbation of your writings, will, instead of honouring you, do honour to themselves.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Most truly and invariably yours,

"WILLIAM ROSCOE."

"Allerton, 3rd of November, 1805.

Campbell having first taken up his residence in Pimlico, and removed to Sydenham, after his marriage, finished there his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the peace of Amiens." This is a work almost unknown, nor had he himself a copy in his own library to show me. It seems to have fallen into neglect from the time of publication, for it bore about it nothing salient or striking that possessed attraction. The poet was not gifted with talent of the order necessary to success in that kind of literature, and the "annals" were little more than a dry catalogue of events chronologically arranged.

His second son, Alison, was born in June, this year, 1805.

CHAPTER III.

Alterations and corrections in different poems.—The poet at Sydenham.—Mode of study.—Opinion upon the pronunciation of the ancient languages.—Mr. Thomas Hill and his symposia.—Dinner-parties.—Anecdote of Campbell and Leyden.—Composition of the poet's odes.—Lord Brougham's censure of the poet.—Its utter want of foundation.—Errors in criticism.—Charge of jealousy of Dryden unfounded.—Gertrude of Wyoming.—Mr. Horner's opinion of that poem.—Its favourable reception by the critics.—Defects in the poem.—Its excellences pre-eminent.

IT was in 1805 that Campbell wrote the "Battle of the Baltic," and some of his shorter pieces. In that year an edition of the British poets, in conjunction with Scott, as co-editor, was projected, but did not succeed, the booksellers desiring to dictate how the editorial department should be conducted. This led ultimately to his specimens of the British Poets, which were a long time before they were matured. Other projects originating at the same time fell to the ground.

He made a number of alterations in his verses; he sometimes printed for correction only, and kept them by him. From a copy of the "Soldier's Dream," after its first publication, it is evident he made the following—

Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lour'd,—

to—

Our bugles *sang truce*, for the night-cloud had lour'd.

The allusion in the second version is evidently to the pause in a conflict, while in the first it is the common "go to bed," in the soldier's phraseology, sounded in the evening of the day. The last line of the second stanza ran,

And twice ere the cock crew I dream'd it again,—

it was altered to—

And *thrice* ere the *morning* I dream'd it again.

The third stanza was written—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the house of my fathers that welcomed me back.

It was changed thus—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the *home* of my fathers that welcomed me back.

In a copy of "Hohenlinden," the fourth stanza reads—

Then shook the hills by thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And *rolling* like bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

It now reads, line the third—

And louder than the bolts of heaven.

In the same ode—

On Linden's hills of stained snow,

once read—

On Linden's *heights* of *crimson'd* snow.

In the "Beech Tree's Petition," alterations were made from—

Though shrub nor flow'ret never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below,
Nor fruits of autumn blossom born
My green and glossy leaves adorn—

to—

Though *bush* or flow'ret never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer lend perfume, the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, &c.

The line—

The ambrosial amber of the hive,

stood—

The ambrosial *treasure* of the hive

Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude.

This was altered to—

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow light, the forest green,
And many wintry winds have stood,
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my *pleasant* bower, &c.

"Pleasant" was altered from "rustling." These were some of the re-touches in the poet's earlier works, with a view of rendering his verse more complete, but no similar efforts were made in regard to such inaccuracies as would, by remedying them, appear to be the confessions of an error arising from any deficiency of knowledge, as in those before alluded to in natural history; and the more obvious this was, the more repugnant the feeling seemed to be to a change. A sentiment not difficult to understand, where constitutional impulse governed, overcoming reason, because it always was in agreement with that self-respect which preponderated with the poet about his own works.

His mode of life at Sydenham was mostly uniform with that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it his constant residence. He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined a couple or

three hours after noon, and then made calls in the village, oftentimes remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire again to his study, often until a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. In those days he took his wine freely at times, when he had company. When he had no company, he generally left the table directly after dinner was over.

It was unfortunate that his habits of study were not long fixed upon any subject, but were discursive, and were not directed to carry out a single object to the end. In the course of investigation upon one topic, some incident would intervene which tempted him to a different pursuit for a time, and such an inclination he could not resist. It is impossible to bring much to pass under a similar system, when the propensity becomes uncontrollable; and this was continually the case with Campbell, and was one reason why he produced so little fruit. The revision of his lectures on poetry was once laid by in this manner

for a year, during which period he produced no more than a few verses. He spent as much time over his books as usual, following some object of momentary curiosity, that generated a second novelty and a new research. This was adding to his knowledge at the expense of the gratification of others. His classical acquirements he did not follow up in the dry way of those scholars who devote their attention to words alone; he laboured after the true sense and meaning of the writers of antiquity, and if he found he differed from the translators upon any passage, he was not easy until he had reconciled his mind to his own explanation, or to that of another equally satisfactory. He cared little about the pronunciation of classical words. In Scotland he said that the Latin was pronounced nearer the Italian than in England. He disapproved of the incessant changes in the pronunciation of English. A hundred years ago, the first letter of the alphabet was pronounced much broader and more correctly than it is at present. This might be seen by examining the terminating words of the lines in the poets—in Pope, for example. He was of opinion that the modern Romaic must be a better criterion of the pronunciation of the Greek, than the fancies of English schoolmen, who would vary that tongue

and the Latin too, according to the mutation of the English.

Campbell, it is scarcely credible, was one day at a loss how to pronounce Alexandria, believing the common mode, or that in the old gradus, not to be correct. With him there was a species of doubt generated sometimes upon very obvious and trivial points. Stating to him I had heard Dr. Parr pronounce the word Alexandrīa, the poet was pleased. "It must be so," he observed, "though I am no judge in England, and set no store upon what the schoolmen deem so precious: I shall always take care to pronounce it Alexandrīa in future. I see the gradus has made it so in later editions."

While he lived at Sydenham, or at least during a portion of the time, there resided in that village Thomas Hill, a well-known character in some circles in London, for more than half a century. He was a sort of walking chronicle. He knew the affairs of literary men, what they were at work upon, and could retail a vast deal more about them and their doings than they knew themselves. There was no newspaper office into which he did not find his way, no third-rate scribbler of whom he did not know the business at the moment. But his knowledge was not confined to literary men, he knew almost all the

world of any note, in his own belief at least, and this belief always, after a certain time, grew with him into indisputable fact. It was said of him that if he stood at Charing Cross at noonday he would tell the name and business of every body that passed Northumberland House. He died of apoplexy in the Adelphi, at the age of eighty, few supposing him more than sixty. He was a man of few acquirements and no little vanity.

At the table of this odd personage at Sydenham, there used to meet occasionally a number of literary men and choice spirits of the age. Colman, John and Leigh Hunt, Dubois, James and Horace Smith, Mathews, Barnes, afterwards editor of the "Times" paper, Barron Field, and others. There was to be found Theodore Hook, giving full swing to his jests at the expense of every thing held cheap or dear in social life, or under conventional rule. The poet living hard by, could not, in the common course of things, miss being among those who congregated at Hill's. Repartee and pun passed about in a mode vainly to be looked for in these degenerate days at the most convivial tables. Some practical jokes too were played off there, which, for a long time afterwards, formed the burden of after-dinner conversations. Campbell was behind none of the party in spirits. He entered with full zest

into the pleasantries of the hour. Upon one occasion, some of the party leaving Sydenham to return home by Dulwich, to which they were obliged to walk for want of a conveyance, those who were to remain behind in Sydenham escorted their friends to the top of the hill to take leave, in doing which the poet's residence had to be passed. But he scorned to leave his friends. All went on to the parting-place on the hill summit, exchanging jokes, or manufacturing indifferent puns. When they separated it was with hats off and three boisterous cheers; Campbell, snatching off his hat, "not wisely but too well," pulled off his wig with it, and thence to enhance the merriment upon the occcasion, flung both up in the air amidst unbridled laughter. Thus in spirits as in every thing besides, he displayed his natural character, the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all. There was this, however, in the poet's temperament, that all he did was with a good heart. He expressed himself, too, like a "good hater," if Sir Walter Scott's story of him be true, when he repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden. "Tell the fellow I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Scott delivering the message to Campbell, got for reply, "Tell Leyden I detest him; but I know

the value of his critical approbation." Leyden was an overrated man, but as a linguist possessed considerable acquirements, which were much puffed by his countrymen, though as it required more than one language to supply his incessant volubility, this was well. He was also somewhat of an antiquary, a great botanist, and partly a coxcomb, if one may judge from his denominating Sir William Jones an "elegant humbug." He was a medical officer in the East India service, and died from exposure to the noxious climate of one of the islands in the tropics. The ground of his difference with Campbell is shown hereafter, and a man of such little sensibility himself might easily wound that of the poet. About the year 1804, Campbell's Edinburgh friends seem for a time to have lost sight of him and his labours. Jeffrey writes in that year to Horner, to know what the poet was doing, and whether he was about anything.

He had now composed his nobler odes, the "Battle of the Baltic," and the naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England," which, with "Hohenlinden," stands unrivalled in the varied and extensive range of British poetry. With the odes of Dryden, they are, from their style, nature, and subject, wholly out of the pale of comparison. Condensation of language, energy of expression,

and loftiness of thought, are combined in the odes of Campbell to an extent rendering them productions worthy of ancient Greece. In these none of the diffuseness of the modern school of verse is observable. There is a concentrated simplicity of language about them which admits no novel words, no far-fetched smiles. They were not of such a length as to exhaust the energy of the poet, but just of the amplitude to combine its full action. The effect is wrought out by combinations that make the result a wonderment; apparently so easy and yet so novel, simple, and yet thrilling. The "Pleasures of Hope" may be excelled, the gentle "Gertrude" outvied, but it does not seem probable that the odes of Campbell can ever be surpassed, because it is hardly possible for genius and language—the English language at least—in true simplicity of character to go further, though the English is capable of all that any modern language can do. Their simplicity of expression engraves them in every heart; the unlearned comprehend them at once, and the bosom of the patriot glows at the love of country which exhales from every line.

In referring to these odes, it is hardly possible to overlook a recent censure respecting them cast upon Campbell. I refer in Lord Brougham's volume of characters to that of Johnson. Lord

Brougham, it is well known, can give opposite characters to the same individual, as in the case of George IV. Hence it might be thought hardly worth while to notice the charity of his feelings and his wonted inaccuracy in the present instance. These might be left to their place in the same category with the inconstancy of his friendships and the instability of his politics, but that Lord Brougham is no common example of talent, at times unhappily perverted, and of heartlessness united with the assumption of high sensibilities. His lordship has, perhaps, admirers of a similar constitution to his own, destitute of his talents, but inflexible in their admiration of him, out of a common sympathy. It is impossible not to wish that they may not have the excuse of ignorance for their mistaken worship.

In the passage given out of Lord Brougham's book in the note below,* there is an obscurity of

* The following is the text and note of Lord Brougham to which reference is made:—

"The art of translation, in which Johnson's love of accuracy qualified him to excel, as well as his facility of *pointed* composition, was possessed in a much higher degree by Dryden than either by Johnson or indeed by *any one else*. That he was unequal in his versions, as in all his works, is certain, and his having failed to render in perfection the diction of Virgil, which can hardly be approached *in any modern tongue but the Italian*, is no reason for

meaning which adds no grace to his lordship's critical abilities. Johnson's facility of *pointed* com-

overlooking his extraordinary genius displayed in this most *difficult line.* I have always read with pain the remarks on Dryden's translations, or rather on his 'Virgil,' in Mr. Campbell's 'Essay on English Poetry,' and the rather that when estimating Dryden's power as a translator, he *scarcely mentions his 'Juvenal,'* and says *nothing at all of his 'Ovid'* and 'LUCRETIUS;' *these,* with 'Juvenal,' *being past all doubt* amongst his *greatest works.* But indeed he consigns to equal silence the immortal ode which, with the exception of *some passages* in Milton, is certainly the *first poem* in our language. Had Mr. Campbell expressed himself coldly of such translations* —such metrical doers into crabbed and unpoetical English as have of late been praised, merely because readers ignorant of Italian wish to read Dante without the help of a dictionary—he might more easily have been forgiven. Towards Dryden he is *wholly unjust,* nor had he apparently a *due* value for the poetry of Johnson. He includes the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' among the specimens, but he never mentions Johnson at all among the poets whom he commemorates. Bestowing so disproportionate a space upon Goldsmith, *renders it plain that he undervalued Johnson.* For though Goldsmith is superior to him, they are *too near in merit,* and come from *schools too much alike* to authorise him who sets the one so high to *neglect or undervalue* the other."

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* "I had often found in my *deceased friend* a disposition to undervalue this great ode. At length it broke out the last time I saw him him, just before he went to Boulogne, where he died. He expressed himself with great bitterness of attack on the bad taste of the world for ad-

position must be abandoned to the printer and his extra pointing, for any other meaning it offers. Dryden's "Virgil" has not been praised enough by Campbell in his "Essay on Poetry," when estimating the poet's power as a translator—so says his lordship. Now Lord Brougham ought to have known on better authority than his own, if not in law at least in literature, that scholars have long sanctioned a judgment similar to that of Campbell, powerful and brilliant as many passages in Dryden's "Virgil" unquestionably are, considered as poetry. Campbell was giving a scholar's opinion of the translation in a cursory manner, because his "Essay" was necessarily brief, in accordance with his design. In corroboration of Campbell's judgment, only restraining his own breathless desire for rapidity of writing, had his lordship turned to the "Life by Pitt," he

miring it so highly; no one could doubt *that his jealousy was personally irritated:* a *feeling wholly unworthy* of one who had written his admirable songs. I trust that nothing in the text may be supposed to have been written with any *disrespect towards Mr. Campbell's* 'ESSAY,' which is a work in every respect worthy of its author. Many of the critical observations have the peculiar delicacy which might be expected from so eminent a poet. Many parts of it are written with much felicity of diction. Some passages show all the imagination of a truly poetical genius. The description, for instance, of a ship launch is fine poetry in all but the rhythm."

would have found Johnson summing up the merits of Dryden's and Wharton's "Virgils." "Pitt," says Johnson, "engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures, and avoided them: and as he wrote after Pope's 'Iliad,' he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification." He then goes on to say, "If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and lifeless perusal; that Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read." So much for Lord Brougham's censure of Campbell, who was of the same opinion as Johnson. It cannot but be painful to make unfortunate rejoinders of this sort, to assertions arising, it is to be feared, out of breathless eagerness for writing something. Lord Brougham has never been exemplary for exactness of investigation, patience in research, or amenity in delivering his sentiments. But he might have known that time has generally confirmed the criticisms of Johnson. Still more unhappily for Lord Brougham, Johnson is not

unsupported by the judgment of others. So erroneous was Dryden in his translation of the "Georgics" and "Eclogues," says Pope, to quote his words, "that nothing could have made Mr Dryden capable of such mistakes but extreme haste in writing, which never ought to be imputed as a fault to him, but to those who suffered so great a genius to lie under the necessity of it." Lord Brougham seems, besides, never to have read the preface to Wharton's "Virgil!"

But Lord Brougham states that it is not from Dryden's "Virgil" alone that his opinion of that poet as a translator is formed, and upon which, it is presumable, he jumps to his conclusions. Campbell, who, in a condensed "Essay upon Poetry," naturally intended to be general, and never dreamed of mentioning every original or translated piece of the poets he enumerated, has, in addition to slighting "Virgil," according to Lord Brougham, heinously passed over Dryden's "Juvenal," his "Ovid," and even his "*Lucretius*," one of the poet's "greatest works," in estimating his power as a translator. Can any thing be more absurd—more ignorant? Out of sixteen books of which "Juvenal" consists, five only (with Persius added) were translated by Dryden—only five! except some fine passages in these, which must naturally occur where so great

a poet was the translator, Johnson observes, a better representation of the Latin author may be given. The "Persius" is designated by Johnson as written merely for wages, "in an uniform mediocrity." Of Ovid's Epistles only one was the translation of Dryden, and of the fifteen books of the Metamorphoses only two were from his pen, though in five or six books besides, his name was associated with other translators, most likely to afford the whole work an access of popularity from his connexion with them, without his doing any more than two. The "Lucretius" which Campbell is accused of neglecting to drag unnecessarily into his limited "Essay," the world will be obliged to Lord Brougham to print, as it is at present wholly unknown, because Dryden never translated "Lucretius" at all!*

But Campbell did not notice nor copy "Dryden's Ode." What ode we are not told; Alexander's Feast, it is presumed, though Johnson declared the ode to the memory of Mrs. Killigrew,

* In Dryden's poems there are sixty-five lines of one book, forty-eight of another, and eighteen of a third, being isolated passages from "Lucretius," perhaps done as exercises. Surely Lord Brougham will not have recourse to these as a scapegoat for his blunder, by making them pass for a poem of six books and seven thousand lines. Yet who knows how far his "friendship" to Campbell may not carry him.

by the same poet, to be the noblest in the language. The "ode," whichever it be, Lord Brougham says, "with the exception of some *passages* in Milton, is certainly the first *poem* in our language." Are "some poems" of Milton not intended, or are "passages" synonymous with poem?" Whichever it be, the lucidness of the expression is commensurate with the misrepresentation, nor will the *ex-cathedra* delivery of Lord Brougham's opinion mend the matter. The alliance of his lordship with poetry or any thing poetical will be pronounced by the literary world a very great absurdity.

Campbell did not intend to select the best specimens from each poet, but only to give such as Ellis and Headly had neglected. It is rather hard that Lord Brougham should reverse an author's intentions to suit his own purposes. Another charge is, that Campbell did not estimate the poetry of Johnson nearly as high as that of Goldsmith—who ever did? Few who know what poetry is, would admit Johnson to a poetical place above the lower step of the temple of the muses. Lord Brougham thus furnishes another happy illustration of his qualification for a poetical critic.

But all this is trivial to the characteristic note rendered so striking by its exuberance of charity.

Nothing can exhibit more forcibly the heartlessness of its author. In numberless conversations, during a long intimacy, with the business of literature continually present, amid numberless references to the poets of the Augustan age, as some call it, Dryden again and again mentioned, never did I see one atom of that envious spirit shown towards "glorious John," which Lord Brougham attributes to the dead poet. Was it probable that Campbell should be jealous of the poets of the seventeenth century so long departed —that he should exhibit the jealous temper regarding them thus gratuitously attributed to him? The poet's last years were marked by considerable irritability and decay of bodily and mental power, and on some occasions he might have exhibited an occasional weakness, but a weakness like that of which Lord Brougham speaks so confidently as to the motive is perfectly incredible. True, it is impossible to deny what Lord Brougham asserts respecting the poet's idea that the world overvalued "Alexander's Feast," for the poet being where no wisdom, knowledge, and, happily, "no device" reacheth, cannot affirm or contradict such an assertion of his opinion, innocent enough if spoken. The charitable inference as to the motive, the "why" Campbell was of that opinion, Brougham-like as it is, no one, having as good a

right to judge, and who well knew the poet, will credit. The ode bore not the remotest resemblance to any of Campbell's writings so as to provoke his jealousy. Dryden, a century and a half old, Campbell had studied, together with all the poets of the earlier time, for the sake of his own improvement, as being masters in their art. It is monstrous that if Campbell did express a conviction in a desultory conversation that the ode was overvalued, the motive should be attributed to a feeling wholly "*unworthy*" of him. It was not at all like one that would actuate the poet; his judgment was ever sound enough to tell him that no parallel could exist between his own and any of Dryden's odes to make him jealous of them. They bear no resemblance in character or subject; they are odes in common, that is all. Every other breathing creature of God's workmanship, except Lord Brougham, would have felt how great is the descent in honourable feeling with those who attribute injurious motives to others. To Lord Brougham such things may be but too common. In the present case his recklessness has the consolation that its perfect detection is impossible. If the poet did not live to witness the want of common charity shown to himself, he lived to witness, unhappily for Lord Brougham, that development of his lordship's character which a "friend" once

prophetically shadowed forth. Lord Brougham has not shown now, for the first time, that "evil be thou my good," is balm to his wounded pride, as it before proved to an erring spirit of a more exalted nature.

In any other country but England, the composition of "Gertrude" would render the locality of Sydenham renowned. It occupied the poet but little more than a twelvemonth, and was begun about 1807. It combines in itself the best characteristics of the classic and romantic styles, in that just medium which forms the truest principle for modern poetry. There is less glitter in "Gertrude" than in the "Pleasures of Hope." It has not isolated passages equal in sentiment and imagery, perhaps, to some that might be culled from the rich garland of the "Pleasures of Hope," but it is full of tenderness and feeling, equable, nowhere passionate; it is more uniformly invested with the graces of the poetical fancy; it is an unruffled lake, reflecting with accuracy of hue and outline all those beauties with which the imaginative soul of genius can clothe a plain and affecting incident; all the charms to which a sensitive and cultivated heart responds with that delight which is a mystery in human enjoyment, seeming to behold, as through summer mist, glorious but un-

defined images of things that belong to a mysterious and invisible world.

The Spenserian stanza, in a certain degree, hampered the poet's freedom in this beautiful Indian tale, full of nature, and redolent with fragrance from the richest bouquets of fancy. There is seen here, divested from drapery, that sensitiveness which belonged to the poet's own character, however concealed from general observation, and therefore by some, perhaps, not thought a characteristic of him, because it was not blazoned forth in every word and action. Campbell thought deeply and felt keenly. The poet was by nature miserly of his sensations; he was continually looking inwards, and meditating oftentimes painfully upon things that would not touch men in general. Nervous, indolent temperaments keep their joys and sorrows under lock and key; sometimes a feeling of pride makes them imagine that others will think they make too much of what is of little moment, while they themselves set little value upon what they are aware others deem of infinite consequence.

While mentioning this poem, it is necessary to revert to a part of the poet's history which it is difficult to clear up. A misunderstanding with Mundell and Co., led that house to withhold the voluntary present made to the poet of twenty-five

guineas per thousand, made him on each edition of his "Pleasures of Hope," when the impression reached a thousand copies. What then was the cause of the misunderstanding?

The surviving partner of the house of Mundell and Co., already mentioned, wrote me to the following effect:—

"DEAR SIR,

"You had a note from me about the publication of 'Gertrude.' It is necessary to tell you Campbell had first sold* Mundell and Co. a poem for a sum, and then sold Longman and Co. a poem for a like sum. When Longmans heard this they cancelled their bargain with Campbell, and then Mundell's plan was adopted, which pleased all parties, by settling the poem on the family, as you see has been done.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"A. STIRLING."

"C. REDDING, ESQ."

* Query, contracted for poems, one with each house, by which he must have disobliged Mundell, or his London agents, Longman? About 1807, after his marriage, the above arrangement was effected, for both his sons were alive. The projected poems offered to the two booksellers were probably neither of them undertaken, as "Gertrude" was not begun until 1806 or 7.

The proposal above made, Mr. Stirling says, alluded to "Gertrude of Wyoming." The answer of Campbell to the house of Mundell was as follows—unluckily, no date was sent me anexed to it.

"ALEXANDER MUNDELL, ESQ.

"SIR, I am extremely sorry that any misunderstanding should have arisen between Mundell and Co. and myself, on account of the poems which I am about to publish, and am ready to declare, in the most implicit manner, that they are not to blame for the misunderstanding, and that, on the contrary, their conduct towards me, as booksellers, has always been fair and liberal.

"Your proposal that these poems should be settled on my wife and children, and the copyright secured for their benefit in such a manner that no act of mine should afterwards affect it, accords so very much with my wishes, that I accept it without hesitation, and I cannot but express how grateful I feel to you for having proposed to settle our difference on so kind and liberal a footing.

"I am, Sir,

"With great respect,

"Your humble servant,

"T. CAMPBELL."

This poem was published in quarto, in 1809; a second edition in 12mo. appearing in the following year. It was kindly received by the public, and particularly by the Whig party, to all the leading men of which Campbell was personally known, and with most on terms of close intimacy. Mackintosh, in India when "Gertrude" appeared, and Lord Holland, were among the heads of the party to whom Campbell was most attached. The circulation did not range as extensively as that of the "Pleasures of Hope." Party spirit ran high, so high no one in these days would give credit to it. Though the poem was not damned in the *Quarterly*, as it ought to have been, according to many of those who were arrayed under that flag, the praise of the *Edinburgh* and the declaration of the author's Whig principles were against its circulation. It has been subsequently reported that Scott reviewed the poem in the first number of the *Quarterly*, and that as this great man never knew rancour in his literary dealings, he spared Campbell, the Whig poet, thus forgiving the politics for the sake of the poetry. In those days this, if true, was not always the magnanimity shown by political partizans.

Similar defects are found repeated in "Gertrude of Wyoming," even in a more glaring man-

ner than they were observable in the "Pleasures of Hope," and more open to criticism. The poet was inexcusably negligent in not extending his researches into the natural history of the country wherein the scene of his delightful poem is laid. The panther of the torrid zone in the old world is placed in the woods of Ohio in the new, when there is no such animal in the United States—nothing but an ounce-like cat called the jaguar, and that rarely seen even in the south. The cougar, or puma, an animal somewhat resembling the leopard, is only known south of Mexico, or scarcely north of the Isthmus of Darien. The productions of the far south are introduced into Pennsylvania. The flamingo disports at Wyoming, and the aloe and palm-tree are introduced into a new latitude. Denizens of the tropics, the severe climate of Pennsylvania will admit no such accessories, not even plants that will flourish in England. Campbell probably overlooked the fact of the continent of America embracing every climate. Many are apt to forget the relations of a territory so vast. The United States and Canadas were long, it was true, styled "North America" exclusively, the Spanish territories being a sealed book to the rest of the world. But in "Gertrude of Wyoming," a poem for all time, that as knowledge advances, will exhibit the error more and

more, from the numerical increase of readers versed in natural history, this is the deeper to be lamented. Campbell was made aware of his mistakes from seeing them pointed out in reviews at home and in America. Were an American to lay the scene of a tale in England, and introduce the tiger and date-tree as natural productions, it would be thought in England, as of this in America, no excusable error. Still, with this fault the glory of the poem is not obscured; no one expects the best things to be faultless. Yet it is because "Gertrude" is so glorious a poem, and will be so lasting, that to avoid lamenting such blemishes have an existence is impossible.

It was in July 1810, that the poet lost his second son, Alison, of fever. A very deep affliction, which he was a great while in subduing.

CHAPTER IV.

Campbell's introduction to Byron.—Lectures at the Royal Institution.—Analysis of their nature.—First, poetry in general.—Second, Hebrew poetry.—Third, Greek poetry.—Fourth, Classical poetry.—Fifth, Lyric and Epic poetry.—Sixth, Oracular poetry.—Seventh, called by Campbell the Ninth, the Athenian drama.—Tenth and last, Euripides.

AN unforeseen event took place in the year 1811, to which Campbell owed his introduction to Byron. A hostile epistolary communication had taken place, or one in a spirit which bordered upon hostile feeling, between Byron and Moore. The last, with the heat of his countrymen, was for settling the grievance with gunpowder, to prove his quarrel just. He did not ask himself whether Jeffrey was, or was not justified in vindicating truth and virtue, by censuring, as it was his duty to do, the gross licentiousness of

Little's poems. He called out Jeffrey, and the wits of the day had their jokes about Chalk Farm, and the pistols and bullets. Byron, who then knew nothing of Moore personally, had a fling at the duellists in his attack on Jeffrey, and spoke about "Little's leaden pistols." Moore could not relish this, which he should have borne quietly, considering how much he was in the wrong on the score of morals. Having sought an explanation from Byron, Rogers had arranged the difference to the satisfaction of the disputants, who had never seen each other, but were about to meet the same day for the first time at the classical table of Rogers. Campbell chancing to call upon Rogers the same day, the dinner was to take place, received an invitation to meet Byron and Moore. Accordingly they all four met in this singular manner. Four names standing so high for poetical celebritv hardly ever before met in so unforeseen a manner, and certainly never at a more hospitable table. This year, too, Campbell made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In 1811, the poet agreed to give lectures at the Royal Institution, at twenty guineas each lecture; they were to be five in number, and to be delivered in the spring of the next year. In these lectures he did not carry out the plan he originally projected, which was to proceed from

general principles to the poetry of the Hebrews, and down to that of comparatively modern times. The latter would not have included any poet later than the end of the eighteenth century, in England or on the continent. This scheme he only half fulfilled. The truth was, that he could not continue a long labour upon one subject—it was not in his nature to draw a long breath—it fatigued him, and at length made him flag, and viewing the task he had set himself about with distaste, he hardly ever carried out his original design. Indeed, considering the number of years he devoted himself to literature, the quantity he brought to pass was, comparatively, very little. He too often found substances in shadows. He talked of labours never to be performed, and of the fatigues that arose from idle studies and readings out of the business in hand. The time he took in polishing the "Pleasures of Hope," and in completing his poem of "Gertrude," is easily conjectured; and making full allowance for this, all he executed besides amounted to little, compared to the time set against it. His lectures cost him considerable labour. He would read upon some particular point, in which he desired to be satisfied, and while thus reading, meet with a novelty, and run after it for a day or two, reading and talking

of nothing else, and return after much loss of time to the main object of his pursuit. Then he had to refresh his memory in regard to what he had abandoned, and had scarcely got into the main track again before a fresh divergence would happen. Thus to his friends, verbally, and in his letters, he was always overwhelmed with labours of which they could see little fruit comparatively, and that little, if often really excellent, by no means justified the price in time and labour which he produced the impression of its having cost. Thus, while re-composing his lectures, he made references to Gesenius and Michealis, and read them through, raising doubts foreign to the existing purpose, and lost time by seeking to settle them. All scholars are aware how time fleets in such a course. His lectures were delivered with considerable success, for though he read well, being a little irregular in enunciation, he was effective, and was heard with applause. He got ready for delivering a second series. He was also nominated Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution; proceeding at the same time under his characteristic slowness with his specimens of the poets for the prince of bibliopolists, Murray. It is a fact for which I cannot account, except its interference with his specimens, that in 1820-1, Campbell should have begun to re-compose these lectures on poetry, at

least so far as he really did go in publishing them. He must have destroyed the original MS. He got tired of his task, and entirely neglecting them in the course of the year 1826, broke off and resumed them no more. He collected books from all quarters, and talked largely of continuing the subject, at one time, as far as regarded England, from William of Malmsbury; but, as was his way, he made no adequate progress in carrying out his intentions, even in regard to England.

As these lectures were written and delivered at this time, 1812, the mention of them demands in this place a brief analysis of their nature, the order of dates being duly observed. Of the lectures, Byron said, "Campbell talks of lecturing next spring. His last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up, I don't know why. * * * had been prating dignity to him and such stuff, as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time." It was his intention, when he had finished the classics, ancient and British, to have gone into a series of lectures upon the poetry of those other nations of modern times, with the literature of which he had an acquaintance. This was for him easier said than done, not for want of ability, but of perseverance, composition being oftentimes almost a punishment. I have seen him labour

almost with pity, because he could not proceed more satisfactorily to himself. His imagination was active enough; but his incapacity for protracted exertion marred with him many well-conceived designs. At one time he planned and communicated to the writer of this volume a work which should embrace a history of man, his physical wants, and the requisites for his supply from the cradle to the grave, in and out of the pale of civilization, exhibiting the differences in each state. Such an elaborate undertaking it would have cost him his whole life to execute.

His opening lectures, of which a brief analysis, as I have observed, may not be out of place, were devoted primarily to certain general remarks upon poetical composition. He entered at some length into a definition of its nature, and the mode in which poetry maintains its influence and advantages over painting and sculpture, notwithstanding the effects the last produce by immediate impression. He spoke of poetry as being the religion of nature, under a synonyme, and its object to delight the imagination, separating it from every pursuit of language. He exhibited how poetry, intermingled with other intellectual pursuits, had truth more strictly and directly for its object. Thus Shakspeare furnished texts for philosophy, and the apothegms of Bacon were orna-

mented with figurative illustrations. The metaphysics of Locke exhibited poetical descriptions, and poetry was more or less diffused throughout moral sentiment. "Cold imaginations had never been among the number of those which had influenced mankind, instancing the orator in appealing to human passions as indebted to the same pervading influence; and the historian, while dealing in fact, giving prominence to striking event and heroic character. He thus discriminated the limits which separated the labours of the muse from history, philosophy, and oratory. He explained how poetry produces its effect upon the human mind, by "views of the good and evil of existence thrown into large masses of light and shade"—how, on the sensibilities being modified by special exceptions and abatements, as in the necessary adherence of the historian to truth and impartiality, language ceased to be poetry, the very error of feeling being more poetical than its equilibrium.

Fiction was a distinctive and exclusive attribute of poetry, but it must be open and avowed. In ethics, rhetoric, oratory and the like, the detection of a falsehood was a defect; if it prevailed, it was a fraud. In poetry, the illusion of fiction was not a deception. In discriminating the end of severer pursuits from that of poetry, the intellectual character of the art was not to be kept

out of sight. The truths of the poet's utterance were arranged differently from those of demonstration or historical precept; and though addressed to the imagination, yet the understanding was not unconcerned in them. Something must be done amidst all to obtain the acquiescence of the judgment. The term imagination, therefore, must be understood in poetry as a complex power of the mind, including fancy to combine and taste to arrange. The poet addressed the sympathies and affections, and if he did not task the understanding, it was not because he had not great truths to reveal, but that he was to reveal them with easy perspicuity. The lecturer alluded to the consequences and effects of poetry, and the mode in which it interests. After a full explanation of the nature, constitution, and effects of poetry with its mode of action and end, that prevailing idea of happiness which is still its sovereign feeling, lurking even in its misanthropy, the lecture proceeded to treat of language and its harmony, with the differences between harmony in prose and in verse, and also the necessity of association to produce pleasure. The fact was noticed that verse had been resorted to ever since language was known. Poetry had been the original record of human feelings and of all belief. The difference between poetry and prose was elegantly

and eloquently defined, and the tendency of verse to lead out the ideal and make the thoughts music to the mind as well as to the ear. The lecture, a model of fine writing and excellence of definition, included the remark that the term "poetry" in its more extensive meaning applied to prose fictions when they delighted the imagination. The alliance of comedy to poetry was shown, though less poetical in the emotions it produced than those of our serious sensibility; the difference of epithet too, in prose and poetry, with the licence permitted in one and not in the other, in this respect, as well as the admission of compounds, in part the peculiar attributes of poetical language and the primeval figurativeness of human speech. The cultivation of diction was defended.

Campbell then stated that he could appropriate no more than one lecture to the treatment of poetical subjects abstractedly, and that he should be necessitated to pass to the connexion of poetry with human improvement, the influence which the art receives from civilization, and the moral utility it gives back. The first part of the question he considered was how far the continued progress of knowledge and philosophy was likely to influence the future progress of poetry, and its power over the human mind. He complained of the undefined nature of the term "human civili-

zation," and that the probable degree could only be justified by past improvement. He did not conceive that the cultivation of poetry and the fine arts was only an intermediate stage to the utmost intellectual social excellence. The progress of philosophy, it was presumed, would guard against relapses into darkness and superstition again. In the history of human improvement, the poet's art had preceded all enquiry into moral and physical truth, while it had appealed to passions interwoven with ignorance. The civilization that called forth poetry was the recognition of certain religious feelings, and the laws of moral sympathy. The history of art differed from that of science. They who were the first imitators of nature, enjoyed the possession of the field, and deprived succeeding poets of materials, and then the search for novelty had given a tendency towards decay. With science it was different, all the knowledge gained tended to the acquisition of more. But it struck even at the innocent credulities which ran into poetry. Those immutable laws, emanating from one Supreme Being, destroyed the vision of subordinate agencies, to which the poet had been before deeply indebted. While ignorant of the physical truths of nature, the poet's mind was familiar with an impassioned agency, and illusions were his which the philo-

sopher disenchanted. Poetry may be thus expected to exhaust her own resources, and thence the continued progress of civilization may tend to limit, rather than enlarge the influence of poetry upon the human mind. But some believed too much in this exhaustion of the materials of poetry. Some of its fairest flowers had bloomed in the light of civilization, and the perpetual and spiritual novelty of which it was susceptible was forgot. Our impressions of existence might be varied by new likenesses, for the objects it embraced were susceptible of varied combinations and associations, with our moral feelings, illimitably. The collective variety of poetry had increased with the social progress, though the excellence of its individual works might not. The benefits poetry received from false mythologies was instanced, but the enlightened imagination could not be expected to dwell at once complacently on resources borrowed from ignorance and superstition. Despite these being discarded, there were still the powers of mind from whence the connection with them had sprung which could not be extinguished. There was an indestructible love of ideal happiness in the human breast. "Whilst there is a star in heaven, man will look to it with a day-dream of brighter worlds."

He agreed with Dugald Stewart that the spring of all human activity and improvement is the faculty of imagination, and dwelt for a short time upon this part of the subject, including the effect of poetry on the interests of virtue.

There is nothing in prose which Campbell did, either in regard to writing, analysis, or a philosophical view of any subject he ever treated, better than this his opening lecture. It is, in all points, masterly. He concluded—

"It is, therefore, but a faint eulogium on poetry to say, that it only furnishes an innocent amusement to fledge the lagging hours of existence. Its effects are incalculably more beneficent. Besides supplying records of human manners, in some respects more faithful than those of history itself, it upholds an image of existence that heightens our enjoyment of all the charms of external nature, and that deepens our sympathies with whatever is amiable, or interesting, or venerable in human character. We cannot alter one trait of our bodily forms, but the spiritual impressions made on the mind will elevate and amend the mind itself. And the spirits that would devote themselves to be the heroes and benefactors of mankind, are not likely to be less cherished by the philosophy that restrains their passions, than by the poetry that touches their

imaginations with humane and generous sentiments."

In the next lecture he began by examining the character of the poetry of the earlier nations known, from the commencement of their records, as far as any traces of these last remain to our times. Hebrew was the dialect of a primitive Asiatic speech, once diffused over five nations of the East, and extending even to Ethiopia. It divided itself into three great branches. The Aramaish, whence sprang the Chaldaic and Syriac; the Canaanitish Hebrew, and the Arabic. The Hebrew and Arabic had exclusively come down to the present day. The former transmitted its early literature to posterity. Though Babylon possessed astronomical records nine hundred years before Alexander the Great, and Egypt and Phœnicia had been the nurseries of the arts, all their records have perished. The historical records of the Hebrews began a thousand years before Herodotus. From the language the lecturer proceeded to notice the poetry of the Hebrews in a literary point of view, or as a human art, abstracted from religious considerations.

There were many circumstances favourable to poetry among the Hebrews. Their ceremonials were eminently calculated to awaken the imagi-

nation. The prophetic poets addressed an unrefined people, whose manners were not adapted to a standard of taste. The Scriptures were given for higher purposes than æsthetic teaching, before which the importance of poetry sank into nothing. Still a very high value attached to the Hebrew muse. She painted the phenomena of nature with a lavishness and energy equalled in the composition of no other nation. There was harmony in Hebrew poetry, though whether it possessed syllabic measures is unknown. The Jewish legislator was a poet. David was a marked genius in the productions of the Hebrew muse, and infused a taste for music and poetry beyond any it is to be presumed his nation ever before possessed. His own psalms, and those composed by others at different times, are each to be distinguished. Those of David are most interesting to the heart, though some of the others may more powerfully affect the imagination. The 104th psalm of David was a minute and richly-varied picture of the creation. The reigns of David and Solomon were the most brilliant epoch of Hebrew history. The poetry of Solomon was an antithesis of the soberest moral thought, and of the most luxuriant imagination. In the Proverbs he exhibited his sagacity; in the Song of Songs his luxuriant fancy; and in the Preacher his satiety of human

vanity. The lecturer then touched upon Hebrew prophecy, and discriminated between the different prophets as to the merits of their language, giving Isaiah the palm on the whole, his genius going further upon the wing and burning longer with a steady flame. He moved with grace and beauty, under a divine self-possession. Nahum was the most classically-poetical of the minor prophets. The third chapter of Habakkuk was a model of lyric sublimity. The pathetic voice of Jeremiah faltered under the mournful accents of his prophecy, and Ezekiel, who followed, was the only great poet afterwards, though his grandeur was not of the purest character. Daniel departed yet further from the old and pure taste of the former prophets. In the other prophets down to Malachi, the spirit of the Hebrew poetry evidently declined as divination drew towards its conclusion. Hebrew poetry was the denizen of nature. The land of the Hebrews was one of poetry, but their creed was one that did not adapt them for the cultivation of dramatic and epic composition. Though there may have been strains among this people on other themes than religion, they have not been handed down to our times. The Psalms, Proverbs, Solomon's Song, Ecclesiastes, and Job, were the only undoubted books of poetry, though the prophets mingled poetry and

its imagery in their utterances, and were assisted by minstrelsy. Their diction was between prose and poetry. Campbell then shewed that there was a rhythm in Hebrew verse—perfect harmony of thought. Moses was a poet as well as a legislator. David created a new era in Hebrew poetry. The lecturer then reviewed the poetry of Solomon and its imagery; its morality confined to the present state of existence, and its peculiar character. Thence he concluded with characterizing the prophets as already stated. Here the poet concluded his second lecture.

The next lecture treated of Greek poetry, which it was impossible to trace up to its earliest fountains; for there were strains in Greece anterior to the Iliad and Odyssey. He began with Homer, and the necessity of its being understood that in Homeric times a poet was a singer; he described the office of the bard, and the respect in which he was held in the earlier ages of Greece; and his wandering life, through which was imbibed a knowledge of human nature and of the world. The fact was, that Homer has only recorded the names of three poets, and says nothing of Orpheus or Musæus, hence his silence respecting them has given rise to the idea that he preceded both. After a dissertation of some length on this part of his subject, and on the cha-

racter of Orphic poetry; on the relation of Greek philosophy with poetry; on the ignorance of the ancients respecting Homer himself, and the identity of Homer with the poetry carrying his name, his composition of both the Iliad and Odyssey were upheld by the lecturer. The nature of Greek warfare and the character of its heroism in the early age of the Trojan war, were touched upon in connection with Homer and with the presumed state of society under his description, contrasting these with the chivalry of the middle ages. He then examined the differences of character in the Iliad, and the skill displayed in the diversity of manners, qualities, and dispositions with the perfect accordance observed in the delineations of men in the bloom of heroism and in advanced senility. Next the lecturer touched upon the mythology of the poet and its dignified and undignified descriptions; he treated of the traditions relative to the survivors of the downfall of Troy, especially those connected with Ulysses, and the subtle, hardy character with which the poet invested him, going all through his history in the Odyssey. While venturing into the realm of fancy in this his second work, Homer was described as the long precursor of Virgil and Dante. Scarce any conception of romantic poetry existed, the germ of which might not be traced to the Odyssey.

Classical poetry was censured for its deficiency in regard to the treatment of female character; but, of the specimens alluded to, Homer was by far the best, his descriptions or allusions to social existence, in the Odyssey particularly, being in many respects pleasing. All that Homer left was interesting, and his pictures of life in the Odyssey particularly so. The discovery of Ulysses by Penelope was dwelt upon; then the scenes most repulsive were cited; and the other works attributed to Homer were enumerated. This part of the poet's fourth lecture was precise and learned. In it, too, Hesiod, the next poet of Greece after Homer, was noticed, and his works enumerated by the lecturer; the priority of date in their writings was given to Homer. The works of Hesiod were then described.

In his fifth lecture, the migrations of the Ionians into Greece Proper were noticed, before which event it is contended that Homer must have flourished, because he failed to notice so important an event both to Europe and Asia. The Ionian and Æolic colonists, there was no doubt, preserved his writings. He seems to have lived in the infancy of all the arts, though the date would ever be a subject of speculation. Civilisation was in his day, it is probable, above the horison, from the date of the Olympiads and the Ionian

commonwealth, but whether any of its light shone upon Homer was doubtful. The fine arts were earlier cultivated in Asiatic than in European Greece. But in Greece Proper there were circumstances that contributed a preparatory influence towards the future perfection of her poetry. The oracle and the strains which issued from Delphi, and made a common bond among the Greeks, on a spot where war could not enter, and nature was hallowed by associations the most imposing, established a local supremacy over their religious superstitions. The Pythic, Olympic, and other games, were calculated to awaken the corporeal energies as well as the moral genius of the people. The lecturer noticed Crete, the earliest civilised among the Greek states; and Corinth, with its priestesses of Venus; then the Doric states and dialect; Lacedemon, and the causes why Asiatic names predominated so much in the Lyric poetry of Greece, commencing about seven hundred years before the Christian era, exhibiting the principal traits of Greek genius between the times of Homer and Æschylus. All the lyric poets of Greece were eminent musicians. The preceding and old religious hymns of Greece, as those of Olen and of Orpheus, were, no doubt, a species of lyric poetry of a limited kind. The poetry of the most interesting period for its ex-

cellence was mature, while the science of music was yet young, and the crisis of Greek lyrical verse was so distinguished by the excellence of its productions, that it could hardly occur twice in the history of the world. It increased rather than diminished the influence of poetry over society, and acquired a political importance which did not belong to it in the days of Homer. The effect the early lyrists produced upon the ancient mind was conspicuous; but the scanty remains of their writings preserved to the present day from the ravages of bigots and barbarians, gave but a feeble idea of the causes of the great admiration they excited. The lecturer then noticed the relics that remained to the present day, and the regret felt that so much of Greek lyric poetry had perished. The varied character of their songs would have thrown great light upon the national manners, as each description of trade and profession had its songs. The principal poets were antecedent to the Attic drama.

The lecturer proceeded, in the second part of his fifth lecture, to treat of epic poetry in the first place, and of the Homeric spirit, and then of Hesiod as a mere secondary to Homer, a king-at-arms to the real monarch. The Cyclic poets that followed these two luminaries of Greek poetry were next noticed as drawing the themes of their

poetry from the events alluded to by Homer and Hesiod. Next in order were enumerated the writers of epic poetry down to the time of Alexander the Great; then the mock-heroic poetry of the Greeks, and their taste for parody; the extant fragments left of this style being few and unsatisfactory. The didactic poetry of Greece was next reviewed. The chief Gnomic poets were enumerated, and the poet Empedocles named as the writer who first gave didactic poetry a worthy form, standing too pre-eminent in the history of philosophy.

Campbell next, in his sixth lecture, came to the consideration of Oracular poetry, or prophetic composition, as another branch of Greek poetry. Oracles were said to have taught the use of heroic measure to the poets. But a cloud of fable rested over the very names of the primitive prophets, and the verses they first brought forward, giving the primitive light of a distinct history, were not produced as original compositions, but were ascribed to departed genius. Oracles were coined under the authority of "prophet poets," and Bacis foretold the battles of Salamis and Platæa. All manner of prophecies were given out at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The ideas of Plato were stated that love, poetry, and prophecy, were the three great branches of

divine transport. Delphi was the parent of divination, and the Pythoness bathed in the Castalian fount to prepare for prophesying. Yet no prophetic works existed of a high poetical character. The Sibylline verses were forgeries, most probably, of the early Christians, for they contained passages both from the Old and New Testament. The Pagans were not likely to forge verses against idolatry. Elegiac and lyric poetry next came under the lecturer's review. The poets of this class marked out a new era. The lecturer was of opinion that the rude music of early Greece had previously possessed but a feeble influence on its poetry. A mistake of Dr. Burney's was corrected upon this part of the subject. The effect of the lyric poetry of Greece was exciting, and sprang up abundantly as soon as the age was attuned to perfect melody. Elegiac poetry began in the lyric age of Greece, perhaps preceded the earlier Greek lyrical poems, at least in the instance of Callinus. It was strictly a musical poem, sung to instrumental accompaniments. The term Elegy was described to be in Greek, applied to sterner subjects, than it bears relation to in modern times, and to martial themes, Mimnernus being the first elegiast who could be styled plaintive. The war-hymns of Tyrtæus were sung in the Greek camp two hundred years after the poet's time. But this was not all. Greek lyric

poetry comprehended a vast variety in character, and the lyre accompanied the hymns even to the altar, music being used to set off poetry and imprint the sense on the mind, rendering it more captivating; the reverse, it may be observed, of the modern practice. This was a very learned and exceedingly interesting lecture.

The next lecture proceeded from the consideration of the lyric poetry of Greece, to notice the Athenian drama exclusively. Campbell resumed the lectures after an interval of time, during which he wrote a few pieces of poetry. The length of time that elapsed was probably the cause of his forgetfulness in this enumeration of his lectures. He began with Æschylus, opening his particular view in regard to Athens as connected with Greece, and, with the view of preparatory illustration, gave a considerable portion of preliminary matter. He noticed the fact that exotic poems have ever less charms for an individual than those which are native, and then proceeded to consider the Greek manners with a view to the easier comprehension of its drama. The spirit of the Greek legends and superstitions it was necessary to understand, without wading through the battles of Greece, or acquiring the whole of her mythology. Greece exhibited in the rise of the Attic drama a little world of diversified national character. A comparison might be

drawn, good in some respects, between Athens and England. It was a part of the subject to point out the influence of democracy in Athenian literature, without advocating the defects of that species of government. The commerce, laws, and institutions of Athens, were praised, and the advocates of all gothic abuses, who censure the smallest excess of plebeian power, were exposed. The whole of Attica would not equal a small province of Russia, and yet Athens did in literature, in a hundred years, what Russia, for example, is not likely to perform in as many centuries, making herself supreme in the literature of the world. The larger proportion of the literature of Greece extant is Athenian. The race of her free population never changed amid the shock of warfare; it sprung from her soil.

Here the lecturer entered into a brief notice of Greek history, and of the institutions of Sparta, and impugned the advocacy of Sparta and her institutions by Mitford, contrasting them with those of Athens, enumerating the more prominent, and pointing out their want of decency and innate barbarity. The backwardness of the Spartans in the arts was dwelt upon, and the lack of Lacedemonian poets, historians, or orators. All was to the advantage of Athens. Solon legislated for trade upon the free principles to which modern

nations have not yet arrived. Every one was protected under the Athenian laws. There was no permission of torture; when the suffrages were equal, prisoners were acquitted. The dramatic century of Athens was that after the battle of Marathon, which produced Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. To the history of that century the lecturer first drew attention, in a brief sketch of the more remarkable events of the period, and an outline of the political system and government, with the institutions and laws of Solon. Here the lecturer went into a long defence of the policy and laws of the Athenians, controverting the statements of Mitford, in his History of Greece, eulogistic of the Spartans. The population, superficies, trade, and manufactures of Attica, the gymnastic exercises of the poeple, the climate, the religious and civil architecture, the rivers, the very prospect of the city from Mount Hymettus, all that could enhance the beauty, and elevate the glory of Athens in the lecturer's favoured view, were included to heighten the merits of the people whom he most delighted to honour.

The Athenian drama being that alone which has come down to the present time, as well as that which was alone worthy of the name in Greece, was next considered. The word "drama," of

Doric derivation, was first explained, and then the question was examined whether tragedy was known in Greece anterior to the Attic drama. This dispute was more about an age than a thing, for it was likely that the Greeks gave the name to a simple choral poem older than that drama. The Doric and Æolic tragedies were no other than simple choruses. The car of Thespis was the first stage that separated the player from the chorus. The dithyrambics and its three kinds of choruses were described. Chœrilus was the first tragic poet whose works were written, and for whom a theatre was constructed. The Satyric drama was founded by Pratinas. All, however, which was done by other worthies of the great stage was little in comparison to what Æschylus effected. He stamped the drama with the strength and solemnity of his own mind, and was the true founder of the Greek stage. He wrote under the star of his country's prosperity. With Sophocles and Euripides inclusive, Attic tragedy was completed, and was in every sense an invention of the Athenians. Many accessories of the stage were borrowed, it was true, but the Attic tragic muse repaid the loan to the world with usury. The Temple of Bacchus was then noticed as being the first established theatre of the Attic drama. Comedy came later than tragedy upon

the Attic stage, but Sicily bore the palm for its invention, Epicharmus, a contemporary of Æschylus, being the first writer of regular comedy. In this department of the theatre Aristophanes stood alone, and his writings could only have been fulminated in the widest atmosphere of freedom.

The lecturer was of opinion that Euripides had more of the modern conception of subjects of tragic interest than Æschylus or Sophocles, deducing the pathetic and terrible more from the direct agency of the human passions. The Greeks employed more of the resources of art to affect the imagination in the drama than is done in modern times. Ideal and general impressions of grace and grandeur were effects studied by the Greeks, yet their characters were remarkably intelligible. Athenian tragedy was more a feast to the imagination than a mirror to nature. The choral parts fatigue the moderns. The plot, though simpler than the modern, had terrific situations and terrible bursts of passion. The theatre was not an every-day entertainment, but was only opened at festivals. The plays lasted the entire day, every three tragedies being followed by a farce, until the judges awarded the prize to the successful candidate. Not merely literary men by profession, but public officers,

and commanders of armies, were among the writers of Athenian plays. Of these there were two hundred and fifty of the first class; five hundred of the second; and a corresponding number of comedies.

The lecturer then proceeded to notice the site and form of the Dionysiac theatre of Athens, which Plato stated would contain thirty thousand spectators. He described the various parts of the building elaborately, and concluded his description by stating that every device known to the modern stage was practised by the Greeks. Returning again to Æschylus, the proper founder of Greek tragedy in the eighth, which the lecturer misdenominated the tenth lecture, he continued by noticing his birth, 525 years before Christ, and his parentage, but stated that nearly all known about him was obscure and perplexing. His decease at Gala, in Sicily, was certainly known. The crowning of the tragic poets was alluded to, and the drama in general described as highly national and mythological. The subjects generally chosen were described, and the repetition of new dramas upon the same subject. Æschylus was supposed to have composed his pieces in trilogies, quoting, in support of what he advanced, several eminent continental authorities. Æschylus merged the pathetic in the terrible. Only seven of his hun-

dred dramas are extant. The "Prometheus Chained" was extolled by the lecturer, and examined in detail at some length. The least interesting of the great Greek poet's dramas were, in the lecturer's view, the "Suppliants," and the "Persians." The tragedy of "Agamemnon," too, was cited by the lecturer, and its leading features described.

The character of Sophocles, as a poet, was the subject of the ninth lecture, after mention of the scanty information respecting him which has reached modern times, and which does not supply materials for the most meagre biography. It was ascertained that he was born B.C. 498, and at eight-and-twenty gained his first victory in the theatre —that at sixteen he was remarkable for his personal beauty, and led the band that danced around the trophy erected for the victory at Salamis. In a contest for the tragic crown with Æschylus, the prize was decreed to Sophocles. He became a general in the Athenian army; the principal incidents in his life were adverted to; many of his best tragedies were written after sixty years of age. The lecturer then entered upon the merits of his different works, and the difficulty of giving any idea of them in a translation. "Ajax," "Philoctetes," the "Electra," "Œdipus at Coloneus," and "Antigone," were

successively examined, and at considerable length; thus the ninth lecture concluded.

Euripides was the subject of Campbell's tenth and last lecture. Here a singular instance of the lecturer's absence of mind or inattention, occurs, in the fact that he proceeded to the conclusion of what he called his "twelfth lecture," in the manuscript, without observing that he had delivered only ten. He talked of commencing his thirteenth with the poetry of Rome. It was observed to him that he claimed credit for more lectures than he should do, having skipped two numbers, and gone from the seventh to the ninth. He had, in fact, given the number of nine to his seventh, and made the last half of the ninth so given the last half of the seventh. He had never thought of looking back to the preceding numbers, and thus omitted numbers eight and nine altogether, thinking he had completed twelve when he had only finished ten—this was characteristic. He began it by a brief account of Euripides and his birth on the day of the victory of Salamis, but went into a variety of other matters connected with the drama, and with Athens itself. Little about this great poet was known, but it was certain that he applied himself early to painting, and studied rhetoric. The opinions of the lecturer's friends, the two celebrated Schlegels,

were quoted respecting the Greek dramatist. Euripides delineated life, not in the lofty ideal mode of Sophocles, but according to individual nature, its faults and fashions. The disquisition of the lecturer on the merits of Euripides was every way worthy of his acquaintance with the Greek muse and his critical acumen. Between Euripides and Sophocles the line of distinction was drawn with the hand of a master. He observed with great truth, that the difference between Euripides and his predecessors in tragedy, if they may be so called, was, that his genius triumphed more in partial than in collective effect, the Iphigenia in Aulis being a bright exception to this judgment. In the whole drama, in the entirety of the piece, he was not so perfect, but in insulated scenes he was greatly superior. He was considered the most tragic of poets in the sense of pathos. By dealing with human passions, and his mastership of the pathetic, he retains still an interest on the stage, while the other dramatic writers of his country cannot be reproduced with any effect. Campbell was of opinion that he left the drama of Greece less perfect than he found it, though dramatic poetry must still be deemed his debtor.

With great research, much beautiful discrimination of subject, and charming touches of well-

defined criticism and description, the lecturer had every now and then wandered from the immediate subject as if it were forgotten. Proceeding with the Greek lyrics in a manner to instruct, and at the same time to delight the hearer, to the close of his sixth, and promising to detail more about them in a future lecture, he dropped, under this promise, all future consideration of them.

The further consideration of the lyrics postponed, he had thus gone on to the Greek drama. This he began by an apology for his redundancy, on account of his desire to be perspicuous. All at once, in giving the heads of Greek history to illustrate the poetry of the Grecian stage, he went off into a dissertation upon the opinions of Mitford upon Sparta, opinions which carried their own refutation in themselves, and consumed a large part of the seventh lecture in anything but the professed subject of that lecture. Numerous inaccuracies in trifles, which Campbell suffered to escape him, would be unaccountable but for the singular abstraction which led him to pass over things it would appear to others impossible not to detect. He was not backward in reference where he had doubts on points of moment; indeed, he was too fond of referring to opinions in cases where his own was preferable. Had he doubted about a fact, it would have been well. He did not doubt,

but his mind ran off at the instant to some other topic, when it ought to have been at the point of his pen, and then he neglected petty facts in following up new objects.

He thus considered the dramatic poetry of Greece, and broke off suddenly with Euripides. This was to be deplored, because a good part of what he gave was a charming addition to our stock of knowledge relative to Greece, in a very condensed form, the fruit of much research. The enthusiasm of Campbell on behalf of the Athenians made him throw his whole heart into his theme; and, accordingly, it was seen with what vigorous eloquence he set out on his task, and proceeded to a certain point in the same delightful manner. Next, at the termination of the sixth lecture, how a change ensued, which afforded a picture of the poet's mental constitution. Everything he flew at was with a vigorous effort; sometimes he soared with the eagle in the glowing intensity of the noonday beam; but he soon began to slacken in his flight, and the pinions, just before so vigorous, became fatigued, and scarcely able to sustain him on the wing. His larger design, as to carrying out the lectures after the specimens, to which allusion will be made presently, fell to the ground. He never proceeded far with them, never even to complete the English poets, much

less those of modern nations. This was his way—ardent in planning schemes too extensive for execution, through want of vigour and perseverance to carry them out. They were thus what the Germans would call "dream-songs."

The prose of the lectures delivered by Campbell was characteristic. He elaborated and finished sentence after sentence with great care, and thus, perhaps, in some degree deprived his language of that ease which would have added to its attraction. It is not disjointed as the prose composition of some fastidious writers is often found to be under similar circumstances, but is as neat and even elegant as might be expected from one so careful as he was in his metrical composition.

He was not without censurers. "Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell," said Byron, in 1811; "Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy."

Again: "Coleridge has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly rowed by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not

hear him without an answer. For you know 'an' a man will be beaten with brains he shall never keep a clean doublet.' Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive. What a happy temperament! I am sorry for it. What has he to fear from criticism!"

With the "Pleasures of Hope" the existing school of poetry claims little affinity. To polish and refine the verses which inspiration, real or fancied, produces, is out of fashion. Like the cheap goods of modern manufacturers, not made to last, but sell, quantity and celerity of production find most favour in the "discerning" public. It seems audacious to advocate, even in a measured degree, the mistakes of certain ancients, committed for some thousands of years, and by our better writers in later times, before it was discovered by the "Lake Poets" that the productions of the muse need no painstaking in language or imagery, and that to follow the customary course of things in all other arts is in poetry stark heresy, the "ideal" being designated in spontaneous language must follow nature. No matter if writers in this mode break their own laws, it is only a species of *lapsus*, when it incidentally occurs. The true poetic vein is the language taken from the mouths of men under the

influence of natural feeling, let it be as low as it may, says the great apostle of the new school, while continually breaking his own irrevocable law in practice. To this modern school, poetical diction, brilliant imagery, terse phrase, and lines breathing of beauty in the execution, are no ways tolerable. The overburdened ass cannot alone be pitied, it must be hailed as "brother" by one, and be made the hero of his tale by another. Fit audience, though few will alone be found to admire a poem like the "Pleasures of Hope." Grace and beauty, fancy and feeling, may be blended in its composition, the language may be somewhat above that of every-day life, yet on this ground it was condemned and lectured against by a host of critics; of whom, for one who understands the mere rudiments of his business, there are at least a dozen good authors. Who does not feel that all this censure is vain? The law of the past will be emergent above the wave of time, together with what it justifies. The most finished productions will have the longest duration, the mists of error dispersing before the sun-burst of a purer taste with the many works to come. Like a piece of harmonious music which has won some great Apollonian wreath for the owner, that carries in its foliage perfume and colours rich with genius, this poem bears along sense with sound, while the

antitheses stamp the sentiment indelibly upon the memory, under impressions calculated to exalt eminently the pride of the lyre. The defect of the poem, according to some, is an oversweetness which cloys in poetry as in condiment. If it be really too sweet for some palates, let it be taken like virgin honey, a portion at a time, and let them be the more happy in protracting their enjoyment.

Thus the muse of Campbell belonged to that order in genius which is unable to sustain long its intensity of action. As with the execution of his two longer poems, the "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and three or four of his noble odes, in regard to quantity and excellence, so it was with the duration of his power in working out the best things he was able to execute. His productions before the "Pleasures of Hope" were published, were not of much more moment than those published after that poem, his Odes, and "Gertrude of Wyoming," of course taking into account his additional experience. The poetical works, therefore, upon which his well-earned fame reposes were published between 1799 and 1809, or in about ten years of a life extended to sixty-seven. It is evident that his poetical power decreased before middle life. The circumstances which attend upon the early or

later development of genius are singular. Milton began at eighteen, and continued to sixty-four; Walker from eighteen to eighty, with no perceptible diminution of ability; Dryden from twenty-six to seventy; Pope from twelve to forty; Cowley from ten to forty-nine; "Campbell," says Scott, "broke out at once, like the Irish rebels, a hundred thousand strong;" he might have added that, like theirs, his progressive power slackened in proportion to the ardour of the onset.

On the Odes of Campbell, panegyric has been exhausted. "Gertrude" is a gem of serene beauty, while it is no cunningly-devised tale, possesses little action, but it has imagery so exquisite, an adaptation of language so happy, and such a union of tenderness and elegance, on the mixed model of the classical and romantic school, that it is not easy to find the counterpart in all the extensive circle of our island poetry. The poet's fame had gone all over the land, and, as far as that was concerned, he might have reposed upon his laurels in early life, but for the necessity, the *res angusta domi.*

Regarding the poetry of Campbell, an eminent writer remarked, "Like Gray, Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled

by over-polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced." Scott declared he was a bugbear to himself, from his poetical timidity. This was hardly correct. Inertness and timidity are different things.

Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, taken generally, is correct regarding the poet to about 1834, hardly later than the last year. "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dressed sprucely. A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." Byron also alluded (in 1813) to Campbell's "Lines on a Scene in Bavaria," as being then in print, but not published; he styles them "perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself."

Mrs. Grant, in one of her letters about the same date as that in which Campbell gave his lectures, says:—

"What has most interested me of late has been a visit from Campbell, the sweet bard of 'Hope;' you must know his enchanting 'Gertrude,' his 'Exile of Erin,' and other unequalled lyrics. I wish I could share with you the satisfaction I felt on seeing him cheerful, happy, and univer-

sally welcomed and caressed in his dear 'Queen of the North,' from which he had been so long banished, by the necessity of seeking the bread that perisheth, elsewhere. He is one who has suffered much from neither understanding the world, nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty but that of being ashamed of his circumstances; in this respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion; and his good, gentle, patient little wife was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she might have disarmed poverty of half its evils."

Poverty is, after all, comparative, for at this time Campbell had his pension of about two hundred a-year. This was little enough, but it was a foundation upon which whatever the poet gained by his pen might be placed. Mrs. Grant probably alluded to some particular circumstance now forgotten. That any pressure of a pecuniary nature could have been more than temporary is scarcely probable, because at the peace of 1814 he went to France on a pleasure excursion, as I learned was the case the following year, just after the battle of Waterloo, when sojourning in Rouen for a few months, I found the poet had been there and had been honoured, by being enrolled a member of a literary society in that city; he was afterwards in Paris. That he lived with great frugality during

Mrs. Campbell's lifetime,' is perfectly true, nor could any praise be too high for her conduct in domestic life, and her good management, proved by the change after her decease. Had there been any necessity for the most rigid economy, she well knew how to exercise with grace, that excellent system which can disguise narrowness of circumstances under scarcely any alteration in exterior appearance; a conduct not shown, save where magnanimity lifts the mind above the vulgarity of thinking and feeling which marks the insanity of fashion.

CHAPTER V.

Specimens of the British Poets undertaken.—The Essay on Poetry.—Censure of Bowles.—Discussions it provoked.—Parties involved in the contest.—Analysis of the "Invariable Principles."—Joke on the term by the Poet.—He revisits Germany and the Schlegels.—Engages to become Editor of the New Monthly Magazine. —History of that publication.—Campbell's Editorship. —Takes London lodgings.— Commencement of his Editorial duties.—His first contributions.

THE next literary undertaking of Campbell was the "Specimens of the British Poets," published in 1819, in seven volumes. Under this engagement Mr. Murray the publisher engaged to pay him five hundred pounds, which sum he doubled upon the completion of the undertaking, under one of those generous impulses to which he was no stranger. This, it must be acknowledged, was honourable conduct in one of Mr. Murray's profession, and forms an appro-

priate sequel to that of Messrs. Mundell already recorded.

The "Essay on English Poetry," which constitutes part of the foregoing work, might be denominated the poet's master-piece in prose composition, did it not here and there exhibit in the style touches of affectation. Yet it is difficult to say which should have the preference, the opening lectures on poetry, or this essay, for both combine the excellences and peculiarities of the poet's prose style. The lectures are, perhaps, the best example, referring particularly to the first and second. They are more profound, and are remarkable for their engaging simplicity. Much earned research is exhibited in both, but the lectures are the more elaborate, while the essay is fresher, and displays more of the graces of fancy. There is a genial feeling about the essay, a spirit of kindness and cordiality, wholly untinctured with that enviousness of which the poet has been in a solitary instance so groundlessly accused by Lord Brougham. He was blamed for confining his selections to productions which had been passed over by others, but he did this because he thought the best things had been too frequently taken, and were in consequence become familiar and hacknied. His judgments are given, as has been already noticed, even when he censures,

without asperity, and with impartiality, his remarks on Churchill, perhaps, excepted, whose merits he has not fully acknowledged.

Campbell began his essay with the Saxon origin of the English language and its displacement, except in the elements, by the introduction of the Norman, through which the germs of romantic poetry were first introduced into the island, and to which the English language was indebted for its copiousness of terms and compass of expression. In this beautiful essay, in citing one of our older pieces of poetry, he misquotes "Blow, blow, thou northern wind," in place of "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind." Errors of the commonest kind were numerous throughout the seven volumes, some relating to biographical incidents, others to dates, and books, which the author overlooked, not, indeed, other than any pen might correct by reference to the book-shelf, and wholly unconnected with criticism or taste, but such as ought not to have been suffered to pass uncorrected. On the appearance of the second edition, so great was Campbell's horror of revision that he declined the task—a task very slight, and absolutely necessary. It was placed in the hands of another, for the purpose of revision and superintending the printing, which being done with attention, the poet thanked the

corrector for the mode in which he had performed his task. Here was another characteristic example of Campbell's dislike of labour, almost insurmountable, even during his better days, as indeed may be inferred from its overcoming the affection every author is supposed to feel for the completeness of his own performances. "Read Campbell's Poets," said Byron in his journal; "marked the errors of Tom for correction." Again, "Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen." Farther, "His defence of Pope is glorious; to be sure it is his *own cause* too—but no matter, it is very good, and does him much credit."

In that part of this essay in which its author speaks of the non-establishment of the literary character of England before the close of the sixteenth century, the poet is particularly striking and elegant. His critical remarks on Spenser are sound, and in good taste, while those on Shakspeare are worthy of his reputation. Alluding to Shakspeare, he notices the opinions of Augustus William Schlegel, whose knowledge of the great dramatic poet was so profound. The whole of the Elizabethan age, in its poetical character, is finely discriminated. The third part of the essay begins with the reign of James I., and the influence of that reign upon poetry.

The classical and metaphysical poets are examined after the fine old dramatists, of whom Campbell felt the full merit. He ascribes their extinction to the civil wars. On Milton he expatiates with a full sense of the loftiness of his theme; perhaps it is the happiest part of his essay, lucid, discriminating, redolent with the feeling of his majestic subject. He censures Dryden's Virgil, and alludes to the fact of the poet having produced so many fine things in his old age, "renewed in his youth like the eagle." He then proceeds to Pope, and in touching upon his different editors, says, "The last of these is the Rev. Mr. Bowles, in speaking of whom I beg leave most distinctly to disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing his merit as a poet, however freely and fully I may dissent from his critical estimate of the genius of Pope. Mr. Bowles, in forming this estimate, lays great stress upon the argument that Pope's images are drawn more from art than nature."

From this passage arose the celebrated discussion. Campbell seemed here inclined to wander from his immediate subject into an elaborate defence of Pope, disputing the justice of Bowles's argument at considerable length, in proportion to the entire essay, in the same way as he wandered in his lecture on poetry into an arraignment of

Mitford's opinions regarding Sparta. With this justification of Pope he concluded. It would seem as if between Pope and the actual termination of the eighteenth century there had been few other poets worthy of introduction into his dissertation. As he approached the end of his task, and deviated into a justification of Pope against a living writer, it is possible he finished with a sort of abruptness, because he thought in discussions that might possibly arise out of his previous remarks, he should have enough on his hands, without provoking more. Perhaps, as was his way, he felt tired of his labour, and was glad to terminate it, though he had no valid reason for not rendering his work more complete, by noticing the variations in style between Pope and the different poets, to the end of the eighteenth century.

The specimens begin with Chaucer, and terminate with Anstey, who died in 1805, a period intervening of four hundred and five years. In the specimens, which included each a too brief memoir of a single poet, Campbell made some further observations upon Bowles for his severity upon the moral character of the bard of Twickenham.

The same year (1819) was, in consequence, signalised by the publication of a letter from the

Rev. Lisle Bowles to Campbell, in justification o his opinions on what were called his "invariable principles of poetry," arising out of some remarks in defence of Pope in his "Essay," already noticed. Byron, Campbell, Roscoe, Gilchrist, and the Quarterly Review, were all mixed up in the question, and even Moore. The last remarks, in his "Life of Byron"—"It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles thought it worth while to apply my name in this controversy, that as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged, &c."

Everybody must remember Lord Byron's lines on Bowles and Campbell, to the tune of "How now, Madame Flirt!"—

Bowles.—Why how now, saucy Tom,
If thus you must ramble,
I will publish some
"Remarks on Mr. Campbell."
Campbell.—Why how now, Billy Bowles,
&c. &c. &c.

The discussion was kept open from 1819 to 1822, in consequence of Roscoe having agreed to be editor of the new edition of the works of

Pope. This duty had been undertaken for the booksellers by Bowles on a previous occasion, in which he had spoken of Pope in so slighting a manner, and had thus provoked the remarks of Campbell.

This was a singular dispute;* Campbell may be said to have began the contest by his dissent from Bowles's theory of criticism. Bowles addressed him a letter in consequence, but Campbell was too idle to go further into the contest. He got rid of it by a note which he attached to his third lecture, a perfect exemplification of his mode of shifting off a task. He says, referring to Bowles's "invariable principles" — "When the book"

* A character of this controversy was given in a northern periodical thus :—

"Mr. Bowles wrote a book upon Pope.

"Mr. Campbell abused Mr. Bowles's book on Pope.

"Mr. Bowles wrote an answer to Mr. Campbell's abuse of Mr. Bowles's book on Pope.

"Lord Byron wrote a letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr. Bowles's answer to Mr. Campbell's abuse of Mr. Bowles's book on Pope.

"Jeremy Bentham, Esq., wrote a letter to Lord Byron about Lord Byron's letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr. Bowles's answer to Mr. Campbell's abuse of Mr. Bowles's book on Pope.

"Mr. Bowles wrote an answer, not to Jeremy Bentham, but to Lord Byron's letter to certain stars in Albemarle-street, in answer to Mr. Bowles's answer to Mr. Campbell's abuse of Mr. Bowles's book on Pope."

(meaning his "Specimens") "in which I dissented from Mr. Bowles's theory of criticism comes to a second edition, I shall have a good deal to say to my reverend friend. I have not misrepresented him, as he imagines, but I have no *leisure to write pamphlets about him.*" No writer of his day ever had so much leisure as the poet for such a purpose. He was not idle in the common sense of the term; it is true he read and studied —but he did nothing,—his reading and study producing no fruit beyond his own gratification. The "Specimens" did not come to a second edition until twenty years afterwards (1841), when the poet was past all ability for writing. It is true he expected a second edition long before. Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) died in 1819: Campbell being aware that I had known the satirist, begged me to put together a memoir of the doctor, as he intended to place him in the next edition of his "Specimens," Wolcot being, in his opinion, one of the most original poets England had ever produced, and one having the most perfect knowledge of human nature—but to return. Campbell thus left others to fight out the battle he had commenced himself, overlooking the contest between others like an unconcerned spectator. Warm at first in behalf of Pope, he felt that to prolong the controversy would be irksome, and the original

burst of feeling cooled, he could not screw himself to the sticking point again. This affair, which made so much noise in the literary world, it may be proper to recall in the outline, as many may have forgotten that celebrated discussion.

With the question of the "invariable principles of poetry," as laid down by Bowles, was involved the reputation of Pope. If the notions of Bowles were once admitted and established, their effect would be to degrade Pope from the eminence on which for so long a period he had stood; by the general consent of the world, our first poet after Milton's time, as Johnson truly remarks. The importance and interest excited by the question were increased by the high reputation of most of those who were engaged in it. Some said that Bowles had the ambition of founding a new poetical creed. This was not exactly the fact; the "principle," or the "principles," as they were denominated, of that commentator had been the subject of long and animated discussion in Germany and Italy several years before, as Campbell well knew, and in this country bore a manifest ascendency with a particular class of critics and poets, those called "the Lakers," in particular, and their supporters. The "principles" of Bowles were but the reiteration of opinions which had been elsewhere

more emphatically expressed and exhibited in practice. But the "canons" of Bowles were in any case laid down in his criticism on Pope in a manner far too unqualified. His argument was, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than any drawn from art; and that those passions of the human heart which belong to nature in general, are of themselves more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners. With the exceptions and qualifications belonging to all critical opinions, this position might be admitted by the party of which Campbell may be considered to have taken the lead. But Bowles went further, and said in effect, that the mere presence of such images was to determine the merits of a poet with little or no consideration of the skill and power displayed in working up the materials.

This could not be agreed to by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and he accordingly showed himself an absolute dissenter from so imperfect and unfair a mode of estimating poetical excellence. Campbell was of opinion that this theory entirely destroyed the distinctions between capacities of the loftiest and meanest order, and took away its very essence from the character of the poet. No doubt from subjects sublime or

beautiful in themselves, genius will produce more beautiful creations than from such as are apparently low, barren, and insignificant; but even to these last it is the attribute of genius to lend some of its splendour, and to invest them with the exquisite associations of poetry. Some natural objects which, owing to the associations connected with them, may have a less degree of adaptation, poetical skill may still render universally interesting; many in art on which nothing but the highest ability can bestow an interest, having received it from the poet's genius, may become as fully endowed with the spirit of poetry as any natural objects can be. The sublime in nature possesses associations and interests of its own, which are more or less present to all observers, in all times and places, unchangeable and universal. But artificial objects, capable of awakening intense interest, must have more dependence on the contrivances of human aid, and arbitrary and conventional circumstances, for their power of excitement. Here, then, appears the province of the true poet, the sphere "within whose circle none durst walk but he." To draw from himself, and to create, by virtue of his magic power, all such associations as most deeply influence and affect the heart of man—to employ all the resources of passion and imagination with the

qualities of his own genius—so to shape and clothe his subjects as to make them appear its inseparable relations, and thus to subdue, by the more exertions of his wit, those sensibilities and sympathies which without such art would have remained indifferent and unmoved—all this was not, according to Campbell, to be accounted a vain and unprofitable labour. Was the enchanter who called up at his own will those beautiful visions, and peopled with his own creations the "mighty void," to be reduced to the level of him whose only merit consisted in the selection of a happier theme? No system of exclusion could be true. Whoever set about to maintain one alone must be convicted of much incongruous reasoning and inconsistent opinion. Campbell withdrew early from the contest, as already observed. Bowles continued to support his opinions against fresh controversialists, who could not regard all the mighty names time has spared from Greece and Rome, and all belonging to our own country up to a certain period, with rare exceptions, as second-rate poets after the "lake poets" appeared, because those poets had faith in the "invariable principles" of Bowles. Under his principles the Venus de Medicis could not be natural, because that statue is composed of perfect portions of the

female form, too perfect for existing nature, therefore, too, it could not be poetical.

Such seems to have been the sense of the question in the plainest form in which I can put it from recollection, at the time Campbell entered upon the discussion. Long years have passed since, and I might not be excused for the foregoing analysis upon what is now nearly forgotten, except by a few literary men, but as being so celebrated, and one in which the part taken by Campbell at the outset was so decided. His junction of the classic and romantic schools of poetry in his own verse, sufficiently proves that he was not exclusive in the matter, and deemed Nature and Art equal resources for poetical use, one excelling the other in advantage, according to the skill exhibited in their management. In this respect Moore was decidedly correct in agreeing with neither of the disputants, if they held exclusive opinions, for so his observation must be understood.

That repugnance which Campbell continually displayed to revert to anything he once had in hand, either of his own for the purpose of correction and revision, or of any matter likely to involve discussion as in the present case, was remarkably displayed on his finding a dispute he may be said to have begun, continued for two or three years,

and yet refraining from interfering further. So far did he carry this peculiar feeling, that he requested any subsequent notices of works to be kept from the magazine, that touched upon the question of the "invariable principles," evidently lest they should revive the contest in his own person, by being supposed *his* opinions, because he was editor of the work in which they would appear.

He never talked of the contest, and scarcely ever alluded to it, to my remembrance, except once to the historian of Leo X., who happened to be then in town. A joke of the poet's upon the contest, however, I remember, occurred. A man and his wife were quarrelling under the window of his lodgings in Margaret Street: going from his chair, and looking out to discover the cause, he came back saying, "O, it is nothing, but the 'invariable principles' of matrimony!"

The contest about the invariable principles of poetry began in 1819, and in the following year Campbell received an offer of the Editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," through Mr. Upcot, on behalf of Mr. Colburn, the proprietor. He then paid a visit to Germany, proceeding as far as Vienna, where he saw for the last time, after an interval of many years, his friend Frederick Schlegel, who was settled there, having married

the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher. They had first met at Göttingen. Schlegel had resided for the twelve preceding years in the Austrian States, having been, part of the time, Aulic secretary to the Arch-duke Charles. He had published his lectures "On the History of Ancient and Modern Literature" five years before, and was now Councillor of Legation at the Germanic Diet: another proof of the honours paid to intellect by the more civilised nations of the continent, furnishing an honourable contrast to the slight with which it is treated in England. Campbell remained a brief time in the Austrian capital, but long enough to note the changes which years had effected in many things, and to be struck with the different aspect and the different impressions they produced on his mind from those which they had done formerly. He returned by way of Bonn, where Augustus William Schlegel resided, and where for a time he left his son.

It was twenty-one years since he had published the "Pleasures of Hope," and he was forty-three. Upon glancing at what he had produced in the intervening term, we find only his noble "Odes," and "Gertrude of Wyoming." These did not occupy any great portion of his time during an interval so prolonged. "Gertrude of Wyoming"

was composed in about a year, and this must not be understood of continued labour. Several of his shorter pieces he had kept by him some time for correction and revision, though in composition they had cost him only one or two sittings each. He composed many of his poems while we were in habits of close intimacy. Some of these went to press on the second proofs, some after the first, but then he had altered them frequently in manuscript. The "lectures" he delivered, and the "specimens" could have occupied but a small part of the years which had elapsed. How then did he employ his time, may naturally be inquired, since he was not an idle man? The reply must be found in his attachment to abstract researches already alluded to in reading the classics, in solving difficulties, in desultory translation, and in exploring the numerous side-paths which branched from the immediate track of study in which he happened to be engaged, but could be turned to no purpose.

He was deliberating at the moment upon a work in relation to some of the German speculations upon ancient literature. He intended to lay the basis upon the views of the subject afforded by the better knowledge of the antiquities and localities of the scenes of ancient enterprise or celebrity which modern times afford. This task he would

never have completed, from the demand it necessarily implied upon a patience of investigation foreign to his nature. It was while contemplating such a work, he received the offer of the editorship of the Magazine. Upon the acceptance of the duty he had deliberated. He had as yet no experience whatever in active periodical literature. All he had undertaken had been executed at his own leisure, in the retirement of his study, unconnected with other individuals. The continual contact with strangers, the necessity of saying "No," where he could wish to give an affirmative answer; the punctuality required in handing over to the printer the last copy for the requisite number on the appointed day, and the annoyance of a correspondence, were matters of serious consideration to one who was by nature apt to "make mountains of mole-hills." Sensitive as the poet was to the slightest annoyance, he felt that it was a duty he owed to himself, notwithstanding he was unacquainted with periodical literature, and had conflicting doubts about the trouble his task would cost him—he felt it was a duty, in his pecuniary circumstances, to accept the office.

The "New Monthly Magazine" had been modelled very much after the "Gentleman's," or more correctly, after the "Monthly Magazine," owned by Sir Richard Phillips, and begun by

that bibliopolist many years before. At this time arbitrary principles were the fashion of the day. A whig was a nuisance in politics, and a radical was a monster. High state and church principles alone were in favour among such as bought books, but read scarcely any ranking above the circulating library sublimities of those days. Phillips it was averred, in the new publication, had been bred in the school of Jacobinism, as everyone was then said to be who dissented from the doctrines, good, bad, or indifferent, of the domineering party in the state, and he was charged with commencing his career as a criminal promulgator of that disloyal book the "Rights of Man." The new magazine was to put Phillips, the "Rights of Man," and all Jacobinism to the rout, by means of its own Jacobitism. The poison of the "Old Monthly" was to be, happily for society, rendered harmless by the "New," at least in perspective. This last made its appearance on the first of February, 1814. The address to the public was worthy of being treasured for its modesty, self-laudation, and hard words. A useful register of incidents in town and country, deaths, marriages, and similar matter was appended at the end of the number. The original articles in Phillips's were bold, uncompromising in resistance to an arrogant ministry, and many

of them ingenious speculations. The new work was so far from an equal to the antagonist it assailed, that it was spring-water to alcohol in comparison; but if it was weak in reason, it was on the side of physical strength, in behalf of which it did not fail to show its sting.

In the foregoing mode the periodical had continued, with none of the promised benefits to the cause it espoused, until 1820, when an improvement began to appear in its double columns, which, towards the end of that year, took a decided tendency for the better. In December fourteen volumes in double columns had appeared. The sagacity of the proprietor just then had shown him that "old things were passing away," and that the salvation of England from the clutches of Sir Richard Phillips had either been wrought out, or was become past all hope of performance. The political tone became less decided; politics were less frequently touched upon, and literary articles of merit and of a renovated cast made their appearance, though still "a saint in crape was twice a saint in lawn." Towards the close of the year, the pen of Talfourd began to be observable in articles of a theatrical and literary nature. It is presumed the success of the change convinced the proprietor that his interest lay in an entire alteration in the nature of his

publication. This determined upon, no one knew better than he how to attain his purpose. He was not sparing of expense, or of the means of making his plan extensively known, and of having secured Campbell for editor. There was soon, in consequence, within his reach a mass of talent such as had never before been connected at starting with any similar undertaking. The publisher paid well for contributions, and his house led, in its connection with literary ability at that time, all the others in the metropolis.

Campbell engaged to commence the first number of the new series of the magazine on the first of January, 1821. He was to perform the usual duty of an editor, and to receive a salary of 500*l.* per annum. He was also to contribute such articles to the pages of the work himself, as he might think suitable. He was an utter stranger, as before observed, to the details of his new duties, and had kept no communion with literary men associated for a common purpose. When not employed in literary composition, he had continually followed up studies, the subjects of which had been generally abstruse, and were, consequently, of small moment in aid of his new labour, which rather required a knowledge of present things and the topics of the passing hour. He had read deeply upon what caught his attention in lan-

guages, metaphysics, and political economy. He knew much of what few could reciprocate with him, and less upon subjects about which numbers were well informed. From habit he demanded retirement, even for the perusal of a book. A trifle threw his mind out of its equilibrium, and distracted him from his immediate pursuit. The result of long habit is the impossibility of change, when change is imperiously required. The habit of the student that becomes the means to his absorbing subject, is unalterable. The racer might as well part with his legs as the solitary man of letters separate himself from what has become necessary to the more facile pursuit of his studies, even if it have no advantage in the sight of others.

The poet was not one who secured confidence from strangers on a slight acquaintance, or communicated it; not from want of heart or coldness of feeling, but from a retiring sensitiveness that never put itself forward, and had to be overcome before confidence was formed. It was easy to perceive, coming to the poet in those days if not as a stranger, still with only a slight acquaintance, how reserved he was in talking upon the commonest literary subjects where they involved giving an opinion. No more of his peculiarities had then been known to the present writer

than anyone might gather from a few casual interviews. Campbell's manner at this time was affable, but somewhat formal to strangers; he was extremely careful not to be guilty of saying anything to hurt the feelings of those whom he met on literary business; even when he thought meanly of them, bearing towards them a uniform urbanity, though his temper had been often tried in this way by persons who intruded on his privacy at Sydenham.

Returning from Germany, he was overturned in the coach, and hurt his arm. This accident retarded, in some measure, the preparations for the commencement of his new duties. He took lodgings in town, at 62, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, at the close of 1820, retaining his house at Sydenham. At that house in Margaret Street the first interviews took place, for the purpose of making arrangements to commence the new series of a work destined to be altered in every respect but the name. The poet, before any actual business commenced, showed a nervous sort of apprehension of what was to come. The whole universe might have been supposed to rest on his shoulders. He looked deeply thoughtful towards the future. It was true that few or no contributions had been provided, and the time was short. He was in fear, and that increased

his confusion; he had thought little about the contributions that would be required—where could they come from? The first week in December had commenced, and he was such a novice as to his approaching task, that he imagined he should find them, and have no more to do than approve or disapprove. In this respect his simplicity, or rather lack of correct perception in regard to the nature of his task, was so great as to be almost insurmountable. Then he began to think how he should submit himself to the trouble of perusing all the manuscripts sent in the course of carrying on such a work. He tried, but declared it would be impossible for him to bear the labour; and very soon exhibited his impatience, by further declaring positively that he could not get through the task almost as soon as he made the attempt Those who were acquainted with his habits might have foreseen this, but none who were connected with the publication knew his peculiarities.

The poet wished the articles tendered to be read cursorily, or to be described to him in such a way as to put him in full possession of their nature. Everything in their arrangement, correction, and abridgment, this last labour including that of reviews in the large print, was to be done by somebody else. He declared he could not undertake so heavy a task—that such a

variety of labour confused and bewildered him. There was nothing erroneous in this, for the poet was too sensitive and fastidious to fulfil such a duty effectually; when he tried it, he began by endeavouring to reconcile the expressions and opinions of others to his own mode of thinking. At such a rate the day of the monthly publication would never have seen a number ready.

The work was to make three annual volumes. The two first were to consist of original articles, to the extent of six sheets per month. The plan was new; in fact, it commenced an era in magazine publishing, and changed the aspect of those publications altogether. Thus, exclusive of his own articles, Campbell had only to select about five sheets and a half, from the papers of his contributors, some of which were bespoke of writers regarding whom he could have no need to exercise his critical judgment, as they were to be depended upon. Despite that knowledge, he was fearful at first that people would suppose all the sentiments expressed in the work were his own, and thus at starting he was as anxious about that point as he afterwards became careless. The third volume, printed in double columns of three sheets per month, was in very small type, and therefore in quantity of matter, original and selected, nearly equalled in the mass the other six. It included political events, colonial and foreign news, critical

notices of books, the drama, music, the fine arts, varieties, home and foreign; rural economy, useful arts, patents, biography, incidents, provincial occurrences, and similar matters for the month, printed so as to bind in a volume at the end of the year. It is more than twenty years since this periodical, as it was under the poet's editorship, has been changed. Therefore, in referring to it under Campbell, the subsequent abandonment of the plan under which it so signally flourished, must be borne in mind. The poet was to have an assistant, whose duty, of course, was confined, as first understood, to the management of the third volume, and its original and compiled contents, and that third volume only it was the duty of the present narrator to compile and bring out. Mr. Colburn, supposing the poet, in duty bound as editor, would do the first part.

As Campbell declared he could not undertake the task which properly belonged to him as editor, and also declared he could not, and would not, even read the proofs, Mr. Colburn was compelled to procure him an assistant. Mr. H. Roscoe was mentioned, and then Mr. Dubois, and in breathless haste the latter, an old acquaintance of the poet, well versed in periodical literature, and an excellent classical scholar, was engaged—an expense unforeseen by the proprietor. Edward

Dubois had published, early in life, several translations from the lesser Greek poets, and comparisons between some of the Latin writers. To the public he was best known as the author of "My Pocket Book," a satire upon that shallow-witted traveller, Sir John Carr, who had been knighted in Ireland for his travels in that island, whence he got the name of the "Jaunting Car." A bookseller refused to buy one of his tours in consequence of Dubois' ridicule, and Carr indicted the publishers, Vernor and Hood, for a libel. The affair made much fuss in the world, for Lord Ellenborough treated the case as an unworthy one, and Sir John Carr got no verdict. Thus the ridicule of Dubois, full of keen satire, put an end to the nonsense of Carr for ever. Dubois was president of the Court of Requests, in Westminster, and used to make one of Thomas Hill's Sydenham guests, where he became intimate with Campbell.

Seeing the inexperience of the poet in periodical literature, and on the strength of great previous experience and an intimacy of some standing, Dubois ventured to advise the poet on one or two points, seeing him a perfect novice under the circumstances in which he was placed. The poet's pride took the alarm; for though he felt his inexperience and showed it by his acts, he could

never admit it without wounding his *amour propre*. He sought out Colburn, and told him it was utterly impossible they could harmonize. Sadly perplexed, Colburn asked the present writer if he would undertake the task in addition to his existing engagement. With no great hope of success, he consented, profited by what he observed had occurred, and succeeded not merely in the duties he undertook, but in consolidating what was before a slight acquaintance into a friendship which, for a long term of years in human life, remained unchanged. The primary success of his attempt was mainly owing to the giving due consideration to one or two of the poet's peculiarities upon literary topics, and, it must be said, taking much more of the task upon himself than in strictness he ought to have taken. On the other hand, the success of the publication was unprecedented, and success levels all other considerations. The public was pleased with what it obtained. Except the editor's own, the articles were for the most part published anonymously, their way being made by their own merit.

Among the poet's peculiarities to others, was his carelessness about their letters or articles which chanced to fall into his hands. Sheridan was not more careless, if indeed he were careless

at all, because when he got a letter, he feared it was from a dun, and therefore would not open it. Campbell read the notes he received, but if requiring an answer, he set about the task unwillingly, and dismissed it with a brief reply at one time and at another, with exceeding formality. He was continually losing letters or papers, and then fretting about their recovery. He would read a letter and put it into his coat-pocket, intending to reply to it, and forget all about the matter. Often wholly engrossed by any chance literary subject that occupied his attention at the instant, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to divert it to another for ever so short a time. Hence, whatever article came to him he would put it by, as he intended, for future inspection, and not think of it again. He had no method, no arrangement, his papers lay about in confusion, and if he wanted for a moment to put them aside, he would jumble them into a heap, or cram them into a drawer. Subsequently, when he desired to return to them, he incurred labour and lost time in hunting what he wanted. A fragment would be missed altogether, or whole leaves misplaced. From this habit it happened that when he received letters or papers at his residence, although everything for the work it was requested might be directed to the publisher, he got con-

fused about them, had mislaid, and often declared he had never received them, till, pressed by fresh applications, sometimes they were traced to his own door. This greatly annoyed him. I have found letters, or an article, placed over his books on the shelves, unopened, sometimes slipped down behind them. He would close a volume upon one, and restore the book to its place, where a month or two afterwards it would come to view by accident, on his wanting to consult the work again. Mrs. Campbell, who used to smile at these things in her good-natured way, said at last, "How should he take care of the papers, when he cannot take care of himself—I am obliged to look after him—he had better not have them in the study at all." She was as good as her word, and kept back all belonging to the publication that happened to go straight to the poet's house, and order was at last established. As many communications were from writers of merit, and from persons who had a just claim to the conventional courtesies of society, there could be no slovenly avoidance of restoring any except poetical contributions. Of these it was no labour for the writers to keep copies. Of those who thus tendered contributions, seldom any but recognised writers were of value to the work.

The first number of the publication appeared,

however, on the 1st of January, 1821, under the editorship of the poet, assisted by Mr. Dubois. The celebrity of Campbell's name would have produced contributions enough, had a requisite time elapsed; but things were hurried forward, and it became necessary to forage for articles. Campbell had met Ugo Foscolo a day or two before, at Lord Holland's, when the magazine was spoken of as forthcoming, and Foscolo asked Campbell for a subject, but the poet could not tell of what he stood in need. Foscolo went to work upon "An Account of the Revolution in Naples;" he also proposed some memoirs of the less-known Italian poets, which he afterwards executed. One of the most gifted and amiable writers of that time, a great favourite of Campbell, Henry Roscoe, afterwards prematurely cut off by death, contributed; Talfourd, Horace Smith, Gray, the political economist, young Munden, whose knowledge of Spanish literature was opportune, were also contributors. Mr. Bowring sent a translation of some verses from the German. Several names at that time well-known in literary circles sent articles, and filled up the number. The first was not indeed a pattern number, it is seldom the case that a first number is ever truly so, even when time has been taken to obtain every appliance for ensuring superior excellence; but such a

number as, conjoined with an entire new modelling of the typographical part, and the name of a celebrated and favourite poet as its editor, did not fail to be received by the public with a kindness far beyond its literary merits.

Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," would not aid the new work, on account of the stolen title. "He is more nice than wise," I observed. "I do not see how he could do anything for us. He fears the name of the magazine will be a mischievous example, but that must depend upon what we make of it." He objected to the word "New," while the "Old" Monthly existed. "He feels it was unhandsome to borrow the title of Phillips in order to lead off the dance against him—there was something ungracious in it."

"What is that to me?" replied the poet; "it was the act of Colburn; if it was once a publication directed against my political party, I shall do good by putting an end to it as an instrument of annoyance to my friends. My acceptance of it was good policy, though I never had a thought upon the subject, for I did not know anything of its character; I never saw a number of it until Colburn put it into my hand. The bitterer it was against my political friends, the more useful it must be to neutralize it."

To this I assented, remarking to the poet that

the world very well knew the small value of publications set up in the mode the "New Monthly" was originally established, and that its change of form and its new political tendencies would do the rest. Still there was some soreness among Campbell's Whig friends; Sidney Smith and one or two others exhibited their shyness. Moore kept aloof, for he was too much alive to what this or that great man of his own side might say if he appeared in a garb that led the Whig nobility to believe he was coquetting with their opponents, the mere idea making him shrink even from the mere suspicion of contact with the party in power.

A few weeks only had elapsed before Campbell and Dubois separated. Campbell was very reserved upon the subject, of which Mr. Colburn had duly informed me. The poet had now to re-compose his lectures, having, I imagine, destroyed the manuscript of those he had once delivered. He seemed pleased at perceiving there was some lessening of his labour, as a number of articles were so much below par it was idle to make any allusion to him regarding them. Dubois had tired him by arguing upon the merits of each article. It was difficult to keep Campbell long together at business of any kind. He would break away with a story, or fly off in a

joke, and abandon the business on the tapis, with "Well, that is enough for this time; don't you think so? can we keep the printer going?"

As we advanced, the poet became less fastidious. Scott wondered he did not maintain a better figure in the world than at this period, and thought he wanted audacity, and feared "the shadow of his own reputation." The truth is, that Campbell was an idle man—an abstracted man; he was not capable of leading long in anything; he had won a reputation, with which he was content; unless he could increase it without hazard to what he possessed, and without protracted effort, this must be again repeated.

CHAPTER VI.

Bias of the Poet's studies.—Hebrew researches.—Visit to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street.—Intended Magazine.—The Poet's jest.—Politics of the "New Monthly."—Epitaph sent by Canning.—Blunder about Canning's letter.—Belzoni's introduction to the Poet.—Early contributions.—Blanco White.—Henry Matthews.—Ugo Foscolo's breakfast.

THE novelty of the first start of the new work being over, Campbell returned to his German books, until it was difficult to take his attention off when it was demanded. This no longer wanted, he would turn the conversation to some historical or metaphysical point, in relation to which his mind had been occupied. A good deal of this turn for what is generally considered antithetic to the poetical character and the liveliness of its disposition, arose perhaps from his partiality for one or two of his old Glasgow instructors, of whom and their lectures on the driest

subjects, he seemed ever to carry in his mind an affectionate recollection. He reverted to them as a subject of more than ordinary pleasure when he recurred to his earlier years. Roman lore and Kantian philosophy are not very poetical topics. However this may have been, Campbell was deep in German—not in the poetry—but the metaphysics and Biblical literature of that theorising country. He ordered volume upon volume of German criticism from the booksellers, and redoubled his labours upon topics, regarding which the investigations of the critics of that country seemed to have conveyed to him new and interesting views. He declared that in England there was no idea of the amount of labour they had expended, and the consequent extent of information upon critical subjects of which the Germans were in possession.

Reading the book of Job one day, to which among all the books of the Old Testament the poet seemed most partial, declaring it to be beautiful poetry of perhaps an older date than any other portion of the sacred volume, he became puzzled about the English meaning of a word which might intend "a giant," or be rendered "hell." He was anxious to decide upon the true translation. Upon remarking the important difference, he observed that the word occurred but twice in Job, and the understood meaning was a

place shut up, the grave, the situation of the dead. "Deeper than hell," in Job, meant deeper than the grave, and such appeared to be the meaning of the word among the Jews. In the New Testament it was applied to designate a place of punishment. How could the word ever mean a giant? He was unsettled in mind, and vexed that he did not understand the Hebrew language critically. He was determined, he said, to work hard at a complete acquirement of that noble tongue. His intention he never carried into effect. Buxtorf in a few months remained perfectly quiet upon its shelf. There were new things to attract his attention. He went more into company than had been his previous custom, and the effort to perfect himself in Hebrew quickly relaxed, as was usual in relation to all his determinations in a degree proportionate to the intensity of the first resolution.

While busy upon this favourite subject, he had determined to hunt out a rabbi, to consult upon the matter in doubt. Did I know of such a person? I recommended a Mr. Hart, a most excellent man of the Jewish persuasion, and father of the eminent artist of that name, in the Royal Academy, who taught Hebrew; and observed that I also knew Bellamy, who was translating the Bible from the Hebrew direct, which I had heard

had never before been done. Professor Lee of Cambridge had held a discussion with Bellamy, in which, as far as argument went—for of the dispute in relation to the Hebrew tongue I could be no judge—Bellamy had the best of it. Bellamy insisted on the use of vowels in translation, which Professor Lee opposed in no very urbane style, too often begging the question, and giving bold assertion for proof, defending the authorized version with all its admitted errors, as much as to say that the knowledge of eastern tongues, dialects, and customs elucidatory of the scriptures generally was equal to what it is at present in the witch-burning age of James I. Thousands of errors, notorious enough, are known to exist in the present version, but it is time-consecrated. It would be troublesome to correct it, people are used to the present translation if it be a little erroneous, and then James was such a "pious" prince. It was not enquired how it came to pass that previous translations had been set aside. Like witch-burning, the translation had been settled by act of Parliament, and the clergy were averse to farther trouble on the matter; yet they would ground a rite, or some serious point of doctrine, upon a disputed passage. So said Bellamy, with some appearance of justice, while the professor admitted that in some cases the translators had

mistaken the original. Not a moment's rest was mine until I introduced Bellamy. I brought the hebraists together soon afterwards; but as I knew nothing of the language, the merits of the discussion I cannot correctly relate. I imagine the learned hebraist could not satisfactorily elucidate the mystery. Campbell afterwards remarked that he thought Bellamy had not read a tithe of the modern German researches in Biblical literature. Some of these, from the freedom of their investigation, were the results false or true, would not be matter of English discussion even when errors of translation were admitted. The Germans, right or wrong in inference, endeavoured to get at the truth, the rule in England it was to keep things as they were. It was rather the aim here to prop up what was fallacious out of prejudice, or even grounds that could not stand the test of reason. Little was known here in comparison with what was understood in Germany of the Hebrew language and its relations. If more were known, a new influence might be produced upon the general mind. Upon the mind of the poet there was an influence most unquestionably produced by what had been thus promulgated. His lectures show how closely he had read on the subject.

Having began to recompose for the magazine what he had himself written and delivered on the

subject of Hebrew poetry, in the midst of which he broke away suddenly, and turned to political economy. The dispute between Malthus and Godwin led him, when in appropriate company, to consider the merits of the difference between these two writers. He leaned to the side of Malthus, and annexed to a paper in the second number of the magazine, which he had himself procured, being full of the subject, a note expressive of a wish for its further discussion. The paper here alluded to was written by Place. Political economy, it must be admitted, is no very poetical subject; yet Campbell made up his mind what side of the question to adopt, and was able to argue well in its defence. This, at least, exhibits a versatility of talent, and it is certain that in his better days he was capable, but for the *vis inertiæ* that ever hung upon him, of achieving much greater things, out of poetry, than he ever performed; but they would have been appreciated only by the well-educated and thinking part of the world. He might have written profoundly after his Biblical studies upon these, and produced a most interesting work. From these, he made no secret, originated the views he entertained upon our deficient knowledge of the old language and writings of Palestine. In a theological sense he thought the study well worthy of being carried

out. But amidst all, even if he had believed them and had been inclined to labour, he was not the man to promulgate bold novelties, beyond the reach of his voice. He respected multitudinous ignorance so far as to fear the reaction upon his own fame, if he wounded its obtuseness. In this there was something characteristic of his Scotch nationality.

About Campbell, if there were caution and sensitiveness, there was nothing like craft. He was simple in mind, and pure of intention. No one was less suspicious till suspicion was engendered by some pretty strong reason, and then it was not to be put to sleep easily. He was sometimes imposed upon by individuals who pretended to be literary characters, and solicited an introduction on the score of their necessities. Both the poet and Dubois were outwitted by a factitious paper, describing an author that never existed, in the first number of the work, entitled "On the Writings of Richard Clitherow." Afterwards others sent articles to him, furtively abstracted from obscure writers of the hour, a little verbally changed, which, from his habit of reading very little indeed of the current literature of the day, it was not in his power to detect.

Murray had an idea of a magazine at this time, perhaps to rival Colburn. Wanting the address

of a friend one day, which the bookseller alone could give, Campbell proposed to walk to Albemarle Street. He always spoke of Murray in high terms, as he was but just in doing. With faults obvious enough, Mr. Murray possessed merit amply sufficient to throw them into the shade, when, too, it is recollected that many of his faults affected himself alone. Of gentlemanly feeling in business, which could not be said of all his calling, he was generous and considerate. No one was ever regarded higher by men of all parties, whose regard was worth having. He drew around him the literary talent of the country of every rank, and commanded its esteem. Of those who survive their and his contemporaries in his more palmy days, there is not one who does not hold his memory in respect. It was unfortunate for him that he lived too fast for his health to continue—peace be to his memory! We entered the well-known, well-remembered drawing-room, on the walls of which hung the portraits of some of the principal literary characters of the time. Among the rest, I remember Foscolo, who was afterwards ejected to the staircase, so it was said, in one of the bookseller's moments of angry feeling against the Italian, for which, perhaps, he had tolerable cause, and so took this harmless mode of showing his resentment.

"There he is," said Campbell, noting Foscolo's picture, "there is Ugo, by whom I dare say Murray has never gained a farthing—it is no bad resemblance of our friend's visage."

At this moment Murray entered, looking exceedingly well in health, and almost free from that nervousness which came upon him in subsequent years. After the usual salutation, he said, "I was just thinking, Mr. Campbell, why you did not come to me. I would have started a magazine under your editorship—now you are editor of an old one."

"Why did not the girl marry the sweetheart the world gave her," said Campbell, "but because he never asked her?"

"If I had thought of asking, then, it would have been done, Mr. Campbell? I was quite prepared for such a work."

"It is too late now," observed Campbell, "the agreement has been signed.—I want the address of my friend, Mr. ——, which you can give me."

Murray went to procure it, returned, and following him, came in a lunch. There was no escaping Murray's hospitality in those times.

"You should feast your friends out of skulls, as Peter Pindar told you," said Campbell; "it would be emblematic."

Murray cited some work that he had suggested

himself, to prove that booksellers sometimes put ideas into authors' skulls.

"You get out double what you put into them; you would not take it back as naked as you gave it."

"Murray does business well, leave him his own way," Campbell remarked; "in that respect he is the first man of his day. I have met more noted men of talent under his roof than under any other, except that of Lord Holland and of Rogers."

Capricious at times, and of a quick temper, this renowned bibliopolist possessed qualities suited to his profession, as already said, and of a high order too; and, more than all, he had the art of giving a refusal with a good grace. He was also punctual in his replies, as indeed in all his dealings with the *genus irritabile*, whose sins condemn them to "dip themselves in ink."

Murray would have established a magazine even then, under other auspices; the matter was talked over in Albemarle Street. It was proposed that the leading writers on the Tory side should be its principal contributors, for it was agreed, of course, by some, that the publication ought to bear a high political tone—in other words, be a high-flying State and Church publication. This was objected to, it was whispered, in more than

one quarter. The differences on this point continued until the affair died away, and nothing came of it. Had Campbell undertaken a new magazine for Murray, and not edited one for Colburn, he would not have consented to connect his name with a publication that would admit of a construction injurious to his known Whig sentiments, by permitting the insertion of articles opposed to them. Murray's house, though visited by men of all opinions, was considered more immediately the head-quarters of the class of politicians immediately connected with the "Quarterly Review." With most of those who visited at Albemarle Street, the poet was acquainted, and sometimes found himself the only man of his party present. On one occasion, when he had just left, finding none of his friends there, it was remarked to him that he had remained but a short time.

"I felt myself a sojourner in a strange land," was his remark; "I did not like to be the only one of my party."

Campbell's Scripture quotation here recalls a laughable allusion he once made from the same imagery. He was often bored by copies of verses being sent to his house, or given to him in society, written by young ladies, and overflowing with all sorts of sentimentality. Sometimes "mamma"

or "papa" would request the favour of the poet's giving his opinion of the stanzas of "miss." Girls of the present day begin to "*do*" poetry much earlier than boys; and five to one of the former in number to one of the latter commit their girlishness this way, always imagining rhyme to be poetry.

"Don't you think, Mr. Campbell, my cousin's or my daughter's are charming verses?"

"Yes, their genius will shine by and by—that is my opinion," said some of the company, in the way of flattery.

"Don't *you* think them good, Mr. Campbell?" was in such cases particularly annoying to him, put as a query.

"Don't *you* think my daughters' verses"—there were two who rhymed in this instance—"show promise, Mr. Campbell—you must be a judge? They may be a little *obscure* yet—more practice, and then they may *shine*."

"No doubt, ma'am," said Campbell. He then turned and observed to a friend, in a low tone: "We are not to see the brightness of these lady Gideonites until their pitchers are broken!"

The poet, I have already said, had never inquired nor thought about the politics of the work of which he had undertaken to be editor, nor even directed what might be its tone. He did not

mention the subject. I had all the double-column matter to my own share, and of the political article I made a mere register, free of party spirit. From the first number to the last the tendency of those articles, in consequence, never became an affair of conversation. This shows how negligent the poet was upon points of moment.

Among his intimate friends at this time was the Honourable Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. Scarcely was a portion of the first number in the printer's hands, before that gentleman brought from Mr. Canning an epitaph on his son, George Charles Canning, a proof of the kindly feeling of that distinguished statesman towards the new undertaking. It is probable that more might have been contributed by Canning, the only individual who had held so high an office in the government of this country, during the present century, who was in the true sense of the word a literary man, though not on that account the more esteemed by the class that in those days possessed overwhelming power. An incident, arising from Campbell's forgetfulness, put an end to such an expectation. Courtenay brought a second communication from Canning, in the copy of a letter which that distinguished statesman had written to Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool, explanatory of the circumstances of a resignation so honourable to his

memory. He had come to the resolution of resigning, because he would be no party to the proceedings carrying on against the queen; and that, too, though the king, he stated, had commanded him to remain in office, "abstaining as completely as he might think fit from any share in the proceedings respecting the royal consort." He renewed the tender of his resignation even after this, and it was at last accepted. Now, as the letter was confidential, and had originated in a paragraph published in the *Courier*, Courtenay had only, as he imagined, to leave the copy, explaining to Campbell that it was merely to be used as a guide in putting together the political article, not, of course, to be given verbatim, for various urgent reasons. Campbell received the letter, and, in his careless way, said, giving it into my hand,

"This belongs to your part of the magazine; Mr. Canning has sent it by Courtenay."

"To be inserted entire?"

"Yes, I suppose he means that."

The difference between making use of the substance of such a letter, and avoiding the publication of the verbatim copy, essential as it was, did not occur to the poet. I saw Courtenay, by accident, before he had seen Campbell, and he stated the purpose of his giving the letter.

Such was the poet's forgetfulness and want of habitude in editing.

About this time, while reading upon Eastern literature, he found I knew Belzoni. He said if I would introduce him, he should be highly gratified. I met Belzoni in Piccadilly soon afterwards, and mentioned the poet's desire; Belzoni was equally desirous of knowing Campbell. We started immediately for the poet's lodgings, proceeding up Bond Street, and had not got much further than the end of Conduit Street, when we observed several persons close at our heels, and others staring at us, which, indeed, Belzoni's herculean limbs and gigantic stature of nearly seven feet might well occasion; but as we proceeded, a voice here and there was heard exclaiming, "That is Bergami!" "That is Bergami!" The unseemly affair between George the Fourth and his queen was then the town talk. Poor Belzoni quietly said, "We had better get out of this crowded street." We turned into Hanover Square, followed by a number of impertinents for some distance, then crossed Oxford Street into Cavendish Square, avoiding the main thoroughfares, and quickly got clear. I introduced Belzoni as Bergami, to Campbell, who laughed heartily at the joke.

Much conversation about the East followed.

Many of the poet's questions were curious, sometimes too erudite for the modest and good Italian, who avowed the extent of his acquirements with great candour, and said that he had devoted himself most to mechanics all his life. That he had applied his knowledge that way in Egypt, before he used it in disclosing the remains of Egyptian antiquity. He spoke of his extraordinary strength, and of all he had achieved, but with great modesty. Campbell was curious to learn from him something about the Copts and their language; but Belzoni knew little of the race compared to the Arabs, of whom his knowledge was extensive. The Copts, it appeared, were superior persons as accountants, and generally thought to be of the genuine Egyptian race. The poet continued some time after this interview to talk frequently of the Coptic, which, he stated, was borrowed from the Greek. I ventured to remark that in such a case it could not have been the language of Thebes, for Homer evidently shows by his allusion that in his day Egypt was an old country and Thebes a mighty city, that the Greek must be presumed to be the younger language; but the poet dissented.

The Rev. Blanco White at this time lodged at Chelsea, in Hæmus Terrace, and began his well-known "Letters of Don Leucadio Doblado."

He was a sombre, pale-visaged man, with much of the Spanish character in his features, and approaching fifty years of age;* an agreeable companion, and full of information upon a great variety of subjects. No two individuals could have been more dissimilar in mind and appearance than White and the poet. There seemed to be something continually pressing upon the mind of White, and giving it a sickly cast. The unfixedness of his religious tenets would hardly have been deemed a part of his character, which rather impressed upon his bearing a serious determination of purpose in all things—an unchangeableness of principle and action, while he was in reality for ever changing. He arrived in England in 1810, having formed an acquaintance previously in Spain, with Lord Holland. In his letters he pictured many of his doubts about religion, and the struggles he endured to free himself from the shackles the Catholic faith had imposed upon him. He went to Oxford in 1814, and attached himself to the Church of England. He was, in fact, an unhappy, doubting man, incapable of finding repose in any creed, from his conscientious scruples.

Besides the "Letters of Doblado," White wrote a number of very interesting sketches from

* He died in May, 1841.

Spanish history, some polemical works, and edited a "Review" for a short time. Poor White! His bland manner and quiet delivery formed a strong contrast to Campbell's impulsiveness, and, at times, even impetuosity of manner. White would talk of Seville and Andalusia with much interest, speaking with great deliberation, and describing the people and country with all the feeling of an ardent attachment, in a mode that showed as well he was a man of nice discrimination. "White," said Campbell, "is wasting his life about theological differences; he had better hand them over to arbitration, and settle them for ever."

White at last became the devotee almost wholly to his theological reveries, furnishing the melancholy picture of a man clever and good absorbed in unessential scruples, which it was wonderful should beset a mind so well stored, and with such talents as he undoubtedly possesed.

Matthews—Henry Matthews, author of the "Diary of an Invalid," who died at Ceylon in 1829, a puisne judge in that colony, was the fifth son of Mr. Matthews, of Belmont, near Hereford, who preceded him to the grave two years. He was brother to Matthews, the intimate friend of the present Lord Boughton; the same, too, who is spoken of as so extraordinary a young man by Byron in his correspondence with Mr. Murray,

as one of the monks of Newstead Abbey: he was unfortunately drowned. Henry Matthews possessed talents of the highest order, a sound judgment and polished manners; he was an elegant scholar, and generous in disposition. In the private relations of life he was affectionate and exemplary, with manly sentiments and a lively, playful imagination; he loved literature for its own sake, nor were there any of the anticipations indulged in his regard before he reached the judicial bench at all contradicted. His decease was deemed a public loss in Ceylon. Called away by his duties to a distant colony, England was deprived of the benefit of his labours too early. He wrote the "Journal of Jonathan Kentucky," and in one of his papers commented with merited severity on the system of flogging boys from nine to nineteen years of age in the orthodox seminaries in this country. On the system of fagging he was not so severe as on that of flogging. He thought the practical effect of fagging was good. Campbell declared against the latter doctrine altogether. Campbell, as was often the case at the outset, could not get rid of the idea that the public would think the contributors' sentiments were his own. Upon suggesting the incompleteness of the article if mutilated, he requested the insertion of a note, "That the editor protested against the

opinions." Matthews laughed at the poet's sensitiveness on the matter, and observed, truly enough, that if Campbell thought to reconcile the opinions of every contributor to his own views upon all subjects, the work would be a magazine only in the titles of the articles. Matthews wrote some verses from Horace, and a paper on the character of Socrates. The last contained truths peculiarly applicable to the present time, which sees the vices of contemporaries treated with ineffable indulgence, while doubts regarding great men of the past, are raised upon every possible occasion. "Horace Walpole," said Matthews, "introduced the fashion of historical doubting by his amusing speculations on Richard III. Dalrymple followed him in an attempt of an opposite kind, by endeavouring to degrade the honoured names of Sidney and Russell from the consecrated place they occupy in the recollection of their countrymen; and we should not be much surprised at some future appeal to our sympathy in behalf of the hapless Jonathan Wild, who will, we make no doubt, turn out at least to have been a much-injured personage, and most unfeelingly misrepresented by the partial compiler of the 'Newgate Calendar.'" Campbell remarked on the truth of this passage, and since his death

more than once I have verified its soundness in calumnies regarding himself.

Henry Roscoe, the youngest son of the "Historian of the Medici," was in person tall like his father. Exceedingly well read, with much fancy, and commanding a variety of subject, great in range for one of his years, he was condemned to the study of the law. He was a great and deserved friend of the poet. He died under the most flattering prospects in his professional career, not long after he had married, when the toil of years seemed about to bring him a cheering recompense in merited success.

Foscolo has been already named. A very singular man, uniting opposite qualities, and generally very pleasing in the early part of an acquaintance. Lord Holland wrote to a friend soon after his arrival in England, in 1816, "we are all *engoués* with him;" so was everybody, even out of Lord Holland's circle. Campbell was a sincere admirer of his talents, but was not much in the habit of courting his company, on account of his fiery temper, which shocked the poet's nerves. It was impossible to hold an argument with Foscolo, unless prepared to encounter his outbreaks; and yet there was no one from whom more information upon subjects particularly interesting to literary men could be obtained. In

Greek literature Foscolo was profound, and Campbell always deferred to him; nor was he less learned than his friend Parini in that of Italy. Campbell would often begin a conversation upon the lyric poets of Greece, and give Foscolo full swing, until the last got away to Homer, the certain termination of the Italian to any discussion upon Greek poetry.

"Ah! Mr. Camp-bell, you do not believe 'veritablement,' how do you say that Homer was a pedlar, no, no, I mean a beggar?"

Here was ground to begin a dispute. Campbell would reply that he believed Homer was neither the one nor the other—if he were inclined to believe the great epic was either, he should incline to the opinion of his having been a pedlar, because then he should have some reason to infer he was a Scotchman, so many Campbells being of that trade, and that he should thus get honour for the land of cakes.

"Now, Mr. Campbell, you know it was a *lapsus linguæ*."

By no chance could Foscolo get Campbell into a dispute; all his efforts to that end were dexterously parried, after the poet's ingenious way of raising a dispute and backing out of it. Foscolo understood and spoke English well; but when he grew warm in discussion, he intermingled it

with French and Italian in the most extraordinary manner.

The venerable Roscoe, of Liverpool, being in London, Foscolo invited him to breakfast in Wigmore Street. There he was once found, shut up and working by candle-light at noon, on a fine summer's-day, upon an article for the "Quarterly Review." Campbell going down George Street met Foscolo; I was with him. He asked us both to meet Roscoe. The party was small; all came at the appointed hour but Rogers. It was near twelve o'clock, and some one present said Rogers had forgotten his old theme, "memory," or there would have been a chance of breakfast being over before that time.

"Ah," said Foscolo, "Mr. Rogers does not get up until eleven o'clock, so we will give him the full hour to come."

Campbell grumbled, and said that as things went, there was no hope of breakfast for anybody; he would have the inscription over hell-gate put up at the door—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi che'ntrate."

"No, no, Mister Camp-bell," rejoined Foscolo, "that cannot be true unless you go away—where you are, there must be the 'Pleasures of Hope.'"

He rang the bell for breakfast, want of atten-

tion to his guests being no failing of Foscolo. The breakfast brought up, including tea, the last, by accident, led to some remarks on the nature and cultivation of the tea-plant in the leaf; from thence to a mention of the Georgics, and then to Virgil generally, with a good deal of laudation of the Roman poet on the part of Roscoe. This was more than Foscolo could bear. He thought nothing of the Mantuan bard compared to the great epic of Greece. He accused Virgil of stealing all he was ever worth from the poet of "Scio's rocky isle;" he paralleled different passages with a wonderful knowledge of the subject upon which he argued, and on which, indeed, he was well worth hearing. The rest of the company was silent. Roscoe looking the Roman whose cause he championed, was all deliberation and coolness, while Foscolo, so warm in his temperament, and so impetuous in argument, poured forth words in a torrent, half English, half foreign, as he always did when excited. The scene was highly amusing. Roscoe was unruffled, while Foscolo, who could scarcely rein in his temper, made, in consequence, the most extravagant assertions, according to his habit under such circumstances. The calmness of that fine, noble-looking old man of seventy, rather excited Foscolo; his imperturbability appearing a species of

provocation to the Italian, who reverenced Homer as an ancient did Jupiter. How long the contest would have continued it was difficult to tell. It was put an end to by Campbell archly asking Foscolo whether the identity of Homer could be relied upon, because some had asserted that he was no other than Solomon, King of the Jews. The consequent laugh when the poet added, with apparent seriousness, that as it was believed among the literati in the city-corporation, that Sir William Curtis had written the Letters of Junius, he thought the question of the epic authorship should be first decided. There was something about Campbell's jests, from his manner, which told with great effect, when there was really little humour in them. When the laugh had evaporated, the last hot breath of the discussion disappeared with it.

This sort of jesting was often the resource of the poet to put an end to an argument that he did not wish should proceed further, by which he feared unpleasant warmth would be produced, or that he felt too indolent to protract. Numerous topics were in this way subsequently touched upon and dismissed. It was about the dinner hour when the party quitted its host, and before a conversation terminated between men

whose characters could not but impart to it a deep interest.

Sir Charles Morgan was one the of poet's circle. His talents were solid rather than showy. Campbell said, he never sat down with Sir Charles that he did not gain some new view of an argument. Whenever Sir Charles came to town from Dublin, he was certain to be one at the poet's symposia.

Talfourd, connected with Colburn as a dramatic critic, contributed many excellent papers upon other topics. Among them was one which early exhibited Campbell's sensitiveness. It was entitled "Modern Improvements," and conveyed a tacit censure upon the innovations time was causing on every hand. Campbell oddly enough annexed to it a species of postscript, which was no more than an effort to show, in an indirect way, that the doctrine in the article was not the editor's own. In this postscript he pretended, with an attempt at humour, not very successful, that the article was written by a member of the opposition, whose sentiments were Tory, one George Pertinax Growler, Esq., of Kennel Howlbury Hall, Berkshire, who called Waterloo Bridge a "splendid nuisance," and was nigh disinheriting a son for writing a sonnet to the Steam-engine, and addressing it "Hail! wonder-working power!" "We have given a place to

the foregoing article, which, though it came anonymously, leaves a full conviction on our mind that it is the work of no other pen than that of our late lamented and worthy friend, George Pertinax Growler, Esq., of Kennel Howlbury Hall, Berks, who represented that county during many successive parliaments, and, though a Tory, was a zealous member of the Opposition. Respect for the memory of our beloved Growler, overcomes all the reluctance of our personal opinion as to the inadmissibility of the paper. Poor George, the last time we saw him in London, he refused to dine with us, merely because we had taken an eighteen-penny row by water, one beautiful summer morning, in order to look at that 'splendid nuisance,' Waterloo Bridge, shortly after its completion. He may be wrong as to the blessings which society derives from mendicants, or as to the advantages that would have accrued to legal eloquence from the inebriety of lawyers; and he strikes us as heretical on the subject of the Bible Society. But let none imagine that George Growler was himself addicted to the bottle, or an encourager of vicious mendicity, or an enemy to the education of the poor. On the contrary, he had no failing even in principle, except alarm at innovation—to that he was indeed an enemy. The orphan nephew, of whom he speaks, was the

subject of his tender but very troublesome thoughts. The youth was detected by his uncle, at the age of nineteen, in having become a member of the *new* philosophical club, a very genteel one, that met for literary and liquid recreation at the Cat and Bagpipes. This circumstance required our intervention to propitiate the old gentleman's wrath. The word *new*, as his nephew said, would have offended him even in the mention of the 'New Jerusalem.' The same poor nephew being afterwards smit at Birmingham with the love of sacred song, a second time offended him, almost to the danger of disinheritance, by writing a Sonnet on the Steam-engine, which began, 'Hail, wonder-working power!' but we happily made up the breach. Bred a Tory by his father, who hated the Hanoverian rats, George Growler at first opposed the late Mr. Pitt, as a presumptuous young minister, and latterly because he flagged in Tory zeal behind Mr. Burke. What side he would have taken now in politics, can only be conjectured; to us it seems, he would have still opposed ministers as the most Radical of innovators. Be that as it may, he departed this life in 1818. His death was occasioned by a fever, on which the opinions of his physician and apothecary were divided. The former pronounced it nervous, and occasioned by the conversation of

his neighbour, Sir Francis Fluent, on the subject of 'New Improvements;' the latter attributed it to a typhus infection, caught during one of his walks, in stopping to speak with a Cumberland beggar."

About an article on "French and English Tragedy," a month or two afterwards, containing a literary position which he could not sanction, he felt again the sensitiveness thus exhibited. He dreaded lest the world should attribute the opinions the article held to himself, and therefore requested I would insert a note attached to the manuscript—for it had been sent direct to his house by Mr. William Wallace—stating that he did not consider himself pledged to support the opinions expressed by his contributors. It was vain to argue with him on the matter at first. When a number or two of the work had been published, he became convinced that his scruples were wrong, the public being little given to judge erringly on such a matter.

Talfourd wrote some of the reviews. All these were eminently adapted to the character of the publication, whether grave or descriptive of existing life, whether critical or argumentative; but enough has been shown to exhibit of what class of individuals the contributors to this celebrated periodical was composed under the poet's earlier editorship.

CHAPTER VII.

Conduct of the new work under Campbell.—Augustus William Schlegel.—Literary dinner.—Singular dispute, and Schlegel's victory.—Anecdote of the East India Company.—The anonymous contributor.—The poetry of Johns.—Sotheby.—The preface.—The Queen's case.—Shiel, Curran, Banim, Grattan, Sullivan, Emerson Tennant.—Song written at Sydenham.—The Poet's alterations.—Campbell's feelings in regard to Sir Walter Scott.

THE fault of the new work, unavoidable under an editorship that consisted in a negative, and not a positive, realization of the duty, was that it wanted an identification with, or a reflection from some strong mind. The change of form, and the name of Campbell, gave the work a valuable impetus, and much changed the condition of that kind of periodical literature. It must of necessity have furnished a striking contrast to the old magazines. It must have

shown a more refined literary taste, and displayed much more elegance in scholarship, as well as abounded more in matter of an amusing character, not neglecting information, portions relating to the drama, the arts and sciences, and biography, in the way of fact. But the rage for what was "fashionable," a term ever antagonistic to all that is really tasteful, learned, energetic, and truth-telling, ran strong with the superficial public. Campbell was not the man to lead in anything bold or novel, either in literary or political writing. I have before observed, that his duty was negatively fulfilled. What he did was on compulsion, and a burden, however light in reality. His temperament and habits forbade his indulging the prospect patiently, much less meting out a hundredth part of the attention requisite to infuse a warmth of feeling through the work which should make it kindle the hearts and move the affections of its readers. I do not believe the poet ever read through a single number of the magazine during the whole ten years he was its editor. The work might have developed important views, and taken a much higher literary standing, but Campbell had no idea of following out such objects. When he wrote himself upon any subject that involved a question of public advantage or private utility, he was ever what the

man and the poet should be, eloquent, elevated, liberal, and earnest. But he had no idea of "wielding," if I may so say, "the democracy" of the literature he might have swayed to excellent purpose, in order to press forward great points, or make deep impressions on the mind of the reader, through glowing associations produced by the strong unshackled efforts of his own, and the well-tempered pens of others who partook in his views.

Of this he had no notion, if some may think he had. He never attempted, wisely never attempted, what everyone who knew him well, knew he had not the enduring energy to sustain through half-a-dozen numbers. The poet all through avoided discussion, however slight. I doubt too, whether, in composing his beautiful verses, he ever felt pleasure after the period of youthful anticipation was past, and with it the enthusiastic hope of that period of life. Regarding poetical composition as a labour, it cannot be supposed he could ever have contemplated with aught but horror the heavy work of a magazine, in which, to produce an impression for high purposes, he should become an animating spirit. It was impossible he could follow up such an aim, or feel that enthusiasm in the task which is essential to every man so placed to balance the drudgery. It

is enough, however, that Campbell had no such aspirations. The periodical, in its unparalleled success, must be judged, after all, as a work better suited to the mere reading public, than adapted to the ideal excellence and lofty desires of those who have thought deeply, acquired much knowledge, and would fain move the feelings of mankind to lofty ends. It is probable that somewhat of a stronger political bias might have prominently appeared, and Campbell, on conversing upon the subject, gave his full assent to such a course, but a phrase or two remarked upon as ultra-liberal were mentioned to the publisher by one of those persons who affect to disapprove what they do not understand, sometimes in order to recommend themselves to those who look at literature and the invention of printing in the sense, strictly modern, of a medium to money-making alone. This gossip gave an alarm, to which Campbell did not seem disposed to yield, while he really did yield to the influence. So that the range of the discussion in matters of state policy, as in those of utility, did not rise above the level of a qualified reasoning, though now and then it soared a little higher, but never to the elevation it should have done. No periodical work loses anything by decision. When it limits its tendency to be a bold supporter of a given principle, it displeases those

who are opposed to it in sentiment, and loses the advantage of rising to the summit of esteem among those holding the same opinions, by becoming the half-speaking advocate. Campbell might have served his friends, and greatly aided, if not led, in the promulgation of those great public truths which time had successively developed after the publication under his editorship appeared. But from such a demonstration the poet would have shrunk, not from the moral character of the task, and the prospect of public good it involved, but because it would have appeared to his optics in the prospective labour, second only to the erection of an Egyptian pyramid. Tact, too, would have been wanting. He was never able to compass the leading article for a newspaper; not that he did not possess a hundred times more information than was necessary for such a common-place affair, but that he could not clothe his thoughts in language with sufficient rapidity, under the idea of editorial responsibility. Thus, devoid of the celerity required, he had no chance, in any other mode, of attaining a dexterity with which even practice could hardly have endowed one of his peculiar habits.

The poet removed his lodgings in town from Margaret Street to No. 30, Foley Place, about the commencement of 1822, still keeping his house

at Sydenham. It was before this time, I am persuaded from recollection, that the introduction of the elder Roscoe to Scott took place at Campbell's residence. Scott was in town at the coronation, which occurred the year before. It was singular that these celebrated men had never met before. I do not remember the great novelist being at the poet's lodgings at any other time, and as he was seldom in London, I think if he had been I must remember it. Yet, against my recollection, Henry Roscoe, in his father's life, speaks of the introduction as happening in the following year. A memory infallible as to a date after the lapse of thirty-four or five years would be a valuable faculty, but there is a sort of instinct that sometimes stamps a persuasion of correctness. The presence of Scott at Campbell's first lodgings in Margaret Street I well remember. However this may be, the great novelist was in good spirits, and told an entertaining story about a horse going off and leaving a bridle on his arm, Mrs. Campbell not controlling her laughter. The particular points I cannot recall. Campbell was in good spirits. I took coffee there, and during our chat, Campbell said: "I have a mind to try an impromptu." "I fancy that such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," I observed. "Well, I will try. Leave me alone for

a few minutes." I took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:—

Quoth the South to the North, "In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings:"—"True," the North made reply;
"But your nightingales' warblings I envy you not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!"

"There is my impromptu, and you imagined I was not equal to making one?" "Now then the lines should be put upon paper," I rejoined, and he immediately wrote down the words with a title, "Impromptu by Thomas Campbell." The original as thus written down I have had in my possession from that hour, nor was there ever a copy made of it. I carried it off, saying, "This is mine, which I shall keep as a curiosity, a memento of the meeting." It affords a pleasing evidence of that kindly feeling which distinguished Campbell, although from his reserve it was too seldom ascribed to him, or was only perceived in exercise upon isolated occasions. With him the feeling was ever present, however latent, and appearing suddenly though not habitually observable, was the more striking. With his charitable feelings it was the same kind of impulsive action as in other cases. Thus of some picture of suffering related to him he would form an exaggerated idea, fancy it greater than the reality, draw from imagination

attributes of misery, painful enough to him at all times, judge of what he had not seen by what he had, and supposing positive consequence from gratuitous inference, he would give more than he need or ought to bestow.

Augustus William Schlegel visited England, and while here received an invitation to dine at Colburn's, in Conduit Street. A few friends were invited to meet him. Of the party, besides Campbell, were Felix Bodin, to whom Thiers owes so much of his good fortune; Edward Blaquiere, who perished in an untimely manner at sea, and I forget who more. Incidentally the subje led to verbal exclamations among the different nations of Europe. In the course of these remarks, Schlegel observed how much the language of England had received in the way of accession since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and that we continued to import new words from all parts of the globe as we imported merchandise. There was no foretelling where it would end. The English was now one of the most copious of modern languages. It was to be feared it would soon be corrupted. Journalism, too often in the hands of men not adequate by education to their duties, nor endowed with a single literary feeling, tended to increase the mischief, from such individuals having no preference as to words, adopting in the

Journals, and passing current, the slang of the vulgar. Such depreciating introductions were to be lamented, for the English would ere long be the language of a fourth of the world.* All low and vulgar clippings and phrases thus introduced were so many injuries to the pure dialect. Even the Cossack "hourra" had been naturalised in England.

"Stay, my friend," said Campbell, "hurrah is an old English exclamation."

"Not so very old," replied Schlegel.

"Oh, yes," said several voices at once.

"It is not as old as Shakspeare's time," said Schlegel; "it is not as old as Elizabeth."

Blaquiere, in his thoughtless way, said he was certain it was older. Campbell declared the same. Bodin was silent.

"Might it not mean originally a noise, a storm, and be from the French houragan?"

"We never borrowed the word from the cut-throat Cossacks," said Campbell; "we have only

* How truly this apprehension has been fulfilled there is but too much evidence. One of these innovations is now found in some writers of mark, picked up from the penny-a-liners with whom it originated. A house now "is being built," and to strike another is called "pitching into him!"

just heard of the existence of the savages—it is a word of long usage in this country."

"Borrowed or not of the Cossacks," rejoined Schlegel, "you will not find it in your old writers, neither in Shakspeare, nor in Shakspeare's time. It must have been introduced since. I am better qualified than any one present to judge of such minutiæ in the poet. I know every word he has used. His translation into German cost me years of hard study."

Some one remarked that the word "huzza" was in Shakspeare, and that "hurrah" was, perhaps, originally a provincial corruption of the word as old as Elizabeth.

"Huzza is not in Shakspeare either," said Schlegel, with emphasis.

Campbell, rather stimulated by Schlegel's positiveness, and without a wary consideration of the question, acting, too, as he always did, under the impulse of momentary bias rather than cool reflection, said to Schlegel:—

"My friend, you are wrong. I am quite clear the word is in Shakspeare. We never borrowed it of those Russians. We were never enough in their good company to steal it of them. Besides, I recollect the word in a number of old songs."

"That may be," replied Schlegel, with pertinacious confidence; "I do not believe the word was

in use as early as Shakspeare's time, because he never used it, and he had every use for the familiar words of his native tongue."

"It cannot be so," said Campbell, supported in his opinion by the rest of the company.

"You are all wrong," rejoined Schlegel, with renewed confidence; "I am a foreigner, and much more likely to have noticed such niceties in the language than you are, who are fellow natives with the poet."

Campbell still insisted upon his opinion being correct, others offered the never-failing resource of their countrymen in such dilemmas, to settle the question, right or wrong, by a bet. Schlegel took it up, offering to wager a breakfast at Brunet's hotel, where he was staying, that he was correct, and his offer was accepted.

It is needless to say, this distinguished critic was right, and all the rest of the party wrong. Neither "hurrah" nor "huzza" occur in Shakspeare; tolerable evidence the words came in after the era of Elizabeth.

Schlegel was grievously disappointed upon this journey to England, in the reception he met with on the part of the East India Company. His object was to obtain its patronage towards the publication of some valuable Sanscrit translations, very important as a key to Sanscrit literature, but

expensive to print. The Anglo-Indian satraps offered to subscribe for twelve copies! This was great patronage in the India House thirty years ago, on the part of those who judge of heaven and earth, the thrones and rights of princes, and of humanity, by pounds, shillings, and pence. Schlegel was told that he mistook many munificent acts of the different Governors-general of India for those of the party called "John Company," and he was comforted by my relating to him the circumstance of Warren Hastings having sent home to the East India directors an inestimable present, the produce of his plunder, of two hundred golden Darii. These they so little estimated at their value, as to transfer them to the melting-pot. Schlegel laughed heartily, and said,

"He should return with an altered idea of the honourable directors."

"But remember," said Campbell, "this occurred forty or fifty years ago! They are wiser now!"

"Yes," said one of the party, "because it is known the coins would now be worth more than the gold if put up for sale."

Schlegel was a most instructive and entertaining companion upon literary topics, of which the extent of his knowledge and his accuracy were surprising, and yet he showed nothing of the

pedant, but was in society much of the man of the world. Yet there was conceit, a little self-consequence, a taint of vanity, about Madame de Staël's idol. He was given to talk at times too much, for one of his superior mind, of German princes and people of rank. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, who, it is true, merited high laudation, was always on his lips when he spoke of society at home. In fact, he made too many observations about this and that high, well-born person in Germany, whose observations, when retailed, would not have been chronicled from middle life, having no more than the common aristocratic morgue to recommend them, however personally kind, amiable, and sleek might be the

Lord of fat E'sham or of Lincoln Fen.

Campbell was puzzled during his editorship by an anonymous contributor, who continued to send papers for several years, the subjects being generally light and agreeably treated. The first was entitled "Le Cavalier Seul," the second upon "Epicurism." Remittances were sent to an address on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the Borough. The incognito was maintained to the last, and during the correspondence, the unknown went by the cognomen of "Our friend over the water." The hand-writing was clear, large, less

in size than that of Hazlitt, but somewhat in the same style.

Many were the conjectures who "the friend over the water" could be. The part of Surrey so near the Thames gave in those days the idea of a cockney Bœotia. No signature was at first adopted to the articles, but after a time they were subscribed W. E. "Who can he be? some one in the King's Bench, or the Rules, from the locality whence the articles come; perhaps an individual resident in Surrey or Kent, who gives a Borough address because he is far from town, merely out of convenience." These queries of the curious were answered by observing that the party need not in that case conceal his name, nor require the remittances for his articles to be enclosed to another person. At length it was assumed, through a suspicious incident, that these last were the production of a learned, ingenious, liberal-minded scholar and gentleman, whose seat in Buckinghamshire, connected with a name revered in history, was that from whence the "distant spires and antique towers" of Eton were once so exciting to the genius of Gray.*

* It is not less extraordinary than true, that the papers here alluded to were written by a lady, who still kept her incognito, but related the circumstance, years afterwards, by letter to the present writer.

It was singular, that during ten years the magazine was under Campbell's editorship, the universities never supplied, from the great numbers that must have lived within their precincts, one single contributor worthy of notice; a proof that the study of two dead languages, and hearing a few college lectures, did little for a writer until he had mingled with the world and studied men as well as books.

There was a clergyman in Devonshire, who contributed some very superior poetry to the early numbers. Few and far between, as all literary persons in town well know, are contributions of the slightest value received from the country. The poetry alluded to was beautiful; the writer was the Rev. Mr. Johns. One day that I had gone to take coffee with Campbell, Mrs. Campbell put into my hand a letter which her husband had that day received, and bade her keep for me, as it belonged to our joint labours. Handing it over, she remarked what a neat hand it was, and that it was poetry. "Read the verses," said Campbell, "let us hear what they are about." I read on until a stanza occurred, in which, after the allusion to a storm, the returned tranquillity of the ocean was beautifully described.

"Beautiful," said the poet, "beautiful, indeed! Read it again—that *is* poetry!" He would hear

no more, though other stanzas followed. It was as if he feared they would obliterate the effect of the passage which so struck his fancy. He then read the stanza twice aloud, and repeated the two last lines twice or thrice, getting the stanza in a minute or two by heart. "That is fine, indeed; we won't mind the rest. That is enough —I have not heard such lines for a long time.

> As though it ne'er had man beguiled,
> Or never would beguile him more.

Can anything be more faultlessly descriptive of such a calm?" said Campbell, turning to his wife, who, though proud of her husband's fame, I never heard express any literary opinion, nor do I think she pretended to any judgment on such subjects. She thought the verses her husband's affair, and that to be one of the best, kindest, and most considerate of wives, with as few foibles as any of her sex, for she had some, was the due limit of her province.

The stanzas were called "The Maid of Orkney." Campbell was in general reserved in his opinions, and sparing in his praises in such cases, even when approving. Thus, of Byron's poetry he said, "It is great—great—it makes him truly great; he has not so much greatness in himself." It struck me at the time, that the two lines bear a

very close resemblance to that tranquil, faultless beauty which Campbell succeeded in realising in his "Gertrude," and that an involuntary consciousness of this was the ground of his high admiration of them.

Thus making allusion to poetry, Sotheby, in his translation of the "Danaæ of Simonides," gave the work the best translation of this beautiful fragment ever made into English. Among the poetry, too, were Campbell's own charming "Lines to the Rainbow," which rank among his best things, as his attempt at humour in the "Friars of Dijon" must rank as one of his worst. It was in vain he attempted light or humorous articles, and not the less singular that the manner of his telling a light story was so good. A letter, entitled "Reflections on a Plum Pudding," published anonymously, was Campbell's own, another proof of his want of talent for that kind of literature. There was no point in the article, unless it lay in the joke that a cat of praiseworthy "*humour*" was called "laudable *pus*," borrowing a term from the surgery. "The Lover to his Mistress," the "Maid's Remonstrance," "Roland," and "Absence," were not up to par. In the "Lines of the Lover," there occurs the pleasing simile of the "waves of time washing away the impressions of memory." The opera in which the "Maid's Re-

monstrance" was to appear he began and abandoned. It must be recollected that no man of genius can ensure equality of merit in his works. Where a writer has accustomed the world to a high tone in one or two of his earlier productions, those which, but for their predecessors, would have excited admiration, are deemed unworthy of the author's name. Moreover, genius waits not for maturity in age, though in many cases it may have appeared late. The world is a harsh taskmaster, far worse than an Egyptian Pharaoh who demands bricks without straw. It expects a writer to continue publishing for its own amusement, in an ascending scale of excellence to the last, if the brain destroy itself by thought. It has no sensibility to the fact that it is generally given to the labour of a life to produce only one transcendent and enduring work. It imagines that the brighter coruscations of that extraordinary gift are at the command of him from whom they emanate, if he would but influence or invoke them. Thus, as it is, even that which is connected with the intellectual, is ever misjudged by vulgar opinion. It may be matter of doubt, whether beyond a minute fraction of discriminating admiration for the works of genius, the praise generally expressed be not of the nature of a contagion propagated insensibly and without a knowledge of

the true merit of what is said to be so admirable, and entirely destitute of a real discriminative feeling both for its beauties and defects.

The first year of the publication being completed, Campbell seemed at a loss what he should say to the public in a preface. He began by an indirect excuse for the avoidance of a stronger expression of political opinion in the work, evidently from the apprehension that the friends of the political party to which he belonged required something of the kind to account for the omission. It happened opportunely that Mr. Everitt, of the United States of America, had made some remarks upon an article inserted in the second number of the magazine, "On the complaints in America against the British Press," written by Mr. W. H. Curran. This supplied matter for the larger part. The poet had no idea of looking over the published numbers for the preceding twelvemonth, summing up at the year's end the merits and deficiencies of the past, as it would have occurred to one accustomed to similar publications to do, promising improvements in future, and palliating faults. He made the preface an answer to Everitt, and stated that "he inserted the article without reflection." This he did as the shortest mode of getting rid of the matter, dreading far more than the inference that would be

drawn from the avowal against himself, the trouble it would cost him to vindicate the friend who had put the article into his hand. This, if he had really glanced at, he had done in a fit of abstraction, for it was not probable, just commencing the work, which he thought such a task, he would have omitted to look it over. He pleaded his own oversight, or want of reflection, and then began to neutralize the effect of what had appeared ten months before, and was now nearly forgotten. A very injudicious course, pursued upon the momentary impulse, and not likely to invalidate reasoning on the whole not unprovoked nor unjust. Such was the poet's mode of proceeding. He had no tact, which was almost a virtue in the position in which he then stood, or, at least, a most important qualification. The preface was impolitic, too. Campbell had little foresight in the matter: because it fixed the editor to certain points difficult to be observed among a great number of contributors for a series of years. This was shown afterwards, in the fact of a letter received from America, in consequence of some remarks in the "New Monthly," by a British officer, upon our campaigns there. The following sets this in a clear light. The preface was thrown in the poet's teeth—a preface written to temporize and avoid that discussion which it was most likely

to produce, that, too, which the poet dreaded of all things. "Although I do not consider the enclosed reply to certain letters published in the last number, on the 'Canadian Campaign,' as full and as indignant as it ought to be, yet as the only answer to the libellous assertions, I send it you. I feel as an American in relation to the conduct ascribed to the people of Kentucky in those letters; and, although I have never been in that State, I have a distinct recollection of the indignation expressed by all, when the reports of the barbarities inflicted upon our unfortunate but brave troops reached us. I will add, that I was surprized to see in a publication under *your* charge, the insertion of charges so directly in opposition to the sentiments expressed in the preface to your first volume." This letter came from a Pennsylvanian, and the poet could not make any other reply than the acknowledgment of its receipt. In answering Everitt, he might, a few months after the magazine began, have pleaded "want of reflection" with more justice to the fact; but for the first or second month, while it was new to him, he was anxious and sensitive overmuch about it, and certainly did not omit to look at an article placed in his own hands by a particular friend.

The case of the unfortunate Queen Caroline happened about the time of the commencement

of the publication. He held the same opinion as everybody else who attended to the evidence and had travelled in foreign countries, that no guilt was proved against her majesty. She might be guilty, but the evidence established scarcely a suspicion to those who knew foreign manners and habits, which very few in England at that time did; the crown lawyers showed themselves palpable blockheads by letting this ignorance of theirs be seen. The conduct of the king made Campbell indignant, particularly as if the queen's guilt were proved, his manifold and notorious habits of profligacy would prevent him obtaining a divorce. But these sentiments Campbell confined to the circle of his friends. He had evidently no wish to offend openly the ruling powers. "Don't place the magazine in jeopardy," he said to me, "by entering into the merits of the case, it is better to pass it by, with an outline of the facts. We must not go head and ears into the conduct of the authorities, even about the queen's funeral, disgraceful as the ministers have shown themselves. We cannot, as you know, make it a political work, and it is useless to go only a part of the way towards it. The turn of events is already decided."

During the next year of the poet's editorship fresh contributions from new writers filled its

pages. Among those who were thus numbered, was Richard Shiel, whose writings, as various as they were forcible and eloquent, always arrayed on the side of those principles of which the time elapsed since has confirmed the solidity, were calculated to attract attention. One of Shiel's papers was an account of the celebrated Talma, whose character he sketched with great discrimination and accuracy of portraiture. Of his numerous contributions, many were sketches of Irish character, most of the living originals of which are now no more. These were recognised at once, and caused a sensation among those who knew them by their verity, and among those who had no personal knowledge of them by strength of outline and the peculiarly rich tone of their colouring. There was scarcely a trait of the individual described that was not elaborated, hardly a forensic trick or habitual peculiarity that was not faithfully conveyed in these portraits, and frequently a sentence ironically worded carried to those who alone could understand it, a meaning which, if it did not act as a cure, at least administered a corrective to some prominent failing. Nor were politics forgotten. Irishmen, it is a virtue that must be conceded by the most niggardly spirit that has exhibited its animosity towards them, never rend asunder the tie of pa-

triotic affection. Shiel remembered its claims, and enforced them, in times far different from the present, when hope was well nigh hopeless. In this he was seconded by a countryman, whose family name has long told wherever the voice of patriotism has been heard, eloquence admired, or flashes of unequalled wit either excited pleasure or stung delinquency to the quick, William Henry Curran, who died in 1857.* His powerful and graphic pen was as twin brother to that of Shiel. It is scarcely possible to look back without a feeling of more than melancholy upon the meetings that took place about this period between the poet and two or three friends, of whom Curran, when in London, was certain to be one. The

* With a letter in February, 1857, ended a friendly intercourse of thirty-four years between W. H. Curran and the present writer. In the character of the writing there was that unsteadiness which marks debility. A few months more, and he ceased to exist. He inherited, not the wit, but many more than the virtues of his eloquent and celebrated father, and lived and died more honoured by the good. His talents were of the highest order, and his disposition peculiarly amiable. Between 1820 and 1830, on a fine day, we used sometimes to walk to Chalk Farm, then a good house of entertainment, and take a steak and glass of wine, and much of the conversation on those occasions is still fresh in the writer's memory. In his last communication he stated how well he remembered them.

poet, the liveliest of the party, always unreserved among friends, related anecdotes or discussed some topic of literary interest, and seemed to forget there was any world beyond the walls of the apartment in which he happened to be placed. All this was before the death of his wife. It was when in the prime of existence and fame that Campbell thus comported himself, the time in life that happens but once with all, when the cares of existence seem to pause a moment from their labours at human disquietude. Before, too, in consequence of that event, he vainly made two or three years of effort to continue something of the same kind of life he had before done, until the void so wide between himself and comfort, cast him out upon the world till his decease, to live as irregularly as if he had never known the enjoyment of a domestic hearth.

The song, beginning,

> "Men of England who inherit
> Rights that cost your sires their blood!"

will exemplify the mode in which the poet proceeded with his later compositions. He had been quite taken up with some new subject of research, having promised poetry for the magazine, and not commenced until the "eleventh hour." In order to write with more facility, and be away from im-

mediate interruption, he went down to his house at Sydenham, leaving a message that the verses should be ready if I would come down and dine there the next day but one. Experience whispered that to secure the verses in time for the publication it was necessary to go. I started for Dulwich, intending to walk from thence, and did not get to the house until the dinner hour had nearly arrived. I met the poet at the door.

"Have you had no note from me putting off the verses until to-morrow?"

"None."

"I have written you; but no matter. How did you arrive so late?"

I explained every thing, and expressed a hope that my delay had insured the perfect completion of the verses.

"They are not quite completed," said Campbell, "I am finishing the last stanza; but the dinner is ready, I will complete them afterwards."

"No, no, before dinner, if you please."

"My good friend, the dinner is ready."

"Then I won't eat a particle until I have the verses—that is positive."

"You do not mean it?

"I do indeed; I fear we shall be late as it is."

Away walked Campbell to his study, and in less

than a quarter of an hour returned with the spirited song, saying he had been puzzled all day about the last line of the last stanza, and thought it was better as he gave it, with the conclusion that it was the result of the first intention, rather than of any of several alterations which he had previously tried.

"Now," said he, "I will read them."

He read them accordingly with effect, and then gave them to me. When I had them in my pocket we sat down to dinner.

We chatted over the wine until the moon was high in the heaven, talking of Sydenham, the occasional social meeting of choice spirits there, the freaks of Hook, and the good sayings of the "Authors of the Rejected Addresses." There was no conveyance back to town. Campbell wished me to remain the night, but I declined his invitation, set off late, and walked on towards the reservoir nearly in front of his house. Supposing I did not see it, he called out to me from his door to take care of my footsteps. It was the last time I ever heard the poet's voice from the residence which to himself had been the source of so many pleasing recollections. I walked to town, and arrived on a brilliant summer morning, in the solitude of the metropolitan streets, with the verses safe in my possession.

On arriving I found the following note at my house, evidently written to gain another day:

"To-morrow you shall have the verses, some ten stanzas of four lines."

The song comprised seven stanzas of four lines. I am persuaded that the poet had worked hard to finish them to his own mind in the time. He did not always change his language for the better. Thus in the lines now referred to, he wrote, and the fourth stanza was printed as follows, from the copy at Sydenham:

"What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtue blooms?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arches, tombs?"

This stanza he altered in his collected poems thus:

"What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?"

Had "temples" been singular in place of plural the reading might have been better for the sake of having "public virtue" plural, but it is hard to discover the difference between "no public virtue," that is, "no one public virtue," and "no public virtues," while the last line gives the

idea of many temples, but only a single arch and tomb. In all events the alteration, for the sake of the conjunction "and," weakens the energy of the verse.

In his fine stanzas to Kemble he altered the line

"That where supernal light is given,"

to

"That when supernal light is given,"

an improvement.

In the "Lines on receiving a seal with the Campbell crest from K. M. before her Marriage," the three first stanzas were printed,

"This wax returns not back more fair
An image of the gift you send,
Than graved in memory's thoughts I bear
Your well-defined worth, my friend.

"We are not friends of yesterday,
I think you know me not a little,
But poets' hearts are apt, they say,
To be impressible and brittle.

"Well, should fair faith my heart condemn
To lose your virtues' fair impress,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
And mine the waxen brittleness."

This was altered as follows:

"The wax returns not back more fair
The *impression* of the gift you send,
Than *stamp'd upon my* thoughts I bear
The *image of your* worth my friend.

We are not friends of yesterday,
But poets' fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say),
By turns impressible and brittle.

"Well, should *its frailty e'er* condemn
My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the leading gem,
And *mine* the waxen brittleness."

In regard to the lines in the eighth stanza, in which the name "Maccallin More" had been written, Campbell, being absent from town, asked me to revise the proof during his absence, which I told him I would do. It was remarkable, as showing upon what he was doubtful, and how little attention he paid to some points, as when he made tropical productions grow on the shores of the Susquehanna in his "Gertrude." He left the proof, and a note, which closed as follows:

"I am not sure about the orthography of 'Maccallin More,' but, by looking at Scott's ballad, called 'Lord Roland,' it will be found, I dare say, exactly spelt. My own idea is, that it should be 'MACCALLIN'—I don't know!"

I found he was in error, and that the proper way of spelling the name was as it now stands in his works, "Macaillan Mor," and so I caused it to be printed.

His opinion of Scott was, as with everybody besides, high indeed, although they differed greatly in politics. It was singular that both should have been, as much perhaps by hereditary feelings as natural inclination, politically opposed to each other. Scott was said to have imbibed his Jacobitish tendencies from having spent some time in his boyhood with the Stewarts of Appin, of whom his father was the confidential friend. The Campbells were, on the other hand, knit to the Argyle standard in political opinion, and opposed to the Jacobites, or the section of the Tories that were devoted to the Stuarts, so denominated in opposition to the "revolution Tories," who supported William III. Those who are most gifted with talent are not always above the predilections of early life, and both Scott and Campbell were thus influenced. Sensible of this, and of his own predisposition, Campbell never expressed towards Scott any feeling but that of kindness and admiration, except upon one occasion, at a time when both were in the full flush of public regard. This feeling on the part of Campbell might have been fully justifiable by the treatment

the bold, honest, uncompromising Covenanters received at the hands of the great novelist. His mention of the Dukes of Argyle, towards whom, save on one occasion, Scott showed he had no friendly feeling, was not like himself, nor consistent with fact. It happened, in one case, that the only nobleman of that house he had spared and admitted to possess some amiable qualities, was the grandfather of his friend the Duke of Buccleugh. This being observed by Campbell, he passed it over without any remark; he probably thought every writer of fiction had a justifiable latitude to indulge his predilections. But when George IV. visited Scotland, Scott came to facts. He wrote two songs, before the king's arrival, to an old Scotch air, "Carle, now the King's come," into which he introduced all the Scotch nobles except the Duke of Argyle. The thing was so palpable, that Scott could not avoid hearing of it, and then made an excuse for the omission by stating that he had heard the Duke of Argyle was not coming to Edinburgh. This did not mend the matter, because other noblemen had not arrived when the songs were written, and yet were introduced; among the absentees being the recent Duke of Hamilton. Such was the mode in which the affair was told to Campbell.

At these things the poet expressed his regret. Afterwards, when he heard that the king had shown peculiar attention to the Duke of Argyle, and that Scott was then observed to take marked notice of the duke also, and that it had been altogether a subject of notice in Scotland, he again spoke of the pity it was that Scott should have shown such a feeling. "Let Scott have a political bias," said Campbell, "we all have it; but why carry the enmity towards a whole race? If an old Duke of Argyle were opposed to the Jacobites, why retort the feeling upon the present generation? When the Stuarts are extinct, why should their friends, on the strength of tradition, be inimical to the descendants of their opponents, who are guiltless of treason against those whose memory is only honoured upon the faith of others. Scotland owed a debt of gratitude to the Argyle family, and to the Covenanters too, worth all the Stuarts, for the freedom they were the means of working out by their uncompromising resistance to tyranny. However, Scott is too good and great a man to differ with on such a topic. History tells the truth, and every day that passes, proclaims, through the progress of knowledge, that the cause of the Stuarts gets weaker, and their name more detestable as we advance in political freedom.

It was remarked to him that Scott called the chief of the Campbells "McCullum More," in place of "Mac Macaillan Mor," or "the son of Malcolm," in the place of "the son of Colin," which was not accidental. In "Waverley" the name was used correctly, as well as in the "Lady of the Lake." "No matter, let Scott call us what he likes," said Campbell, "only let him not paint historical facts partially; but, in exchange for the pleasure his wonderful imagination gives to the world, let him not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

CHAPTER VIII.

Illness of the Poet's son.—Contributors to the Magazine, Graham and Hazlitt.—American Literature.—Compliment to Rogers.—Visit to Cheltenham.—Letters respecting "Theodoric."—Criticism on Medwin's book about Byron.

THE poet had placed his surviving offspring, as already stated, at the university of Bonn, under a tutor. The attachment of the parents to their only son was strong, and to be nearer, they removed him to Amiens. Calling at the poet's one morning, I found he was out, and Mrs. Campbell in considerable agitation. On expressing a hope that there was nothing of moment the matter, she informed me, in a manner exhibiting sufficiently her maternal fears, that there was reason to believe Thomas had run away from his tutor—that he was then in prison at Boulogne; and she expressed much apprehension upon

his account, adding that her husband was gone to the French ambassador to endeavour to obtain his release. The ambassador wrote over accordingly. She knew nothing more than that it was supposed he had been arrested because he had no passport in his possession. But what business could he have at Boulogne? This proved to be the fact; the youth, having singularly enough reached Boulogne without the instrument of inquisitorial despotism, and from thence could proceed no further.

Returning home, I found the poet at my own door. He had called to tell me of what had occurred, and related the circumstances with a heavy heart. It appeared that he had not then communicated the entire affair to his wife; he feared there was much more trouble in store for them than he had yet ventured to tell her of, as he found that Thomas had exhibited symptoms of a wandering mind, the severest of calamities. He had eloped from his instructor, and had contrived, no one knew how, to travel from Amiens as far as the coast without a passport. There he had been lodged in prison, from which the French ambassador, on hearing a statement of the case, had just written over to procure his release. But this was of little consequence compared to further intelligence conveyed in a letter from Amiens, stating

too, that his son had exhibited symptoms of mental alienation. Particular symptoms had been remarked for some time previously, and it would appear had rather shown themselves in petty eccentricities than in violent acts. At the time the teacher wrote, the symptoms had become more decided. Young Campbell would sometimes take it into his head that persons on the other side of the street had insulted him, cross over, go up to those who had not even noticed him, and demand why they conducted themselves so insultingly towards him, and what they intended by it. The poet was much affected, notwithstanding his efforts to suppress his emotions. The youth, soon set at liberty, was received into his father's house. The anxious feeling in regard to the state of mind of a son respecting whom his parents had conceived brilliant hopes, was naturally great. Their expectations had not been ill-founded; young Campbell possessed excellent natural abilities, his disposition was good, his conversation, when he felt inclined to be communicative, was superior to that of most youths of his own years. He was about eighteen, a period at which the character of the constitution generally undergoes some change, and from this circumstance hopes were indulged that with the development of manhood the change might be such as was desired, but their hopes were des-

tined to disappointment. The trial was the more severe to the father, as he kept his fears to himself, and they preyed more acutely upon his mind. The effect was visible in the difficulty of fixing his attention to anything for a good while afterwards; frequent complaints of indisposition; the appearance of a mind continually pre-occupied; in fact, an incapacity for his wonted literary duties to such an extent, that when I went to his house to consult him, I found the irksomeness of putting any question to him so great, I broke off from my purpose, and acted wholly upon my my own responsibility. This was the case for the space of two or three months after this painful event took place, before the poet could fall again into his customary course of action.

With his sensitive temperament this trying state of things was to be expected. Death had deprived him of one child, and the calamity fallen upon the other was even more weighty. He kept his son in town, the fondness of both his parents rendering such a course of things inevitable. Young Campbell behaved with much propriety in society, so that in general, little or nothing of his disorder was visible to strangers. He read the newspapers, commented with some judgment upon the political events of the day, and at his father's table it would be difficult to

observe traces of mental alienation. His complaint exhibited no increase, but seemed to settle down into a mild species of aberration, visible only upon exciting causes.

The knowledge of a slight surveillance being exercised over him, was a restraint sufficient to render him in every respect an inoffensive inmate of the parental dwelling. That of his father was sufficient when present, but when absent, the son would at times break out on indulging in a little wine or porter, until his mother became terrified. Being the only friend living near, I was repeatedly sent for by Mrs. Campbell, in her husband's absence, upon these outbreaks. I found young Campbell easy enough to manage, but in a state in which some interference became necessary. His mother would entreat me, matters being restored to their usual course the next day, not to tell the poet of what had occurred, for it would unhinge him and shake his nerves. I forbear to state minutiæ. A careful regimen, and a slight watchfulness only, were all necessary for governing young Campbell; but these required to be unrelaxing. His mother more than once said to me on calling, "Thomas has been looking at his father so fixedly that he cannot bear it; he is gone out." The poet imagined that his son felt at such moments a dislike of paternal authority, and, in con-

sequence, a feeling towards himself, of which he could not bear the supposition. His son's gazing upon him probably meant nothing. A kinder disposition than that young Campbell exhibited could scarcely be found; but it was enough for the poet to fancy what might not have had a foundation in reality. The operation upon his sensibility was precisely the same.

Campbell, upon whose mind this affecting incident had thus cast a gloom, continually lamented that he could do nothing with his son in such a state. "I can never do any thing with him—what can I make of him? Education carried further must be hopeless; he is getting old enough to be active about something; must he ever be a blank?" He never spoke of the affliction as one touching himself; he never alluded to his own torn feelings, for this was his way; these were his own concerns alone. The burden was the impossibility of Thomas ever being anything in the world. He considered, ostensibly at least, the disadvantage to the youth far more than his own acute mental suffering. "I can never make anything of Thomas, my friend," he used to say, with acute feeling, to me. The mild character of the disorder, and the natural bearing of the son in general, rendered the case more painful than if

the complaint had been stronger and deeper marked to common observers.

I have gone more at length into this painful incident at its origin than I should have done, but for events occurring since the poet's decease, among utter strangers of all relative to the case. An observation from a writer I have before quoted I can vouch is most just, "that if there was one point in Campbell's character more amiable than another, it was his affection for his son." The remainder of this writer's remark is equally just, except as relates to the son's "imbecility." Young Campbell was never "imbecile," nor did his disorder increase from the first attack. He learned a good deal of the Spanish language at the house where he was afterwards placed. He never was under any other restraint after leaving the asylum of Dr. Finch, in Wiltshire, where he did not long remain, than that arising from the knowledge that he had a superior to whom he was responsible. He had miles of range over a pleasant country, and he availed himself of its advantages. I myself visited Dr. Allen at Epping, where the youth was ultimately placed. There was more foundation for another part of the remark of the same writer, that it was a touching sight to see the poet's fine eyes watch his son, and at any stray remark he might make,

indicating intelligence, to see how his countenance brightened with delight. Campbell did look at his son with a parent's fondness; he was pleased at the observations he made, and he often made many and pertinent remarks, all this consisting with the nature of his disorder. Campbell had no hope of a change for the better, after the second or third year from the attack, when his son's constitution had become completely formed. The son inherited the disease from his mother's family. Had Mrs. Campbell survived, it is probable he would have continued his position under the parental roof; but the poet could not after that event be always at home. He found, too, at last, that his efforts to continue his former domestic establishment, with no one at its head who knew his habits, was impracticable; he made the attempt, and was not successful.

Among the contributors to the Magazine about this time, was William Grenville Graham.* Campbell was much pleased with him, because he was a remarkably well-informed young man, had read much, and was of agreeable manners. His career was singular, a remarkable instance of a young man possessing excellent natural parts, good education, and much that was amiable

* An American, whose painful history is given in my "Fifty Years' Recollections."

and prepossessing, with a headstrong, heedless temperament, that drew him from folly into vice, and ultimately, six or seven years after, into crime. Campbell, who felt much interest in all about America, was anxious to become acquainted with the state of the colleges there, and the mode adopted for the instruction of youth. All these queries his contributor was able to gratify to the fullest extent. I have no doubt this desire on the poet's part had a prospective reference to his plan for a London University, which he had promulgated among his friends some time before, though he had not made it public.

With the kindest feeling towards the Americans, Campbell thought it would be a long time before it would be possible for them to have a highly marked literature of their own, if they ever should possess one at all. He thought that this was a disadvantage arising out of the early literature of England belonging equally to America. Owing to the language being common to the two nations, the higher writers of the old country must necessarily be the models for the new; there would, in consequence, be nothing sufficiently marked in American writers, to whatever excellence they might attain, that would give them an original stamp and character unconnected with their fathers, and altogether a

novel creation. They might, when the vast transatlantic continent became peopled, in the course of time, and of that decadence which is the lot of all empires, be the transmitters of the literature of England to unborn generations; but America would still be the only medium of the transmission of what had been common to both. America might shine beyond us in science.

Hazlitt began with his "Table Talk," in a paper entitled "Going a Journey." He continued the series in succession for some months. These papers came through the publisher. They were excellent articles; it was impossible to decline their insertion and act justly to the publication. Campbell's prejudices against this able writer were strong, and perhaps personal. While continuing his "Table Talk," he sent a paper, called "The Fight," being an account of the pugilistic contest between the Gas Man and the Game Chicken. There were considerable doubts about admitting such a paper. The subject was so thoroughly "blackguard," and it was giving currency to so disgraceful and demoralising a species of vulgar exhibition, that brands England, as the bull-fight does Spain, in the sight of civilised nations—an exhibition, too, that its advocates pretended kept up the national courage, while the real motive was the gain made of it, as of horse-racing, by gam-

blers and thieves. I suggested that the paper, disgraceful as its theme was, afforded too true a picture of existing manners, and would, in the course of things, soon become a mere record of our past barbarities. The poet, on conversing about it, felt that the omission might be charged to his personal dislike of the writer; and it was agreed, the barbarism should appear in a publication very differently characterised in its other articles.

If the poet had an antipathy to Hazlitt, it was not his common feeling towards men of genius. He had a high opinion of Sotheby, for example, as a poet, in which there would not be many found to agree with him beyond the unquestionable elegance and classic correctness of that writer.

He praised James Montgomery, of Sheffield, very highly; and I have heard him commend Bowles, though differing from him upon a well-known topic. An opinion of Rogers he once gave unexpectedly, I remember, not that his respect for the author of "Pleasures of Memory" demanded such a manifestation, for his feeling towards that literary veteran was easily discoverable when his name chanced to become a subject of conversation. I had called at his house, and was sitting with Mrs. Campbell, who expected his return every moment, when he came in with his mind evidently preoccupied with something he

had seen or heard. He then said, either that he had just seen Mr. Rogers, or had heard something about him, I forget which, and added, "He is a very extraordinary man. I firmly believe he dislikes men when they become prosperous, because he feels he can no longer do them and his own heart good, by any aid he can tender them." I could not help thinking at the time, how much higher this compliment was than volumes of diluted praise upon paper. It was the highest character I ever heard the poet give any individual. At that time he was a reserved man in his opinions, and choice in his society; very different, indeed, in both respects, from what he became during the last few years of his life. At this time, too, he was sensitive about his own fame, and was regardful of that of others in a high degree; of literary men and their works he was particularly reserved in giving his sentiments. Even about persons in general, not literary, he was guarded in opinion, though in his later years he let out his antipathies in terms sometimes scarcely justifiable, in too many cases, with scanty means of forming a judgment.

Visiting Cheltenham, some poetry came from Mrs. Hemans, in Wales. He wrote me as if all at once something new had struck him. My custom had been to keep poetry on hand. Campbell

saw everything in verse; a rule scrupulously kept, when he was within reach, for it was his staple. As time often pressed, he was not always to be found, and it was necessary to have a reserve. "If you are not already pressed, I should like the Greek song to be inserted, and the others to be kept; for though Mrs. H. is a very pretty writer, we must not have too many pieces by the same hand, for fear of monotony." This was a sudden thought; neither before or after did he ever thus express himself about the making up of the publication, in which he took no part. The pieces were, "The Ancient Song of a Greek Exile," and "The Isle of Founts," both of which I thought it necessary to insert in the September number.

Some time before, as Mrs. Hemans affixed only initial letters to her poems, they were copied and dishonestly given to different poems in other publications, to impress the public with the idea that they were written by her. This dishonest practice she herself wrote to request might be obviated.

"I should be much obliged to you," she said, "if you would have my name at full length prefixed to the titles of my pieces in the contents of the 'New Monthly:' some one, for whose perpetrations I do not at all wish to answer, having

adopted the initials I have been in the habit of using, I mean to leave off that signature in future."

I found it necessary to communicate with Campbell almost directly after this, in consequence of receiving a criticism on Medwin's book about Lord Byron, which had just then made its appearance, for about Byron he feared the opinions of others might be taken for his own. I received a communication from him in return. The substance was, that he felt much annoyed at being obliged to mutilate the extract; but that in good truth he could not help it, from being on such terms of friendship with Lady Byron, that he could as soon offer her a direct personal indignity as suffer the extract, from Lord Byron's strictures on her ladyship's character, to pass in a work under his superintendence. That it was impossible it could stand, and that it was the same with regard to the remarks of Byron on Rogers. The matter in the passage about Lady Byron had been already repeatedly before the world. His dislike was, that *he* should appear to give it circulation.

This criticism of "Medwin" contained much personal matter, not by the reviewer, but in extracts from the author, some of which I had cut out. I sent it to Campbell in type, and he sent it me back more mutilated, on which account I pre-

served the identical copy as one of the mementoes of our intercourse. The portions struck out had been before widely circulated in other publications, and could have done no further injury, had they been repeated in the Magazine. The omission of them was a proof of Campbell's delicacy of mind towards his friends, although, in his capacity as editor of the work, a different proceeding would have been excusable. In every other sense, it is clear, Campbell thought that he should not give currency even to well-known and well-grounded facts, if offensive to friends. At that time he little dreamed of the attack he was one day to make upon his old friend Moore, in connexion with the same subject. So little is it possible for the best to foresee the bias of their own minds in perspective, and so much better is it to act upon rule. The article which he volunteered in defence of Lady Byron was prompted by his previous respect for that lady, and under no sudden start of fitfulness, upon the appearance of the work of Moore. However untrained in the list for such encounters, and, as some judged, however impolitic the encounter at all, since it is rare that the cause of a wife in conjugal differences can be successfully defended by the pen of the writer, there can be no doubt about the sincere zeal of the defence. The warmth of the tone in which

Campbell wrote, arose from his natural temperament. He was not adapted for a controversialist in the commonest literary warfare. He overlooked weak positions on his own side, for the purpose of defending those which were obviously strong. He had the chivalric ardour of the true knight, but no experience in strategy. He was by no means a skilful advocate, arguing, as he did, from the impulses of his nature, not always the most justifiable, and being the champion upon feeling, rather than upon the solid basis of demonstration. There was in the poet an absence of that coolness of nature which prevents self-committal from excitement. Thus with Campbell, when he addressed an audience, he often lost the thread of his argument, and was sometimes brought to a complete stand-still through nervous emotion—and it was thus with him in controversy.

In the notice of "Medwin's Recollections," to which allusion is now made, he altered the fourth line, which ran, that the minutest details about Lord Byron were sought after "by every thinking and feeling person," into "by everybody." He marked for omission altogether the paragraph (see "Medwin," p. 43) beginning, "A very full account," and terminating "the MS." He did the same by a long extract from the forty-third to the sixty-third page of "Med-

win," terminating with the words, "I have the lines somewhere, and will show them to you," and keeping up the connexion of the sense by the introduction of the words, "His account of his situation immediately before leaving England is sufficiently melancholy." In page 315 of "Medwin," beginning, "But what has all this to do with Rogers?" as far as to "my immortality," he marked out, and then added the note beginning, "So thinks the writer of this article, &c.," as it stands.*

Campbell wrote me from Cheltenham that the weather was remarkably fine, and if there was a promise of its continuance, he urged me to come down and rusticate there for a time. He had taken a pleasant lodging, and had a spare room. He had fixed no day for a temporary return to town, a thing which would only occupy him for a short time, and he would, in consequence, leave the proposition *in referendum*. He concluded by observing that he earnestly wished I was down with him, in order to ramble together over the "Malvern Hills."

In alluding to my joining him, he said we must make no difference about the *meum et tuum* if I came down, upon any score of delicacy as to our expenses; that he should be delighted at the

* New Monthly, Vol. ii. pp. 406 and 411.

prospect of our remaining there for a time; that he had a spare bed, a parlour quite large enough in which to eat a fowl and drink a bottle of sherry. He prayed to fortune that the weather might continue good, in order to have walks in the vicinity. The idea he had of coming up to town he had now abandoned, though he had before thought it imperatively necessary, returning to Cheltenham again, and that at first he feared he might not have been able to meet me there; but things had since occurred that determined him to remain pretty far into November, and even over its close. He then requested I would say when he might expect me.

It is difficult, without these details, to give an idea of that kind of waywardness, or irresolution, or restlessness, whichever it was, that seemed a prominent trait in the poet's character, and turned him aside from many things excellent, as far as design went.

The poem of "Theodoric" was in the press. He had a sudden idea the waters would do him good. Yet at that very moment he was in the utmost anxiety about the appearance of his poem, which he expressed whenever he had an occasion to write to me. Any reflecting person, under such feverish circumstances, would have delayed his trip for a week; but that would have been too

considerate a thing for one of his habits. He wrote up to town just after his arrival:—

"I have a kindness to request of you, which I have no doubt you will show, and I shall hope to have a proper opportunity of testifying my sense of it. It is to correct the punctuation, particularly of the sheets which follow 'Theodoric' in my little forthcoming volume. May I ask you, also, to see that they go quickly to press, for I have not yet received a single sheet beyond 'Theodoric,' and if I go on in this way, I know not when I may get out. You will do me the greatest favour by accepting this trusteeship, and it will save Mr. Bentley waiting for my returning the proofs. I mean to retain 'Theodoric' standing in types for a week or so longer. The poems of the other sheets may be compared with the poems printed in the 'New Monthly,' and this you can do with more accuracy than I can myself. I should wish only to revise the sheets which contain anything printed from manuscript, such as the 'Verses on John Kemble,' 'Lines on a Seal,' and 'On the Princess Charlotte.'

"This I am conscious is giving you a deal of trouble, which I have no right to request; but I have no friend to whom I can make the application but yourself.

"When you see B——, which I suppose, of

course, will be soon, will you implore him to despatch the other sheets besides 'Theodoric,' and that he shall have 'Theodoric' within eight days. I ought to be out as early as possible in November.'

Thus he had not been a day or two in Cheltenham before he became over-anxious about what remaining a day or two more in London would have enabled him to arrange to his satisfaction, and then to have gone down with a light heart. How little he reflected in a common-sense way in the affair of the poem, and his valetudinarian visit, the sequel will show, and how he forgot all about the Cheltenham waters, and his own health.

I went down by the night mail, having arranged that the proofs of "Theodoric" should follow me. The poet was lodged in a cottage called Alpha Cottage, Suffolk Parade. I found him in excellent spirits, and his health better than I had noticed it to be for some time before. He began, at once, to project various walks in the vicinity of the town, anticipating more enjoyment than it was probable we should encounter. Before I quitted town, Mrs. Campbell had prepared me for disappointment in this respect, under the wide difference between imagination and fact. I had read her husband's letter to myself immediately after I received it, calling in Upper Seymour Street for

the purpose. When I had concluded, she said, with her slight northern patois, "Don't believe all that; you will get him out one or twice; he will be tired, and go no more." He does not mind fine prospects, if he is to walk any distance to obtain them. We were in Scotland once, at the Duke of Argyle's, and one of the Ladies Campbell was desirous of showing him a fine view from a good way up a steep hill. We set out on foot, and my husband had walked enough for his liking the day before. He went on grumbling softly to me all the way, to where we saw a very fine view indeed. He showed none of the admiration for it the Ladies expected, but whispered me, 'What the devil did they bring us all this way for!' He will quickly be tired of walking about the neighbourhood of Cheltenham."

Breakfast was ready soon after my arrival, and the poet in excellent spirits. From the house there was a pleasant but partial peep at the Malvern Hills, that appeared deeply blue in the distance. As air and exercise after a sleepless night are better than remaining heavy within doors, I proposed a walk. Campbell at once assented. I agreed to pilot him to Birdlip Hill, an old haunt of my own, from whence there is one of the finest prospects imaginable. We set off accordingly. The day was clear and warm for the season. We

clambered to the summit, which overlooked a vast extent of country of every description, cultivated and wild, coppice and waste.

From a proud elevation the eye glanced over the rich vale of Gloucester. The deep blue hills of Malvern brought to recollection the south of Europe, from their intensity of colour. Some of the hills of Wales were visible in the distant border of the picture. The effect of the whole was beautiful, if not grand.

"Those hills are like the hills of Italy in pictures," said Campbell. "I have never seen any in England so rich; we seldom see the atmosphere so clear; it makes my heart leap as it did when I was a boy in the Highlands."

"But you have seldom such a climate there," I remarked; "you are all mist."

"Yes, there is enough of that to make us value the fine days we have the more; our noble mountains are too often like St. Paul's on a smoky day, but our Highland people do not love them the less."

"I think Burns made less of the Scotch mountains than might be expected; he scarcely touches upon them in all his beautiful poetry, so pestering to an Englishman with his local words."

"But he has noticed mine," said the poet, "in a favourite song—mine by the Clyde—

'Yon wild mossy mountains so lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde.'

These are *my* mountains; to me the most impressive I ever saw."

"When you can see them for the mist," I observed, jokingly.

"Yes," said Campbell, "when the 'Scotch' mists, as you call them in England, permit a view; but that characteristic only endears their recollection, just as the mistiness of memory enhances our regard for by-gone things—you have not been in Scotland?"

I replied in the negative, that I had ever gone south, like his countrymen, whom people joked with a prejudice against travelling northwards, to which the poet replied, "We will go together some day, and I will show you the Clyde and my own mountains." I replied I should be most happy; but that if we were both out of London, and so far away together, the world might miss our appearance for a month.

"True," said Campbell, "the devil take the periodical; I should like such an excursion. I would show you all my boyish scenes in Glasgow —then we should visit Edinburgh and Professor

Wilson; but no, we must not be away together; I should like to see Mr. Colburn's consternation at our absence!"

Campbell was delighted, and evidently drank rich draughts of pleasure from the unexpected view. He remarked how much the diversity and irregularity of the scenery contributed to its attraction. Were the earth all as smooth as a bowling-green, how vapid would it be in landscape, how fatiguing to the vision; the upheaving and disjunction of the hill masses and the various eminences, which many use as an argument for the imperfect state of the material world, were in reality contributions to its beauty as well as essentials to the law of its formation, which the most unpractised eye discovers.

"I should like to be all eye to admire such scenes as this the more. How insects must enjoy visible objects; naturalists say they have thousands of eyes. Hook and Lieuwenhoeck assert that papillons have thirty thousand each and more, with every accessary to the perfect eye." "I knew some insects had numerous eyes." "Then they must enjoy vision beyond us, I should think." "May it not be a limited vision?" "That is the great question," said the poet. "Our notion of material, as of all perfection, was a vague imagining, a conventional term for what did not exist, and was never designed to do so." He observed that man

might improve to certain uses a portion of the earth's surface, but he could not change for the better the face of Nature; let him level the hills and turn the water-courses, they would not be nearer perfection than they are now, nor contribute so well to the symmetry, harmony, and well-being of the universe. He then travelled again to the Scotch hills, of which he spoke with enthusiasm, but expressed his distaste at the climate. "Did you ever see Wapping," he said, "on a drizzling, wet spring day?—that is just the appearance of Glasgow for three parts of the year."

But though Campbell did not spare the disadvantages of his country's climate, nor at times the foibles of the Lowlanders—for he would not admit that the Highlanders had any defects worth naming—he would never tolerate an attack upon his native land by another, when even a jest upon it was merited. I sent him, when he was away from town, a paper entitled "Modern Athens," which I saw would never do, with a pressing desire for its imprimatur from Mr. Colburn. He was indifferent about the first part; the second, which to a certain extent was personal, drew the reply I anticipated. He wrote to Colburn—

"Pray reject it, with no ordinary indignation on my part. I am perfectly ready to allow that the paper displays abilities in the writer, which

would render him a valuable contributor, if he chose to write like a gentleman. I am also persuaded that Mr. Colbourn* was seduced by the agreeable introductory pages of the article, and had not examined the whole when he proposed that I should publish it. But I would ask the author himself if he would dare to come forward with his own name, and affix it to such a vituperation of the Scottish capital?—*suo periculo*, I venture to say that he would not dare to do so—I even defy him to the proof."

We walked back to the cottage; the poet was much pleased with his excursion. We dined, and rarely was Campbell more pleasant. He was not a story-teller frequently, but he related a tale well.

The hilarity emanating from his excitement was delightful, in that the hearer could not help partaking deeply of its spirit. Unfortunately this story-telling was only occasionally witnessed. He threw something of the same kind of vivacity into his recital of poetry, not indeed productive of mirth, because the subject would not generally admit of it, but a species of enthusiasm that cheered and elevated those who heard him. He would sometimes attempt an improvvisatore parody upon what he had previously delivered, but he was

* Thus he often spelled the name.

not very successful. To be vivacious and comic are different things. Vivacity is not necessarily comic, and may not even exist in the comic temperament. The first cannot be simulated; comedy may be so, as it is continually with those theatrical performers whose general cast of mind is at the moment of performance essentially sombre. There never was a man who had less of the comic in his character than Campbell, yet at times he would put on all the vivacious spirit of boyhood.

To return to Cheltenham—other country walks were proposed, but the poet wished to go into the town and call upon one or two persons with whom he was acquainted. While this matter was discussing, a gentleman of a thick-set person called, whom he introduced to me as Dr. Badham. The poet disliked the doctor; and, indeed, he had nothing prepossessing about his personal appearance. He had married a relative of Campbell's, the beautiful Margaret Campbell, the daughter of his aunt, Mrs. John Campbell, who was no more, and whom he much deplored. The poet had a great distaste for him, and gave me his reasons. The doctor was of that class of persons whom one cannot like at first sight, nor afterwards, one cannot tell why—a "Dr. Fell" kind of personage. He published a translation of the satires of Juvenal, as if those of Dryden, Stapylton, and Gifford,

were not enough—in fact, already too many—considering the filthy lubricity of Roman vice displayed in them, which no affectation of scholarship in the mind of any individual really regardful of morality, could select for multiplication in society. There was no accounting for tastes, the poet observed one day, while speaking of the translation. The doctor inscribed his "Juvenal" to Sir Henry Halford, and obtained the professorship of medicine at the College of Glasgow subsequently, I think, to this meeting at Cheltenham, which he held till his decease. The "Quarterly Review" criticised the "Juvenal," not much to the taste of Dr. Badham, in return for which, when Gifford was no more, but not till then, he had the presumption to censure that scholar's translation in a preface to a second edition in Valpy's Classics, opposing his own medical transcendentalism to the labour of a dry but accomplished scholar.

After the doctor went away, we were walking into the town, and in the avenue to the Montpellier Spa met Lady F——, who at that time was much distinguished in the society of Cheltenham. An invitation to dinner followed for the next day. Campbell would not promise. "Come and take a family dinner to-day, then; we shall expect you." The poet assented, because the next day he wished to keep open for an excursion to Mal-

vern, whither I had been trying to tempt him. These minutiæ are mentioned because they exhibit the personal character of the poet; and none more so than his absence of mind in the present case.

We were on the point of returning to the cottage, having made several calls, when Campbell said,

"There is one call I must make alone—I must call upon a widow with two lovely children; she has been treated with great unkindness by ——, who was on the point of marrying her. If you will go towards home, I will quickly follow you—I will not remain long."

I went home and waited some time, but no Campbell appeared. I took up a book, and whiled away the time until it was necessary to dress for dinner. I then began to be fidgetty about what had become of him. I had looked out of the window at the Malvern hills, thinking of some of my family that reposed in dust in the vale beneath—I had looked until I was tired; but darkness came on and covered all, increasing with my increasing wonder; no Campbell appeared. At length the clock struck six, then a half hour more passed away, which was the time of dinner. Keeping the appointment was now out of the question. I ordered something for

myself at our quarters, and had nearly demolished the larger part of it before Campbell returned.

"A pretty joke we have played Lady F——," I observed; "I have been waiting for you on thorns for hours."

"We dine there to-morrow, my good friend," he replied.

"I beg your pardon, it was to-day; did you not engage in the Montpellier-walk?"

"Did I? then I forgot all about how we were situated, nor did I think of your waiting; why did you not go?"

"Because, of course, I waited for you."

"The truth is," answered the poet, "that I called on Mrs. ——, got into agreeable chat, and forgot all about it. She had with her a very sensible lady, who conversed remarkably well, and they dined early; they pressed me to stay; it was difficult to resist the solicitations of a couple of pretty women to remain longer in their company, one of them the sweetest creature in the world. I don't know how to apologise for leaving you alone."

"Never mind me, think of Lady F——. I have consoled myself with that which wise men say makes glad the heart of man," pointing to the sherry.

The next day was to enact wonders. The

morning arrived, and brought no proof of "Theodoric" from town, which was to follow me the next post. The poet became restless and discontented, though a day or two of delay could not really be of any moment; he walked up and down the room, troubled and uneasy; nothing reconciled him to the absence of the proof; and he got so excited at last that he started for town by the mail. The next day the proof arrived, having crossed him on the road. He assured me he would be back to Cheltenham in a couple of days. I visited Great Malvern, came back, and found a letter from him, saying he was indisposed, and felt quite unable to return. Thus his self-promised agreeabilities all vanished. I put together his papers and a few books, and added them to my own luggage. When I left Cheltenham I found he had laid in a store of good things, sufficient for both of us for some weeks longer, which I could only present to the people of the house.

Thus terminated what Mrs. Campbell called the "Cheltenham expedition," adding, whenever she spoke of it to me,

"Did I not tell you how your country walks would end, and the stories of your pedestrian rambles?"

All this was characteristic of that restlessness

so often displayed in the poet's character. Some image of a better aspect than that which is within the grasp of the present, tricks itself out in the guise of the illusive future, and destroys the worth of all that is within reach. Less developed in some than in others of the sons of the muses, it is evident that something of the kind generally marks the poetic temperament. At a later period there was a tinge of the same hue discoverable in the poet's continual changes of residence, and alterations of his dinner and breakfast hours. It was a feeling like that of sickly childhood, which fancies it shall feel better or happier in some new position with a new toy.

To return to "Theodoric:" there is much of the author's character of mind in the poem. It commences with an energy and elegance which diminish as the poem proceeds, and soon become exhausted. At starting, the poet was lavish of the power that his strength will not sustain beyond a certain point; it then degenerates. Thus the poet succeeded in his shorter pieces and inimitable lyrics, the spirit of which, like that of the war-horse, answers to the sound of the lordly hoof, rejoicing in its strength; the energy primarily kindled being concentrated in a short task, got no over-fatigue by protracted exertion. Hence the beauty, strength, and simplicity of the

lyrics, which seem to image the poet's peculiar temperament, equally visible in the commonest things. Still there are fine lines in "Theodoric," which call Campbell's better works forcibly to recollection, though the inequality of the poem is so great. He avails himself too, of "alliteration's artful aid" more than was his previous custom. The opening line,

Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,

is like himself, though

Heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin

is artificial.

So lucid is his poetry, that it is at once comprehended by every order of mind. To attain this crowning advantage, he sacrifices no grace of art, no elegance of style. In his better works he never becomes common-place and vulgar, as too many writers have become for that purpose. This is the keystone of excellence; the secret which links the labours of the poet with all memory. Hence, such productions are most quoted by the orator, as illustrations or as stirring appeals to the passions of an auditory. The poet whose works have to be considered and reconsidered in order to extract his meaning, who seeks the sublime in obscurity, or, to exhibit a pearl, obliges the reader

to grope through a bushel of chaff, can neither expect nor merit lasting renown, notwithstanding the efforts of admirers, and every extrinsic aid from art directed to force that admiration, which, to be honest and effective, must be spontaneously excited. For many years before his decease, Campbell had the pleasure, so flattering to one to whom fame was never ungrateful, and few had to boast of that which was more merited or more honest in its nature—he had the pleasure of hearing his verses quoted oftener than any contemporary writer, in the senate, on public occasions, and in the social circle, wherever a patriotic appeal, a philosophical truth, or a tender sentiment, required illustration. The "meteor flag of England," that had "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," so dear to the memory of our all-glorious navy—the "Coming events, that cast their shadows before"—or, "Life's morning march, when the bosom was young," will continue to hang upon every tongue while the language to which they belong shall endure. The poet aimed at being as simple and faultless as possible, without impoverishing the stores of a rich imagination in their embodyings. He restrains the exuberance of his muse only when she becomes diffuse, or, in the prodigality of her wealth, is inclined to exceed the limit of the polished and tasteful. He

purchases brilliancy and variety at the expense of verisimilitude, on one or two occasions, the consequences of over-attention to his main object, and frequently tames down his lines, from an anxiety for correctness, which deprives them of their sharpness. That author stands unpardonable in the public view, who falls short, in his latest works, of the excellence, in every point, of the work which preceded it. The merciless despotism of the public, like all despotisms, taking every thing upon trust, nothing on the footing of merit, considered in relation to circumstance, prefers the best production of a writer of mediocrity, to a far worthier work if it be the second-best of a writer of first-rate excellence. Had "Theodoric" been a better poem than it was, unless it outshone the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude," it would not have succeeded better than it did.

There is a simile in "Theodoric," the origin of which I remember. We were sitting at coffee, when two volumes of "Las Casas' Account of Bonaparte" were brought in. Campbell opened one of them in a careless way, and hit upon the passage in which the emperor, speaking of Corsica, said, "That if he were taken blindfold to Corsica, he should know where he was by the smell of the earth, which haunted him from his youthful recollections." This passage struck the poet very

forcibly. He recurred to it again and again. When "Theodoric" was completed, I found he had introduced the thought in the lines—

> Where, by the very smell of dairy farms,
> And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown,
> *Blindfold his native hills he could have known.*

The thought is not mended, nor does the note attached to the text give Napoleon's expression, which is to be found in volume ii., p. 343, of Las Casas—"He," Bonaparte, "thought that the *very smell of the earth* would enable *him* to distinguish his native land, even were he conducted *blindfolded* to her shores."

The poet had a sincere love for his country, as may be judged from his unrivalled lyrics, and he felt this affection strongly when he wrote "Theodoric." He was particularly partial to the navy, and fond of hearing about the exploits of seamen. Several years I had spent in the height of the war in a locality where its bustle and energetic actors surrounded me, and I knew many brave men, and was acquainted with many of their exploits never blazoned in official records. The poet was fond of such recitals, and would listen with eagerness to the most trivial, sometimes originating the subject of conversation purposely. He had been to see the launch of a line-of-battle ship some-

where down the river, only two or three years before he left London for Boulogne. He told me the circumstance, and told it with delight, though at a moment when his bodily frame was rapidly yielding to Time's pressure. "As the vessel went off the stocks," he said, "I felt myself in a state of mental transport." His patriotic feelings were in a similar way renewed when he wrote the lines in "Theodoric."

> A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
> Where nature, freedom, art, smile hand in hand;
> Her women fair; her men robust for toil;
> Her vigorous souls high cultured as her soil;
> Her towns where civic independence flings
> The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;
> Her works of art resembling magic's powers,
> Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers.

That Campbell was alive to every phase of public opinion regarding his works, there is not the smallest doubt, at the same time that he was aware of the lasting character of that popularity which he had already secured. His existing literary reputation, therefore, consoled him under the severity of ill or well-founded criticism upon his later and feebler productions. He had the reflection ever recurring that the stability of his reputation could not be shaken; for though he had achieved little, that little was transcendent.

He did not suffer his gratification to be visible to the world, for it would have wounded his self-respect. Accidental circumstances sometimes unmasked the reality of this feeling. Being alone one day, we were conversing about the ambition of many men for fame I remarked that it was as much a vanity as any other passion philosophically considered—what was a great name "to him that died yesterday!" Falstaff's trim reckoning, and no more. Campbell observed, "This may be true, but you would like such a renown as Napoleon's, for example."

"The infirmity of noble minds," I replied, "would not move me to exchange my obscurity for a tombstone. I would not give life for unconscious reputation."

"I would die to-morrow," remarked the poet, "for such renown as that of Napoleon."

From a close observation of the poet's mental constitution, as it was continually exhibiting for a succession of years, there seemed, to an observer like myself, some deficiency in his memory in relation to ordinary matters, even when in connection with important facts. In such instances the best were retained, while the accessories went unobserved. There are persons whose memories ever retain the remembrance of a face they have beheld but once, while they cannot recall the

proper names of those they have often seen. Campbell's memory was admirably stored with passages from ancient and modern writers. He could quote and repeat without a halt thirty and forty Greek verses applicable to a present subject of discourse, and follow them up with others from the English and Italian writers, in a way few other men could do; but it was rarely, indeed, that he was to be found in the humour to talk of what he called "the lamp." Latin was less a favourite with him than Greek. He spoke French fluently, yet I scarcely ever remember hearing him quote a writer in that tongue. It was not a common deficiency in memory, therefore, that occasioned certain trivial and rather obvious errors and inaccuracies in regard to facts to escape him. Perhaps it was an anxiety to be over-correct, that often generates similar defects, or it may be applied to some peculiar lapse in technical recollection. Pains-taking he certainly was, and would never suffer a critical error to pass, like Hume did, for want of energy to arise from his chair and refer to his books in order to settle a date or place beyond doubt; he rather passed over an error from inattention to small things, his mind being occupied with the main object before him.

He would sometimes misspel words in his manu-

script, and, as if in thorough carelessness, permit the error to pass in the proof. As I made it a rule scrupulously never to alter a word of his manuscript, if I could avoid it, but to desire a revise to be sent to him, pointing out the defect, he sometimes explained it by saying, that when he wrote it he had his doubts and intended to refer, but had sent the proof back, forgetting to do so. Once, when he was in Glasgow, he sent a corrected proof of his own to the printer by post, leaving the proper name, "Erastothenes," in place of "Eratosthenes." I ordered the printer to send a second proof to him, and wrote him why. He returned the proof unaltered, and the next post after that, brought me the following;—

"In my half-state of blindness I did not attend to one part of your letter before I sent off the sheet. The name is 'Eratosthenes,' and not 'Eras-to thenes.'"

I had made it right, of course, and sent the proof to the printer, because time pressed; but I made a point of never doing so, if it was possible to be avoided, however trivial and obvious the error, because it was a matter upon which he was, I had early perceived, exceedingly sensitive. It was evident he disliked that any one should shed ink upon his manuscripts or proofs but himself.

At another time he wrote a Greek word wrong,

Επιταφτοι for *Ἐπιτάφιος*, and passed it over even when I wrote him that he was wrong. It was in Lysias' funeral oration. I did not designate the word, and he sent it back unaltered. I was, therefore, obliged to do it myself, though one of the things I most disliked; but, as usual, there was not time for further explanation.

The inattention of the poet to collateral things, already noticed, was a part of his nature, and pervaded his social intercourse. It appeared difficult for him to abandon the leading idea of the moment to consider anything subsidiary to the immediate purpose in which he had become absorbed; and whatever he did besides seemed the result of instinct rather than reflection. The following trivial incidents exhibit this peculiarity.

I had promised to be in Upper Seymour Street on a Friday evening. After the engagement was made, I saw the poet, and mentioned to him that Count Santorre de Santa Rosa, who had been war-minister to the King of Piedmont in 1820, and was now an exile, would be glad to be introduced to him at the house of a friend, whom he did not know. That I would be there in consequence, and that the Friday fixed for a meeting at his own house, it would, perhaps, be better to alter to another day. The next morning I heard from him to this effect—

"On Friday I have promised to meet the Marquis of Santa Rosa, so on that day I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you."

I replied—

"I *shall* have the pleasure of meeting *you*, because I bore you the invitation to meet Count Santa Rosa, at a house where I believe I am to introduce you to the host."

Another instance, equally trivial in itself, but exemplifying the abstraction of mind into which Campbell continually fell, was on his receiving a brace of partridges, sending them both to me the night before, for the next day's breakfast. Early in the morning, a servant came to me with a note, of which the following characteristic passage is an extract:—

"By mistake, two small birds have been sent to you instead of one. You will call me the shabbiest fellow in the world to ask one small bird back, and remind me that to give a thing and take a thing is like the devil's gold ring;—but I shall acquit myself to be a real gentleman and not a devil's gold ring, on the first arrival of my expected Glenlivet from Scotland."

This was a double piece of forgetfulness. We met so often at dinner or at coffee, a moment's recollection must have reminded him that I never took Glenlivet nor any kind of whiskey.

Sometimes this mental abstraction would appear in another form, namely, in utter forgetfulness of the effect of something he did upon the mind of another in the way of slight, when he never intended anything of the kind, and would have been deeply hurt at such an interpretation being put upon his conduct. I remember his inviting Lockhart to dinner, saying he had just one vacant place for him on the day fixed. Soon afterwards, he found he had not a vacant place, and then he wrote to annul his previous invitation, on the ground of his mistake. The truth was, that he did not intend to put off Lockhart, but one with whom he could take any liberty. Lockhart could not understand it, until I explained it must be an error, and advised him to go. He had addressed the letter wrong.

Count Santa Rosa was, in many respects, a very remarkable man, and Campbell contracted a great friendship for him. He was possessed of considerable attainments; an acute understanding, and great goodness of disposition. In person he was below the middle height, short-sighted, and stammered in his speech. He despaired of mastering the English tongue, although he spoke it as well as most foreigners. This notion, and the small prospect afforded him of a return to his country, where he was esteemed even by his enemies, with

the pain of a separation from his family, which seemed to him to be final, contributed to strengthen his resolution of proceeding to Greece, and seeking in the service of that country either the due reward of his exertions, or an honourable death. He was eminently fitted to benefit the cause he had undertaken. He had been war-minister to the King of Piedmont; he had great experience in state affairs, and wrote well. On arriving in Greece he soon perceived, that from the ill-regulated conduct of the different parties, he could be of no use but in the field. He purchased an Albanian dress, and hastened to meet the enemy, in command of a few Greek soldiers, under his countryman, Major Collegno. Opposing the landing of Ibrahim Pacha, in the dress of a simple Pallikar, Count Santa Rosa fell at Old Navarino. He had a presentiment of his fate, and before the battle, was seen to kiss a miniature picture of his wife, and fling it into the waves. Ibrahim Pacha gave permission that a search among the slain should be made for his body; but as it could not be found, it was supposed to have been thrown into the sea. On the news of his death, an affected sorrow was displayed by the King and Court of Piedmont, which was, notwithstanding its hollowness, an evidence of the estimation which his ungrateful countrymen were conscious

he merited. Campbell, after this introduction, delighted in the count's society and unaffected manners, finding in his varied stores of information a solution of many of the apparent contradictions in the conduct of the southern liberals in Europe, for which he could not before account. He would listen attentively to the count's relation of the Machiavellisms of the European governments in their dealings with each other, and express astonishment at the meanness of the conduct of the rulers of states, and the shallowness of their diplomatic resources. "If business between man and man," said the poet, "were to be conducted like that between diplomatists, in what a state of scoundrelism would society exist!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Theodoric."—Remarks on that poem.—Singular and unexpected visit from a Mohawk Chief.—The poet's feelings respecting hostile criticism.—Bearing towards Hazlitt.—Letter from Sydenham thanking a friend in a reply to the "Critic."—Byron's remark on Campbell's sensitiveness.—Coleridge.—Poem of "The Last Man."—Mistake of the poet about the origin of the idea.—Campbell's attachment to political economy.

"THEODORIC," unintentionally perhaps, on the part of the author, inclined much more in style to the modern taste in poetry than the "Pleasures of Hope." The romantic school succeeded in tempering the formality of the classic, but by this term must not be understood that prevailing flood of diluted rhyme which has been since misnamed poetry, seeming in its admirers' view more excellent in proportion to the meanness of the subject and the

facility with which its torrent of words can be poured forth with little regard to the sense. The merit of a fine picture by Raphael or Titian does not consist in the flimsiness with which it is executed, nor in the trivial character of the subject. Campbell, from inclining in his last productions towards the later taste, gained nothing, and lost much of the effect his previous style secured for him. A portion of the inferiority of "Theodoric" arises from this cause, independently of its feebleness as a story.

After all, it must be admitted that about those works of genius which are of a lasting character, there hangs an impenetrable mystery as to the composition. They must be taken as they appear at long intervals, and as they present themselves. The mechanical utilitarians of the hour must continue to feel astonished that literary works like the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Childe Harold," cannot be produced with the rapidity of manufactures; that one such work is tantamount to the history of a life; that a deathless name shall continue to be allied with humble circumstances; that literary "manufactures" cannot give a lease of remembrance beyond the class of the material to which they belong; that the mechanical mark upon such works stamps a deterioration upon their character, not to be changed by the caprice

of fashion, or the predisposition of the ignorant, for what sympathizes better with their comprehension; that the age favoured of wealth, and the advance of the bulk of society in knowledge should find genius still contumacious to the rule of the all-worshipped Mammon, and that no fresh graces are added to the productions of the past; in short, that genius retrogades in place of advancing, as if conscious of something in its nature which cannot intermingle with the predominant earthiness of the hour.

Allusions in "Theodoric" are many of them borrowed from the author himself. Thus for the line in the "Pleasures of Hope"—

"The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore—"

"Theodoric" has

"The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,"

Many like instances might be cited. The story might have been made more of, but sentiment was the poet's forte, and richness of imagery his great excellence. Full of tenderness, his sentiment goes deep into the soul. The ambition of departed years is visible throughout, but it is only worked out in a dim sketch.

The concluding portion of "Theodoric" is not worthy of the commencement. It is always

politic to wind up well, that the reader may leave off with a favourable impression from what he has perused. The "Pleasures of Hope" comes nobly to its conclusion, and the gentle "Gertrude" terminates her song in a manner equally effective and appropriate; but "Theodoric" is brought to its termination faintly and wearily, without a line that leaves upon the mind of the reader the reflection that he has been perusing a work to which he may return with renewed pleasure. It is singular that so perfect a master of his art should have overlooked this point, for he could hardly have intended to try how far his verse might be led to please by extreme gentleness and even tameness in contrast to the vigour and strength it had before displayed. He composed much of "Theodoric" in his study in Seymour Street. I once wrote letters there, while he worked at his task. He corrected several of the proofs at another time while I was present, during which I employed myself in reading; for then there was not a word of conversation. Although he spoke of what he had in hand, I never saw the entire manuscript until just before he had copied it out for the printer. When he mentioned the title, I said, "What, the king of the Ostrogoths?"

"No, no," he replied; "a love-story. I have only borrowed the name."

Theodoric was, of course, reviewed in the "Quarterly," then under the editorship of Mr. Coleridge. The diatribe was marked by all the virulence that an obscure individual, suddenly elevated to an office he had not the capacity to fill, could pour out. His incompetence for his post, his displacement in due time fully proved. The splenetic feeling of the party the review advocated, was fully displayed on the occasion. The Whig was denounced in the "Quarterly," and the Tory in the "Edinburgh Review;" scandal and falsehood being unsparingly used by both; but in "flinging dirt," the "Quarterly" had the advantage. Gifford was no more, but Wilson Croker still continued to violate in its pages the maxim of Jonathan Wild, under a new editor, that mischief should be husbanded, being too precious a commodity to be wasted. The uncle of Mr. Coleridge had lectured against the "Pleasures of Hope" in times gone past. This, perhaps, moved the editor upon the occasion. Even the unfortunate hero of the poem was christened Macbeth in the review. I remarked to Campbell, that Croker and the editor had no doubt held a consultation on the subject. The poet smiled, but it was easy to see, that while trying to bear it heroically, he

felt it keenly. His "Specimens of the Poets" were not reviewed at all in the "Quarterly," because they were the property of Murray, to whom the "Quarterly" belonged, and to damn them in its pages being the law if they appeared at all, they were spared.

"Here," said Campbell, "are a dozen copies of a 'Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly,' sent me from Edinburgh; I know not by whom written; it is pleasant to have unknown defenders."

The poet gave me a copy. Time has exhibited the vanity of the mock thunder of the review, and the allusions to it would not have been made but as it may operate as a lesson to literary men, whose works are abused from party motives, and to the public of the value of anonymous criticism. The following is an extract from the close of the pamphlet on a review marked by singular dishonesty and virulence. After remarking on Mr. Coleridge's disqualification for his office, the writer proceeds, referring to Campbell's popularity.

"Let us measure the altitude of your own. Who are you? A nephew of Coleridge the poet, —not his son, who is said to be a genius; but high talents are not hereditary, either collaterally or directly. To say that this or that person could swear to your being clever, is saying nothing, for

brigades of what are called clever men could be raised all over the country, and every third man could scarcely fail to find a couple of housekeepers any day ready to be bail for his being a man of genius. But does your public reputation entitle you to speak as a man having authority? If it be not so, you have been audaciously wrong to mount the tribune. As a lawyer, the newspapers wrong you, if a single sentence of eloquence ever came from your lips; and common report describes you as a man of most central mediocrity, both in your conversation and profession. If it be otherwise, tell us by what token we are to judge of you; produce your proofs of ability. It is notorious, that the political reviews of the 'Quarterly' have for a considerable time past been one of its weakest props. In those which have been imputed to you, I should appeal to any man acquainted with criticism, whether there be the symptom of spirited originality, or of laborious common-place; and whether the mind that indited them is more to be compared to a fine time-piece, impelled by its own high-wound springs, or to a Dutch clock, with its see-saw pendulum and varnished cuckoo, that is moved by leads. Verily, if the hours of a poet's popularity are to be measured by clock-work, it is hard that they should be reckoned by your wooden wheels."

About that time, Campbell was surprised by a call from a friend of Brant, or Brandt, the Indian chief whom he had charged with such atrocities in his "Gertrude." Some travellers, and among them Lieutenant Hall, of the dragoons, had, in visiting America, made mention in their published tours of an Indian chief having held the rank of colonel in the British service in America. Brant was the only son of the chief whom Campbell denounced as the destroyer of the village of Wyoming, upon the banks of the Susquehanna, where now stands the town of Wilksbarre. It appeared that Brandt had settled in Canada under the protection of his British allies: that he had accustomed his people, the Mohawks, to farming; had built a church, and translated one of the Gospels into the Mohawk language. His grave was found by Lieutenant Hall (so his travels stated) under the walls of the church he had erected. He left behind him a son and daughter. The British government had erected a large house for the chief, near Burlington, on Lake Erie. His son was a fine young man, of gentlemanly manners and appearance, who spoke and wrote English well, dressed in the English fashion, and was a lieutenant in the English service. His sister would not have disgraced the circles of fashion in Europe; her face and person were fine and

graceful. She spoke English elegantly, and comported herself both in address and manner with almost Oriental softness.

This much had been known in Europe, though until this unexpected event relative to young Brant (as the Indian name should be spelled) Campbell had not any other knowledge of the chief than he might have gleaned from the "History of the Destruction of Wyoming by the English and Indians in 1778," and that history, in some points, appears to have been exceedingly erroneous. The inhabitants were nearly all massacred, of three hundred men only four escaping. The commanders on both sides are said to have been named Butler. Brant, the Mohawk chief, was many miles from the spot when the battle took place. Campbell, with a poet's licence and haste, had taken the current account of this battle, in which Brant was represented as a monster, whereas he was an Indian of singularly civilised habits. All this became known to him for a fact by young Brant coming to England. A friend first announced such an event, and that the young Indian chief had documents which would incontestably prove his father's innocence. Campbell stated that he had, as poets had done from time immemorial, drawn upon imagination for the larger part of the incidents in the poem, taking the name of

Brant from history. He added that he could not have dreamed at the time he did so, that an Indian chief would ever be affected by it, much less peruse its contents. It must be admitted, that with the state of information in England, even in 1808, it might as well have been imagined that the St. Lawrence should flow to London as that the people represented, and believed in England to be horrible savages, putting prisoners to unheard-of tortures, and scarcely attaining beyond animal existence, should find an individual in their number who could be as sensitive as Brant was about his father's fair fame. Time and the march of information had in twenty years done wonders in England as well as in America, and the son of the redoubted chief whom Campbell represented as heading the slaughter at Wyoming, soon after entered the poet's dwelling in London, to ask that redress for his father's memory which the poet could not but be gratified in conceding. I think Campbell informed me afterwards, that young Brant had become Lieutenant-colonel Brant.*

* He has paid the debt of nature as well as the poet. The following is from an American paper, the date of which I have unfortunately missed:—

"At the Mohawk village, near Brantford, John Brant, Esq., chief of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, and son of the gallant chieftain who distinguished himself so nobly in the revolutionary and late wars. Mr. Brant was an ac-

This incident was, upon the whole, a singular and touching event in the poet's life.

In the letter which he wrote to Brant, and published, he says that he "took the liberty of a versifier to run away from fact into fancy, like a schoolboy who never dreams that he is a truant when he rambles on a holiday from school. It seems, however, that I falsely represented Wyoming"—(Campbell alludes here to the Canadian newspapers)—"as a terrestrial paradise. It was not so, say the Canadian papers, because it contained a great number of Tories; and, undoubtedly, that cause goes far to account for the fact. Earthly paradises, however, are not lasting things, and Tempe and Arcadia may have their drawbacks on happiness as well as Wyoming. I must, nevertheless, still believe, that it was a flourishing colony, and that its destruction furnished a just warning to human beings against war and revenge. But the whole catastrophe is affirmed in a Canadian newspaper to have been nothing more than a fair battle. If this be the fact, let accredited signatures come forward to attest it, and vindicate the innocence and honourableness of the whole transaction, as your father's character has

complished gentleman, and died sincerely regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintances of the first respectability."

been vindicated. An error about him by no means proves the whole account of the business to be a fiction. Who would not wish its atrocity to be disproved! But who can think it disproved by a single defender, who writes anonymously and without definable weight or authority?"

There was a note subjoined to the letter thus addressed to Brant, which slightly noticed his own feelings about hostile criticism, and the submission of his work to the censorship of friends. I believe,—from something like the best part of thirty years' closer intimacy with Campbell, for the best part of that time, than any other man,—I believe that what he states is strictly correct. Except in early life, when he submitted to the kind advice and critical judgment of Dr. Anderson the manuscript copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," he consulted nobody in the composition of his poems. In solitude and silence he conceived and composed them. He was a proud man in this sense; he would have thought it an insult to his own understanding to consult this individual or that, who might be among his friends, and to take their judgment in preference to his own, after his former efforts had been crowned with great success. He might have read the manuscript to a friend or two before he put it into the printer's

hand, but only when it was perfected. The world has a notion, that a different is a wise course, because in these matters the world is as foolish as its own idea. Who are the critics of the hour, but men nine times out of ten utterly incapable of themselves exhibiting a tithe of the merit upon which they assume to sit in judgment? If Racine read his verses to an old woman, it was only that he might avail himself of obvious objections that would strike plain minds before a theatrical audience, and afford him the means of considering those meriting alteration. Such is the corruption of what is miscalled criticism in modern times, that interest, party feeling, private dislike, or the reverse, govern notices of new works, since criticisms they cannot be called, where no analysation of such works takes place—where the critic, self-styled, rarely gives the work he treats upon even a decent perusal.

Campbell says, I have no doubt with the most perfect truth,—"Nor did I ever lean on the taste of others with that miserable distrust of my own judgment which the anecdote conveys," referring to a statement from which Washington Irving, in a biographical notice prefixed to an American edition of "Gertrude of Wyoming," infers that he did. In regard to criticism, he was too proud to exhibit what he felt, though "as far as authors

generally are from bowing to the justice of hostile criticism," to use his own words.

Still Campbell could not forgive any who made a blow at him, where the result would not admit of being interpreted but to his disadvantage. He felt, then, that he had the worst of the matter at issue, the criticism being no party or personal matter, and that he was, in consequence, so far injured. This it must be confessed he never forgot. He did not care what spleen or party feeling or malevolence might do; these unjust attacks his own position and consciousness of merit might repel, but real justice in an attack struck home, and he never got over his antipathy to its author.

Hazlitt had justice on his side, when he said of Campbell, that though he loved popularity, self-respect was the primary law—the condition on which it was to be obtained. He never tolerated the remarks made by this writer, although it cannot be denied that Hazlitt has commended his poetry in the highest terms; he has given the poet all but boundless praise. "Campbell," he says "excels chiefly in sentiment and imagery. The story moves slow, and is mechanically conducted, and rather resembles a Scotch canal carried over lengthened aqueducts, and with a number of locks in it, than one of those rivers

that sweep in their majestic course broad and full over Transatlantic plains, and lose themselves in rolling gulfs, or thunder down lofty precipices. But in the centre, the inmost recesses of the poet's heart, the pearly dew of sensibility is distilled and collects, like the diamond in the mine, and the structure of his fame rests on the crystal columns of a polished imagination. We prefer the 'Gertrude' to the 'Pleasures of Hope,' because, with perhaps less brilliancy, there is more of tenderness and of natural imagery in the former." Again, "in the 'Gertrude of Wyoming' we perceive a softness coming over the heart of the author, and the sides and crust of formality that fence in his couplets, and give them a somewhat glittering and rigid appearance, fall off, and he has succeeded in engrafting the wild and more expansive interest of the romantic school of poetry on classic elegance and precision." But all Hazlitt's remarks were neutralised in Campbell's estimation by the discovery that one of the lines in the "Pleasures of Hope," was a borrowed line, unintentionally there is no doubt; Campbell's pride would have at once prevented the accident had he been aware of it. Perhaps it was passed over even in his young years through one of those abstractions already alluded to, as so unaccountable in his after-life; haply he had

forgotten that he had read Blair, and the line remained confounded with his own verses in his mind. No matter, Hazlitt, amid the highest encomiums on his poetry, mentioned the circumstance, and added, that the best line in the poem—

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

was borrowed from Blair's "Grave"—

"Like angel visits, short and far between."

This feeling exhibited itself in numberless instances; even while speaking in terms of praise of the essays of that writer, Campbell vented his ire upon the man. He declared that Hazlitt had been a means of irritating John Scott to such a degree, that it was one cause of his going out in the duel where he fell: that Hazlitt was a dangerous man.

Before the "Spirits of the Age" appeared in a volume, Hazlitt had made known the incident respecting the line from Blair. Campbell never referred to that circumstance in our conversation about Hazlitt's contributions, as might be judged he would not, since it would thus induce a suspicion of the cause of his antipathy, at least, so I imagined—but I was wrong. A paper on Milton's "Comus," which I had written, and in

which, without thinking about it, I had commented upon Pope's borrowing from Milton, word for word, in the epistle of "Eloise and Abelard," and had further remarked that Pope had diminished the grace of Milton's language by his interpolations, I showed to the poet at the time we had been talking of Hazlitt. This was ill-timed, but Campbell, so far from applying it, as he might have done, to a parallel between himself and Blair, and imagining, as I had fought strenuously for the admission of Hazlitt's articles, that I had something personal in view in such a paper, whereas the coincidence was perfectly accidental, said it was curious he had not remarked Pope's plagiarisms himself, and seemed rather pleased with the observation. I had wished the article in the fire when it was too late; yet it went into the Magazine. How very different would a suspicious mind have acted under the circumstances. The simplicity and integrity of Campbell's heart prevented that construction, which, without much blame, anyone might have been induced to construe into design. His habitual forgetfulness could not have interposed in this instance. I believe a more guileless man, one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed.

Still his prejudices were insurmountable even

where the error detected was founded on justice and could not be set aside. The "Spirits of the Age" was not published until 1825, but the remarks of the critic, it has been said, had a long prior existence, indeed as far back as 1816 or 1817, when they were first broached by Hazlitt in his lectures. It was difficult to imagine how Campbell at that time writhed under a few remarks that could not do him the slightest injury. No writer is faultless, and Campbell's lofty elevation and established reputation as a poet it was impossible could be affected by observations which it was natural enough for any critic to entertain, and in the present case, were made by one almost unknown at the time. He would not, from indolence or self-love, correct palpable mistakes in his works acknowledged to be such by himself, and it was too much to suppose they would not be matter of comment to critics. Hazlitt was splenetic, and dealt unsparingly with some writers, but he by no means used Campbell so as his character of the poet's verse in the "Spirits of the Age," abundantly testifies.

To show where this distasteful feeling had its origin, it happened that in some of Hazlitt's lectures, his remarks had excited the notice and called forth the comment of a countryman, Thomas Pringle. This was as early as 1818.

Pringle gave the poet an intimation of this advocacy and a copy of the article. It was grateful to the poet, and his written reply to Pringle on the occasion, dated from Sydenham, showed how deeply any remarks that he did not conceive friendly really wounded him, notwithstanding his effort to appear regardless of them. After thanking Pringle cordially for his statement about Hazlitt, he continued as follows:—"I will not pretend to be an utterly impartial judge, but neither will I submit to say, but that I think his bold style a torrent which will possibly brawl itself away a little sooner than you imagine. Of the bitterness of his heart and of the causes of his hostility to me, I know more than to attach importance to his opinion. My insensibility to his attack may arise from self-respect or from self-conceit, just as charity or severity may choose to explain it. But no feelings which I have had upon the subject interfere with the gratitude which I owe to you and to your friend. It is a kind, friendly, timely act of goodness. The spirit of your interference is generous. I will let any man read the preface, and say impartially if it be not ably and elegantly written. I feel myself honoured by your friend's vindication, by the matter and by the manner of it. As to the spirit which pervades it, I am absolutely un-

able to thank you completely. No man could ask his dearest friend to write such an article. It comes spontaneously from a stranger. It is pure, gratuitous, unprompted zeal. Kingdoms could not purchase such a favourable spirit in the breast of one man for the fair fame of another. Kings and autocrats have no friends who cannot be suspected, but here is a poor poet who has a man of zeal and abilities to be a champion in the cause of his reputation. It matters not what I am, or with what egotism I may feel the obligation, but if I were not sensible to it I should be a miserable icicle of insensibility. Lastly, it comes from my native country, and the writer is my countryman. If he should be partial to me, the partiality is the more touching from the ties of native attachment with which it binds me to the name of Scotland." Such was the reply of the poet to Pringle, which bears out the remarks above made.

It is thus seen how much the poet really felt while affecting not to feel about what was in itself of trivial importance. If Hazlitt really pointed out critical errors, the statement of that fact was surely not blameable in one who owed the poet nothing; if the criticism were erroneous, it could do no mischief to a reputation so firmly fixed upon an elevated basis as that of Campbell.

Now as with Hazlitt, so with Coleridge, though in a less degree, for Coleridge spoke of the style of poetry, and did not criticise the individual. He attacked all works of a peculiar class. Campbell ever showed a great distaste afterwards towards Coleridge. Indeed, speaking of his better days, he was no lover of the Lake School of poets generally. He was no believer in their theories, theories delivered with no small mixture of conceit and self-assumption. Campbell thought that while doing good in untrammelling writers from superfluous and custom-ridden rules, they, on the other hand, went too far, and substituted licentiousness in place of wholesome freedom, when they scorned to discipline their verse, and advocated its running wild without curb or rein. He contended that painstaking in composition and careful finish were necessary to ensure endurance in poetry, and that poetical composition requires pruning and judicious management to bear good fruit fully as much as the espalier of the garden. Coleridge, for paradox, and talking's sake perhaps, denied the existence of Homer. What did Coleridge know about Homer more than other people, when he thus flatly asserted this, of which he could have no competent knowledge? He would have entered upon a denial of his own identity if he had nothing else to talk about, that people would

listen to, for his talk he must have had, or ceased to exist.

The poem of "The Last Man" was written in 1824, and first published in the "New Monthly Magazine." He imagined that Byron had taken the idea from him in the poem entitled "Darkness," beginning—

"I had a dream, it was not all a dream."

He said that he had once mentioned the subject to Byron, in St. James's Street, and that Byron had carried away the idea. I happened to know, from a friend whom I met in Paris, in 1817, and who had seen Byron and Shelley in the south the year before, that with Byron the poem of "Darkness" originated in a conversation with Shelley, as they were standing together, in a day of brilliant sunshine, looking upon the Lake of Geneva. Shelley said, "What a change it would be if the sun were to be extinguished at this moment; how the race of man would perish, until perhaps only one remained—suppose one of us! How terrible would be his fate!" or words to the same effect. Campbell would not admit this, but tenaciously adhered to the idea that Byron had committed the larceny. I observed to him that the idea of one man, the last of his race, remaining when all besides were destroyed, was a very obvious one.

That Byron's poem had nothing more. The image of a sun quenched suddenly in eternal night, and its consequences, might have been original with both, though I was very sure I had seen it years before either had written upon it. He then began to wax warm at the very supposition, so much so that I did not like to prolong the argument. He claimed the idea of a man existing when all his race beside was no more, wholly and solely as his own idea. He did not claim the concomitant darkness which Byron introduced. I told him I would endeavour to find the passage to which I alluded, and show it to him.

No one will regret that both Campbell and Byron wrote upon the same subject: their poems are both exquisitely beautiful, and yet bear little reremblance to each other. They speak how various are the phases of genius, and yet how perfect each may be in itself.

I found the image in an obscure printed poem, the date of which was 1811; the lines were as follow, and I took them to Campbell, who had clung to the opinion that the idea was primitive with himself; he could not gainsay a work with the date affixed:

"Thus when creation's destined course is run,
And shrinking nature views the expiring sun,

Some awful sage, the last of human race,
Faith in his soul and courage in his face,
Unmoved shall brave the moment of affright
When chaos reassumes the crown of night."

"You are right," said Campbell, "the idea is not original with me. I thought it had been, for I never met with it before. Foscolo has said rightly enough, that original ideas are few, the modes of putting them are countless, and there I suppose lies the novelty."

Not only does the above show that the idea was not original, and most probably spontaneously produced in each case, but a further confirmation of this probability is furnished in a note which I received since the poet's decease, from Dr. Dickson, of Hertford Street, Mayfair, who on seeing the foregoing remarks previously published, wrote me that he always imagined Campbell had borrowed the idea from Bishop Horne; a circumstance no way likely, as he was no sermon reader, save in an extraordinary case, and had not got Horne in his library. The extract thus transmitted, runs as follows; it is from Horne's sermon, "The Death of the Old Year."

"For not only friends die and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already has it suffered a watery death; it is

to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated author, having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of this fire, and the progress it is to make, with the final and utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk into a molten deluge. In this situation of things, *he stands over the world as if he had been the* ONLY SURVIVOR, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity, scarcely ever equalled by mere man.

"Let us reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of the habitable world, &c."

The quotation is here continued, the passage being taken from Dr. T. Burnett's "Sacred Theory of the Earth," Book III. Chap. xii.

Campbell had addressed to Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review," the following letter upon the subject:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The criticisms in your review of my last volume of poems can form no proper subject for any printed animadversions of mine; but I hope the readers of this letter will excuse me for answering one of your observations, which relates rather to a matter of fact than to a matter of opinion.

"You say that my poem, the 'Last Man,' seems to have been suggested by Lord Byron's poem, 'Darkness.'—Now the truth is, that fifteen, or it may be more, years ago, I called on Lord Byron, who at that time had lodgings near St. James's Street; and we had a long and, to me, a very memorable conversation, from which, I have not a doubt that his Lordship imbibed those few ideas in the poem, 'Darkness,' which have any resemblance to mine in the 'Last Man.'—I remember my saying to him, that I thought the idea of a being witnessing the extinction of his species and of the creation, and of his looking, under the fading eye of nature, at desolate cities, ships floating at sea with the dead, would make a striking subject for a poem.—I met those very ideas, many years afterwards, when I read Lord Byron's poem, 'Darkness.'—It may be asked, why I did not then appeal to Lord Byron about the originality of those few ideas? As circumstances have turned out, I now wish that I had done so. Lord Byron's most attached friend has given me his opinion, that if his Lordship had not forgotten the conversation, and was conscious of using an idea which I had suggested to him, he did so, prepared to give me credit for the suggestion whenever I should claim that credit. Had I taken this view of the case, and had I also then

finished my little poem, I should in all probability have written to Lord B. But I had not written the piece, and at that time thought I never should write it. Unimportant as the leading idea was, I was discouraged by its being taken from me. There seemed to me to be no use in setting on foot a correspondence with Lord Byron, merely to dun him for an acknowledgment of my right to a stray idea. He might, or he might not, have recollected our conversation; but if he had forgotten it, his telling me so would have only increased a petty mortification.—Then as for ascertaining the matter by proofs, after years had past, how was I to rake up the recollections of those persons, to whom I might have, long ago, mentioned the design of my poem? One might be dead; a second might be uncertain as to dates; and a third certainly had so domestic a relation to me, that the evidence was no better than my own. In reality, I abandoned, for a great many years, the idea of fulfilling my sketch. But I was provoked to change my mind, when my friend Barry Cornwall informed me that an acquaintance of his intended to write a long poem, entitled the 'Last Man.'—I thought this hard! The conception of the Last Man had been mine fifteen years ago; even Lord Byron had spared the title to me: I therefore wrote my poem so called,

and sent it to the press; for not one idea in which was I indebted to Lord Byron, or to any other person.

"Had I foreseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron, during his lifetime, on this subject: but I could, no more than any one else, foreknow the loss of his mighty genius to the world.

"If it should be alleged that this declaration of mine implies a reflection on Lord Byron's memory, I have to answer, that it by no means necessarily does so. His glory goes against the supposition that he was a conscious plagiary from me; and I am only affirming, what I feel to be true, that I could not be either consciously or unconsciously a plagiary from him. There are really not many ideas in the two pieces which are similar. But supposing my statement to be true, do I depreciate Lord Byron?—No!—He either thought my suggestions "*fair game,*" or forgot that it was not himself who had started them. A poor man easily remembers from what quarter he has received each of his few pieces of money or bank-notes; but a rich man easily forgets where he got this or that coin or bank-note amidst his accumulated thousands!—In like manner, Lord Byron was the most likely person in the world to forget the sources of his ideas.

"For the acceptance of what I have declared, I have nothing more to rely upon, than my own character and credibility. It would be attaching a ludicrous importance to this matter, for me to offer any stronger affirmation than my word of honour. How few or how many will believe that word, must depend on the common notions of my veracity; but supposing me conscious that this is truth, I ask if I have not a right to state it?

I am,

Yours, very truly,

T. CAMPBELL."

It has been stated how much Campbell was taken with political economy and doctrines that, however clear in themselves, and beneficial in their results to the nation, had not at that time the smallest chance of being adopted by the government. These principles became subjects of discussion at the poet's almost daily. They were matured in minds hopeless of seeing any other benefit from them than that arising from the discussion of fifty other great and beneficial truths of a public character opposed to dominant interests. Not but that there were a few in parliament who, fully assenting to those doctrines, never expected to see them become the guides of our legislation. When, so long afterwards, Mr.

Charles Pelham Villiers, to whom the merit primarily belongs of bringing forward in parliament, year after year, the repeal of the corn-laws, one of those great principles nobody expected to see carried out, until, like the slave-trade repeal, thirty or more sessions had been occupied in convincing unrighteous interests that the principle of justice was not extinct among mankind. For a time there were animated conversations about these doctrines *pro* and *con*.

"You are obstinate," he would say. "You are blind at noonday."

"But consider, Campbell, we cannot cultivate the ground under so much per quarter for wheat; how shall men with landed estates live? It is all very well for you poets. How shall we keep our incomes?"

"You must lower your rents," he would reply. "We who have no landed estates, and are twenty to one in the community to you—we have a right to live also; our incomes may fall fifty per cent., and you won't concern yourselves about us. We deny your assumptive superiority. What is your claim to exemption from the rest of the community?"

"But land is everything; all the nation has is based upon land."

"Not upon landholders," the poet would archly

reply. "The Dutch have no permanent landed interest, and for that reason they never have a famine. Come, my friend, it is all self-interest under a mask. There was an old woman in my country who for many long years sold the best 'bannocks' in her neighbourhood; everybody bought them of the old crone. She fancied nobody had a right to sell 'bannocks' but herself. A good many people were of her opinion. A rival came and settled in the neighbourhood, selling as good bannocks—capital bannocks, and a small 'stoup of brose' into the bargain, at the same price. The auld wifie complained and whined about her 'vested interest,' and how, but for her 'bannocks,' people must have gone without. Now," said Campbell, "you landowners are old wifies, and want an exclusive right to 'bannock-selling;' that is the whole matter."

In this way Campbell would argue the point pleasantly with Mr. C—— and Lord Dillon, and two or three others, who took the anti-popular side of the question. In conversation he was lively at such times. The Scotch accent was not discoverable, unless when he chose to adopt it for humour's sake, and this he would frequently do on such occasions as the above. I have often thought since upon these discussions, and those times when "the wisdom of Parliament," in the

large-majority, was not wisdom with the multitude of counsellors. The poet was cold in death when Peel, more far-seeing than his old friends, pressed upon by the conviction of its necessity, freed his wrists from the handcuffs of a party; vindicated his own reason, and scattered to the winds the law, the existence of which was the best proof upon what principles the people of England had been too long governed. The poet was no more, but his advocacy of the triumphant principle, twenty-five years before his decease, is an evidence of his patriotism and soundness of judgment. Thus, among intellectual persons, in privacy, the principles are canvassed and cultivated, that come forth at last to change the policy of governments and amend society.

CHAPTER XI.

The poet's political economy.—Editorial troubles.—Mention of Moore.—Senor Manoel de Goristiza.—Pun of the Poet.—Irving, the Scotch minister.—Habits, when at work.—Error of Sir Walter Scott.—Campbell's sudden caprices.—Restlessness of disposition.

SAY was the French authority on political economy at this period; he was answered by Mr. S. Gray. Campbell warmly contended for the theory of Malthus. Day after day, calling upon Campbell, political economy came first upon the carpet; then followed Place on Godwin. Light literature was forgotten; poetry reposed on his library shelves; the Hebrew lexicon lay unopened; his favourite Greek was neglected. Godwin, Malthus, Booth, and Place, were the burdens of the conversation. Here, too, the premises, on which many of the arguments on all sides had been founded, were, to a certain extent,

begged in the data. There were then no correct statements of the population of England, no registrar-general's returns. Recourse was had to certain Swedish documents. It was no matter, the interest excited continued unchanged. The state of the population at the Norman conquest was referred to in arguing the question, and this would give rise to a discussion on its correctness. Campbell, as was his custom, argued warmly on the side he had espoused, and it could easily be seen that he had strong predilections. It was extremely hard to keep him to the cold fact; often impossible.

The topic, which for a time was thus warmly discussed, became in turn exhausted; but it was noteasy to get Campbell to keep in remembrance the true aim of the work he controled.

One day a paper was given him in town upon a subject, treated with exceeding dryness. I observed that it was too uninteresting. He replied, "I cannot help it now I have got it; I promised its insertion." This article was entitled "The Republic of Plato;" it was afterwards sent to the printer. Campbell was so sensitive, and had spoken so strongly upon the article and its merits, that to raise further objections, after what he had said, would have offended him. The result was a note from Mr. Colburn, to whom there were

enough to be found ready to comment ill-naturedly, even when there was no ground for it. Campbell having promised, had I kept back the paper, to oblige the bibliopolist, a rupture would have been inevitable. I urged him to make only conditional promises to any friend in future: he admitted the good policy of thus acting, and sometimes remembered it. Once he called upon me, and left some verses he had received in this way, which he thought were original; instead of this, they were given him as a specimen, by an individual who wanted to get money for them. He did not find this out until he got home again, when he sent me the following characteristic note:

"Send me back the printed thing about Anacreon, which I left just now—it is from an infernal begging parson."

He was exceedingly good-natured, and reluctant to give a denial to his friends, he disliked it, and spoke too often without reflection. This pressing contributions personally is at least ill-mannered: it was then too prevalent; and, in the present day, is far more a subject of annoyance than it was twenty years ago. It is in some respects an insult, since it implies that the article is thus safely placed beyond examination.

On one occasion I called, and found the poet with two or three articles before him, writing to those who had sent them to him. "'It is a shame for me to give you these," he said; "they are sent to me by a man I know: I ought to read and send them back myself—you have enough to return." I took the note he had written, in order to seal up the papers while he was writing a letter. I found they did not belong to the party to whom he had been writing. The note itself will serve to show how long and painstaking the poet was in inditing that which, if extended beyond three or four lines, it would have occupied a clerk a week to write and attach to all the monthly trifles received for the publication, if each had been returned with an epistle.

"One of the most unpleasant parts of my duty as an editor, is being sometimes obliged to return their contributions to literary men for whom I entertain a high general respect. It is with much sincerity that I have to thank you for your former pieces, as well as the offer of the present. As you have done me the honour of submitting them to me, you will also possibly excuse my frankness in saying that I do not think them quite as interesting as the preceding, and that I

could only wish to retain the sonnet, the Anacreontic, and the epigrams.

"I have kept your MSS. to await your pleasure on this subject. If it be quite agreeable to let me publish those only, I shall be much obliged to you: but if it be of any consequence that they should be published together or not at all, I will return you the manuscript entire."

I remarked that he had taken too much pains; that merely stating they were unsuitable, would be enough. "I thought something of the kind, too," replied the poet, "but I did not know where to stop."

Sometimes, despite every precaution, writers sent to him directly, and he could not make out to what subject their letters bore relation. Then he would feel irritable and annoyed, in a way almost inconceivable. He would interrupt his immediate studies to write a note to myself, who was living not a hundred yards off, and it was most probable should be certain to see him. If I happened to be out, and he got no reply, he was impatient until he saw me.

"My good friend, can you tell me anything about this pestilent fellow, who is claiming some nonsense or another he had sent to me, he says: perhaps you have got the article. I think I re-

member something about it. It was refused, I think. There is the Manchester post-mark. Will addressing the writer at Manchester do, think you?"

I generally put an end to his queries by begging the application, carrying it off, and if I had the article, returning it, or applying to the writer for a particular description, which would enable me to ransack the poet's study in search of it.

Continual hints to prevent dry articles coming to him, made from myself, would sometimes, I imagined from my tenacity upon that point, make him oppose the introduction of any particularly light. I had mentioned to him an article of the latter character, with an eulogy upon it. We had a conversation about one of the driest description, which he had got a friend to write some time before, and which I thought unsuitable. I bore too hardly, perhaps, in my opinion—harder than usual. The next morning I got a message from him, sent as if on second thoughts, that as I had argued against his article, that for which I had spoken should fare no better. "I have been thinking, since yesterday, about the article on the 'Heat of the Weather,' and I have too much confidence in your candour and friendship to hesitate in communicating to you, after all, my doubts if it will exactly suit. It is an

easy, pleasant, light paper, no doubt; but still, I think we have too many light articles, and should seek for striking ones." I thought I had been the cause of this rejection by my previous remarks. I saw the paper in the London Magazine the very next month, and had my little retaliation by telling him of it. It must be added that this was only surmise; but my long acquaintance with his bearing, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* about the matter, led me to believe I was not mistaken.

Goristiza, a distinguished Spaniard in the diplomatic service of Mexico, to which he had rendered great benefits, was introduced to Campbell by Blaguiere or myself, I forget which. Campbell had not read much of Spanish literature, giving a preference to that of Germany. He was was much pleased at picking up, in conversation from a living writer of such high merit, information upon points of a general nature, in relation to the writings of some of those Spanish authors who were known to him more by repute than perusal. Blanco White was a melancholy man, whose studies were principally directed to the more abstruse writings of his countrymen. Goristiza was a man of the world, well read in the whole circle of Spanish literature, of easy manners, and rather vivacious temperament. He became an exile under Ferdinand VII. With small pecu-

niary means, but a truly noble mind, Goristiza fled into France, and doubting there of his security under the rule of the king whom foreigners had replaced, he crossed the channel to London. The newly-recognized Mexican government, a singular fact, had not native individuals capable of taking upon themselves the diplomatic duties required at a juncture of such importance, thus low had the selfish, vicious policy of the Spanish sovereigns kept the intellect of the native colonists in America. Goristiza happened to be born in Vera Cruz,* of which his father, a general in the Spanish army, had been governor. He was therefore applied to as coming under the denomination of a native Mexican, well known for his knowledge of European affairs as well as those of Spain itself, to be perfectly fitted for the diplomatic office for which it was so difficult to obtain qualified natives. He received the offer of the appointment while in England, at once deciding that he would never enter Spain again until she was free and in peace. His anxiety was great to get his wife and family over the Pyrenees before the royal petticoat embroiderer, Ferdinand, could hear of his appointment, which would have sub-

* November 13, 1790. His mother was Donna Maria del Rosaria Cepada, celebrated for her descent from Santa Teresa de Jesus, so noted for her writings and virtues. Born in Avila, 1515, died 1582.

jected an excellent lady and her young children to a horrible prison for life. Campbell almost daily asked me if I had seen Senor Goristiza, and whether he had heard of his wife's safety. Most fortunately, the lady had anticipated the news which would have made existence a curse to her for the rest of her days. She had passed into France in the very nick of time, and reached London in safety. Having received his appointment, Goristiza fulfilled diplomatic functions in England and France, and concluded treaties with both countries highly to the advantage of the country he had adopted. In London his table was open to his exiled countrymen from the peninsula. Campbell repeated that he acquired from Goristiza the settlement of many doubts in regard to the writers of Spain, Cervantes, and I think he stated the poet Lopez de Vega, respecting whom Lord Holland had given him considerable information. I well remember Campbell's surprise on Goristiza informing him beyond a doubt of the literary fecundity of Lòpĕz de Vega, which he had himself doubted, and Calderon's labours after the period of threescore years and ten, extraordinary antipodes to his own scanty toils. Many were the laughs about Quevedo and his scheme to satirise the living through the dead. "He scandalised no person," said Campbell, "only the

'damned,' and therefore no living individual could feel his work a satire; his wit, to me so great, must in his own country be deemed inimitable; in the midst of monks, friars, and absolute kings, and his boldness equalled his wit."

One series of Goristiza's papers treated of the Spanish theatre, and, being written by the successor of the distinguished Moratin, were well worthy of note, as the best authority in the English language for the later Spanish stage.

It was seldom the poet amused himself by turning punster, and when he happened to make the attempt, he generally endeavoured to manufacture his puns of the species better characterized by absurdity than wit. A little circumlocution in their character was sure to be discoverable. When he removed to Upper Seymour Street, West, those who knew his house must have observed that it adjoined an archway leading to some mews. He had promised certain verses of his own on a particular day, and true to appointment, brought them over himself. No sooner was he seated than he said, taking the lines from his pocket,—

"These are the last I shall bring you."

"How so?"

"You must supply yourself; you are twice as good a poet as I am."

"I don't comprehend."

"Why, I have only one muse, and you have two."

It was singular enough, almost in the sight of his house, but in Lower Frederick Street, Connaught Place, mine should also have had a mews, not only adjoining my house as in his own case, but there was a second nearly opposite eastward in the same street. I accused him of having been the twelvemonths during which I had lived in the same place in concocting the pun, or he would have promulgated it before, which he stoutly denied.

He was greatly attached to Glasgow, and had passed his happy youthful hours there. His early associations were all with it, and yet he had worked hard, so that its recollection, he said, had a mixture of toil and enjoyment; it was a city to him "flowing with syllogisms and ale."

Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher, called upon him one day, for what purpose he could not conjecture, as he thought that strange being never quite *compos mentis*, while all London was running after his rabid sermons.

"What can he want with me," said Campbell; "a discussion upon divinity with a backslider like myself would be as idle as talking of fluxions to Sir William Curtis."

The renowned preacher had merely called to

inquire for the address of a friend whom Campbell knew—at least, such was Irving's statement to Mrs. Campbell. I called just at the same time.

"Were you not alarmed, Mrs. Campbell, to see the wild-looking being come into the drawing-room? he might make a convert of your husband."

"O, no," she replied, "he is inconvertible."

Never insensible to female beauty, and fond of the society of women, it was singular that Campbell, the poet of sentiment and imagery, should have written little or nothing breathing of ardent affection. It is doubtful whether he ever experienced love in its intensity; whether a subdued feeling of attachment, an almost feminine tenderness of regard did not with him occupy the place of strong amatory passion. In his works there is an artificial rather than a natural dealing with the attachment to the sex. There is the mild and beneficent sunshine with little warmth.

"Were I but an Asiatic!" he exclaimed one evening at a rout, where there were a number of lovely women.

"Why, Campbell?"

"Because so many beautiful women make one think of the advantages of a faith that sanctions polygamy," he replied, laughing.

He once heard a lady arguing strongly against

the commonly-received belief as to the divinity of the second person of the Trinity.

"She only argues as she feels," said the poet, "anthropomorphism is natural where mortal man is most in estimation."

It was necessary to witness the poet when he was busy in his study, or taken up with literary composition, in order to judge of the weight the task seemed to impose upon him. He sought retirement for the work of composition, and would sit, then stand, then sit again, quite restless with his labour.

Unless when he had previously signified to Mrs. Campbell his desire to remain perfectly uninterrupted by any person whatever, which was seldom understood in regard to myself, I entered his study. If I saw him busy, I took a chair and a book until his more immediate occupation was concluded. In the meanwhile he would continue his work, now sitting, now walking up and down the room, sometimes with his pipe—for out of his study he rarely smoked—as if he wanted something stimulating to continue his task. Now he would stop to indite a sentence, or walk leisurely to his books for a reference, his library, when he lived in Seymour Street, being tolerably large. In a morning, when he could not smoke, I have again and again seen him uncover a tobacco-box, which generally stood upon his table, and taking

a small quantity of that which he used for smoking, introduce it into his mouth, chew it for a few minutes, and then, as if it were too powerful for him, cast it under the grate. So much did he seem to lack a species of stimulus while pursuing his avocations. It must be observed that this was not a habit, but appeared to be adopted in the same way as students take coffee to enable them to prolong their attention to their labours.

He sometimes copied his prose manuscript, but fully as often sent it to press as it was first written out. It was different with his poetry, which he generally wrote out in a very fair, neat hand. From his habit of rendering his sentences perfect as he proceeded, he was long in their completion. There were times when he wrote as the ideas arose, in a considerable hurry, and then his manuscript was hurried and nearly unintelligible; —this was more particularly the case when he wrote under indisposition. He would sometimes take it into his head to rule black-lead lines on paper for the purpose of copying out his poetry, but this was by no means a uniform rule, but rather the result of a momentary fancy, since he could hardly be said to act by a fixed rule in anything connected with his literary composition. Procrastination was too common; he would promise his work by such a time if I would come and

dine or take tea with him. He was generally punctual, when he knew that only a couple of days were wanting of the latest period at which his manuscript could be admitted, though sometimes the printer went to press without his contribution, which lay over for the following month. It was the custom to get the printer to leave a certain number of pages blank upon his account, and thus his own was the last part of the publication printed, though generally the first article it contained.

It was perfectly easy to proceed in such a business with the poet when his peculiarities were understood. To put him out of his way even slightly was an effectual obstacle to the fulfilment of the intended duty. His appointments were generally kept with punctuality, which might seem anomalous with his habits in literary labour, to which he could only be got to adhere fitfully and by starts, sometimes he could not be got to attend to the simplest thing, and would delay it by all sorts of petty devices; but he was not the less exemplary in intention when he chanced to fail. He reflected that he put another person to inconvenience by any lapse of the kind, and no man was more considerate about annoying others. Whenever he chanced to cause inconvenience to another it arose out of that habit of abstraction

or of forgetfulness, to which allusion has already been made.

His editorship was not at all calculated to spur him to literary exertion. He had acquired as much fame as he could well expect to obtain; he had a conviction that he should not be able to excel his former efforts, and that the chance of any accession of reputation was very problematical; his pecuniary cravings were satisfied by the emolument, for he was not at all inclined to look at literature as a means of amassing wealth, well knowing that in this country intellect has no change of gaining more than a daily competency, it being esteemed a very secondary thing in the sight of the multitude. He was satisfied with an income sufficient for his moderate wants, and preferred as much of the indolence of a literary life at he could contrive to maintain, nor did age change this feeling for a better.

"I wish you would make my husband write novels like Sir Walter Scott," said Mrs. Campbell to myself.

"Why Mrs. Campbell? I do not think he would make a good hand at that kind of writing."

"Because you know that Lady Scott says to her husband when she wants a new dress—'Watty, my dear, you must write a new novel, for I want another dress!'"

"Scott is rich, my dear; I am but a poor poet, here lies the difference," Campbell replied.

"Why then, my dear, you must write a new poem in place of a novel."

The "Memoirs of the Baillies of Surviswood" were published about this time; and were in some degree connected with the history of Scotland. Campbell wrote a notice of the work himself and much commended, having carefully perused it. He remarked on the singular union of opinion among the leading characters in the support of civil and religious liberty, commending their devotedness to the cause they had espoused, while in their fates and fortunes there was such a striking diversity, the one falling a martyr to the despotism of the government; the other, after many perils succeeding as an instrument with others in overturning the tyranny of the Stuarts, and seeing a better order of things established. Campbell here noticed more particularly the mistake of Warton and Bowles, who both imagined that in the well known lines, entitled "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece," written by Gay upon Pope having completed the translation of the Iliad, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield was intended by "the sweet tongued Murray," whereas the Murray really intended, was the authoress of the "Memoirs of the Baillies," whose daughter, Lady

Grissel Murray of Stanhope, resident in London, was the true party. The poet also remarked on the introduction of the character of Lady Grissel Baillie, into a dramatic character, as a heroine of the highest order in the scale of female excellence by the "great modern dramatist of the passions," Miss Joanna Baillie.

Scott wondered that Campbell, who was possessed of so much genius of the highest character, did not do more. It was hardly possible for one of a temperament so entirely different to account for the conduct of the poet in this respect. Scott was a man of exceedingly strong constitutional endurance. He felt none of the shrinking delicacy which accompanies a bodily frame attuned to the most exquisite vibrations—sensitive beyond belief, and exceedingly regardful of a literary reputation, already secured, as he was well aware, upon a permanent basis. This is no imaginary conclusion. It was not, as Scott supposed, that the poet was afraid of the "shadow his own fame cast before him." Such a circumstance would not account for the degree of negligence he showed in his specimens of the poets, nor for lapses of a similar character that occurred in other works from his pen. He was by nature one, whose muse was propitious only at her own pleasure, on some casual impulse, some unforeseen

attraction from an enamoured object. Man is not formed according to the ideal images of his kind, nor are the peculiarities of his disposition or mental bias to be discriminated and fixed upon every imaginary hypothesis that is framed for him in the mind of another.

There was a species of caprice, rather, perhaps, irresolution in the conduct of the poet at times, not at all inconsistent with the character sometimes ascribed to genius. He would start of a sudden into the country for the sake of a temporary solitude. He wrote me one day,

"I want to be alone for a short time, there is no being by oneself in London. I am going off to Sydenham in the first instance, there I shall be until Thursday" (this was Monday). "I wish my address to be kept a profound secret—you shall hear when I go to plant myself in other quarters."

He once set out, but altered his mind on the way, and went somewhere into Kent, writing to Mrs. Campbell, to her surprise, from a place near Canterbury, and soon after came back to town, his letter not preceding him more than twenty-four hours. He would sometimes go on a visit from which he anticipated much pleasure, get tired in a couple of days, and want an excuse to return, when he never failed to write to me and

request I would give him an excuse on the score of our publication and business. The *ruse* of this pressing toil was frequently played off; thus he once went on a visit to Sir Thomas Dyer, and he told me he should certainly stay some days, and as Mrs. Campbell went with him, he ordered all his letters to be sent to me to keep, open, and do with whatever I deemed necessary. Of his whims in this respect the following extract of a letter affords a specimen :—

"I believe I must leave you to correct this dull essay on the London College, yet if I could have a re-proof it would be desirable. I have left you my address with General Dyer. If any paper or letter comes to you for me, with a coronet seal and a card enclosed, have the goodness to send it for me to ———, office, Whitehall. Any other forward to Sir Thomas Dyer's, or retain at your pleasure. Only send for me back *imperatively** by the first of the month, for I wish myself back already."

He visited Earl Spencer at Althorp, and complained that after breakfast the company dispersed, his lordship and others to shoot until the dinner hour. He had the library to himself, but he could not study there as at home, and wished

* Underlined to show how I was to understand it.

himself back again. The "New Monthly" he used as an excuse for running away from places of which he was tired, until it grew ridiculous. He went to Scotland often, and even to Berlin, and when he was asked how he was able to remain away two or three months together, he would injudiciously say, "Redding is editor, I am not wanted." At another time he would declare he was worn out with his literary labours in the management of the periodical, as nothing was published without his careful perusal!

The nervous susceptibility of the poet was very great, and excited in a degree unpleasant to himself by slight things. He had great latent pride, and with it, much false reserve. Angry warmth or violence of language in another, rendered him immediately unfit for business or company. A party, of which the poet was one, visiting Foscolo, a discussion arose on a trivial subject, in which the Italian, exhibiting his native warmth because he was opposed in argument by one or two of his countrymen, used to the vociferous manner of the south, who would not give way to their host, Campbell sat in the most uncomfortable state; I never saw his nervous system more affected. He did not utter a word when addressed by the angry Italian, and quickly rose and went away.

"Poor Foscolo," said he, "what a passionate man—he has unhinged me. Who would believe he wrote 'The Sepulchres?'"

Campbell never, I believe, saw him again. He soon afterwards removed into Surrey, having got into pecuniary difficulties by his imprudences in building near the Regent's Park, and in a year or two after he died. Often would Campbell repeat the splendid lines of the spectre fight seen from off the Isle of Eubœa, by mariners on mentioning this great name of modern Italy. They are in his "Sepulchres." Campbell said they were the noblest in modern poetry; adding, that the idea of bringing down the battles of past ages in that way was a happy thought, but that the description was even nobler than the idea. This is the English:—

"—— They who sail
Since by Eubœa, have beheld the sparks
Of armour-smiting brands emblaze the shores,
Far through the dusky midnight; seen the pyres
Vomit their crimson vapours: the grey gleam
Of spectre warriors striding to the fight;
And hearken'd in the silence to the chafing
And tumult of the phalanx, and the blast
Of answering trumpets, and the brazen tread
Of charging horse upon the loaded plain,
Wailings, and hymns, and chanting of the Parcæ!"

Campbell, a few literary friends, and myself,

used to give breakfasts to each other, which were extremely pleasant meetings. The company was generally in number about a dozen, and after the breakfast was over, the conversation was often prolonged until late in the afternoon, never did Campbell appear to greater advantage than upon these occasions.

At one of these the delight of the poet was great at hearing from little Dundas Cochrane, some of his travelling adventures in Siberia and Kamschatka.

"And what sort of things are the women, Cochrane? is it true they are without noses, or flatten them to a level with their faces, that they live on fish, eat train-oil, and wear seal-skin petticoats?"

Cochrane replied, "That he should be happy to introduce the poet to his wife, who was of that country, he might then judge for himself—that as travellers were thought miracle-mongers, his statement that the Kamschatkans really possessed noses might not be credited."

Campbell availed himself of the introduction, to a fresh-coloured, well-looking, almost lady-like female, had she but been pallid and sickly enough, who completely changed his notions about the females of that frigid climate.

Cochrane complained of Dr. Lyal who had

caused suspicion to be cast on British subjects visiting Russia. He had walked from Lisbon to St. Petersburgh, and found himself as well treated in one country as another. He spoke with asperity of the Quarterly Review, which in noticing his travels into Siberia and Kamschatka, put on a sickly affectation of horror at a "gentleman" luxuriating amidst his hardships upon a slice of frozen salt-fish, it was too "low" for the Quarterly.

"How?" said Campbell.

"Why," replied Cochrane, "the Review kept very quiet about the food that some of poor Lieutenant Hood's companions partook of in their extremity in the frozen north-west of America—food the flesh of their own kind. That they would tell nothing about, but abused me for saying salt-fish was welcome fare."

"That is because the reviewers have never kept a long fast," observed Campbell.

"But we fast hard who travel over deserts," said Cochrane, "the reviewer would have us like the dandy guards of St. James's, despise starvation upon a rump-steak."

Then came questions from Campbell about the Tungusians and Irtchucks, and what Russia might make out of them, for he was fond of listening to travellers, and particular in his inquiries

into the character and appearance of semi-civilized races. He had formed some particular notions about the origin of nations and languages which I could never clearly comprehend. A conversation with one who was well-read in their history, and could talk as to their origin, about the Scandinavians and Celts, however theoretically, was certain to fix the poet's attention.

One day, having exhausted Mrs. Campbell's patience by remaining late in the afternoon, and all but two or three of the company having dispersed, a walk in Hyde Park was proposed by those who remained. I returned to take a family dinner with the poet, when Mrs. Campbell said Mr. Brougham had been there.

"Well, Mrs. Campbell, and what news did Mr. Brougham bring?"

"Harry Brougham," as she styled him in those days, "mentioned nothing new, he was as usual, *himself.*"

How justly did that word depict the history of the man—every shade of his character. How well women, too, discriminate character. That little word depicted the past, existing, and future man, from his rise to his decadence; from his abandonment of the West India planters and the cause of slavery, obnoxious to popularity, and then *pirouetting*, down to his forsaking the

Whigs for their opponents. What, combination of language, what skill in delineation could exhibit the character of the afterwards, disappointed ex-chancellor in embryo then, with such accuracy as that one little word!

Captain Dundas Cochrane wrote on the advantages of attempting a north-east passage round America. This plan was subsequently followed by government very closely, in the expedition of Captain Beechy, and Cochrane's idea of a double expedition was so far carried out. He was an energetic little man, capable of bearing great hardship. He died in 1826, at Valentia, on the pestilential coast of South America. Campbell and myself set out one day to call upon him, as we understood, at his address in Baker Street. The drawing-room doors were flung open, Campbell entered first, catching a figure on a sofa, "Captain Cochrane?"

"My name is Cochrane, sir."

"I beg pardon, you are not the gentleman; we are in search of Captain Cochrane of the navy."

"Oh! not at all," replied the stranger, with great good nature, "you are looking for my cousin, who lives not far off" (I think it was in Montague Street).

Away we went, and on knocking at the door, Campbell said, "I won't go up until I know

whether we are right." I mounted the stairs alone, and was shown into a drawing-room, saying, as I entered, "Captain Cochrane?"

A stranger, rising deliberately from his chair, said, "I am Captain Cochrane, at your service."

I begged pardon for my mistake, and mentioned how I had been directed, and less confused than Campbell had been, I added, "I wanted the Kamschatkan traveller."

"Oh," he replied, "there is no end of the Cochranes; you want my relative, Dundas Cochrane. You will find him no great way from here."

He then handed me the right address, and we wished each other good morning. When I came down to Campbell, and told him what had occurred, he laughed heartily, and said he had begun to think the Kamschatkans had conferred upon the captain the gift of ubiquity. On meeting Cochrane afterwards, he would ask how many places he now lodged in together, for the name of Cochrane must be "legion."

Lady Morgan became a contributor to the periodical work which was making so much noise in the world. Her first contribution was entitled, I think, "Absenteeism," but it did not bear her name. It was a paper which carried a close relationship to those sound patriotic sentiments, and

that ardent love of her country which were ever so remarkable and so excellent a feature in her character.

Banim, author of the "O'Hara Tales" and other works, which at that time were much read, was an unassuming, generous-hearted man, of simple manners, and great capability of friendship. His genius may have been rated higher than it merited, but the virtues of his heart never. One of his first papers was entitled "Digressions in the two Exhibition Rooms," bespeaking a feeling for, and some knowledge of, art. In them he gave an account of Wilkie and his artistic resources, which were in keeping with the character of that noted artist. He accounted satisfactorily for some of the painter's anachronisms, if they may be so called, particularly in the Rent Day picture, where there is a cupboard no one present can reach, and a clock it will require a ladder to wind up. Campbell was much pleased with him as an unassuming agreeable man, though in literature there was not any similarity of feeling between them. The world was comparatively new to the Irishman. I recollect one curious circumstance relative to society in Ireland, which forcibly struck Campbell, and certainly must strike everybody now more forcibly. The poet had invited Banim to take coffee and spend the evening. He

had been recently married, and had just brought over his young wife. On Banim's entering the room alone, Mrs. Banim was inquired for; "Mrs. Campbell would have been happy to see her." Banim made some faint excuse, and turning to me soon afterwards, said, "I did not know whether it would be agreeable for me to bring my wife.—Mrs. B. is a Catholic." I could not help expressing my astonishment. I assured Banim that such an objection would cross the mind of no one in London society of any political or religious party. Telling Campbell of it, he observed, that the Irish took us all for their own Orangemen, ready to murder a neighbour for thinking a brown loaf was good mutton. Banim did not continue a contributor more than about four years. One article of his, *incog.* till now, was an address to George Colman the younger, and the poor duke who made him his deputy play-licenser, exceedingly galling to the hypocrisy of one and the ignorance of the other. "Set a thief to catch a thief," Banim observed truly, was the only justification for such an appointment, George Colman, the younger, being himself a notorious breaker of the rule he would fain force upon others. Campbell thought Banim had not struck Colman half hard enough, for a few months before the same play-licenser cut up the tragedy of "Alasco,"

written by the present Sir M. A. Shee, or the Duke of Montrose mutilated it, and Colman the younger stood father to the mutilations, the most charitable construction that can be put upon the matter on Colman's account. Campbell was indignant. He determined to attack the ducal censor and his man Friday himself. He mended his pen, but, as usual, dropped short, and threw the task upon me, at the latest period in the month it was possible I could execute it.

Campbell received an offer of the Professorship of English at Wilna, under the Russian government, in the early part of his literary career, just after his marriage. This he declined on the reflection how decidedly he had spoken and written against Russia, in favour of Polish freedom.

It was singular that just before the last effort of the Poles to achieve their independence, Prince Adam Czartorisky, then viceroy of Poland, under Russia, wrote to Campbell, requesting he would recommend some one to hold the professorship of the English language in the university of Warsaw. It was a proof of his kindly feeling and friendship towards myself, "that waving the great loss and inconvenience our parting would be to himself, he could not suffer it to interfere a moment in tendering to me what I might consider a personal advantage. I had fortunately, two

objections—the smallness of the stipend, which might have been surmounted, and the hopelessness of acquiring one of the most difficult of modern languages, so as to master it critically. To this last objection it was replied that all the students spoke French. Campbell then applied to a friend in the north, being glad, he said, that I had refused it. Soon afterwards, the insurrection of the Poles took place against Russia, and the university of Warsaw was overturned.

END OF VOL. I.

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